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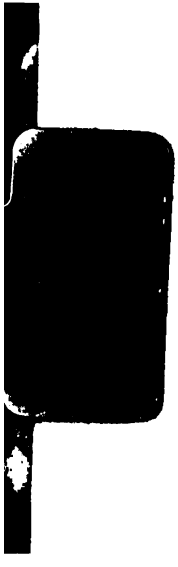

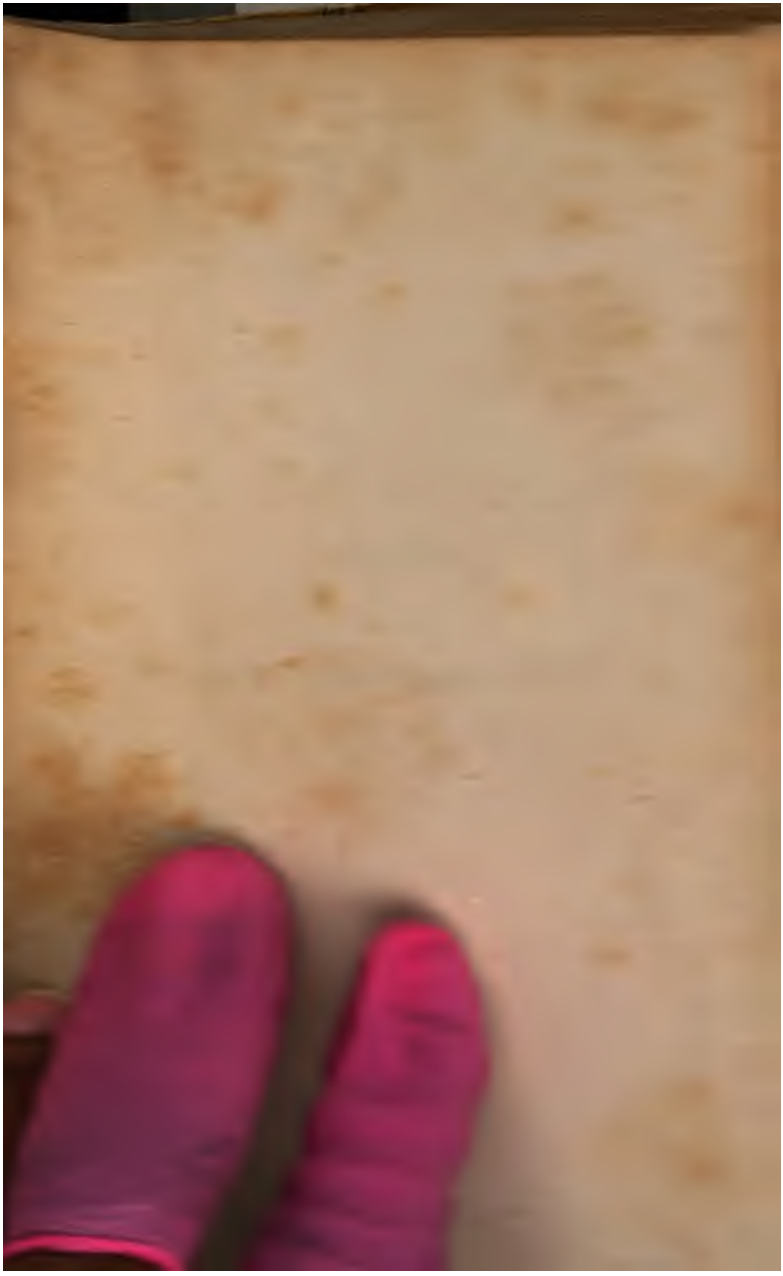

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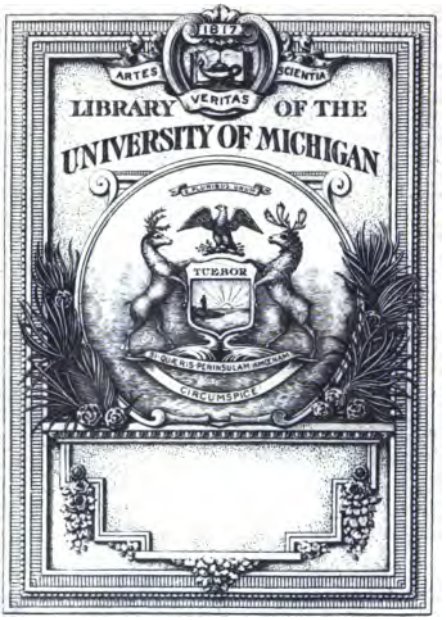

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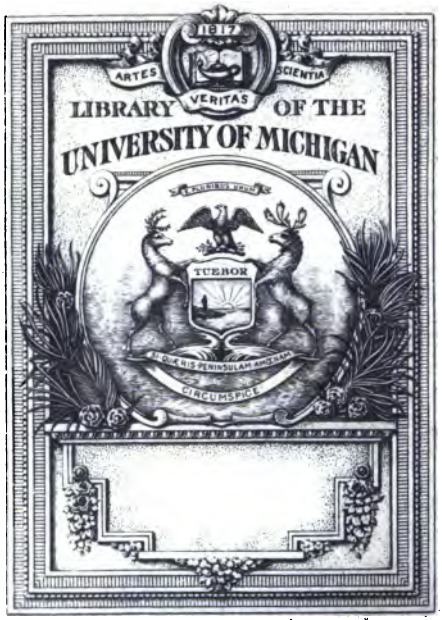

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L. Thaxton

PARIS;

OR, THE

BOOK OF THE HUNDRED-AND-ONE.

PARIS;

OR, THE

BOOK OF THE HUNDRED-AND-ONE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
LILLY, WAIT, COLMAN, AND HOLDEN.
1833.

Claude D. Lafayette
12-5-41

INTRODUCTION.

THESE volumes contain translations from the celebrated French work, *Le Livre des Cent-et-Un*, now in course of publication at Paris. The history of the original is both curious and interesting. After the failure of M. LADVOCAT, the great Parisian publisher, the most distinguished literary men in France offered their gratuitous aid in any way that might be thought most likely to restore his broken fortune — a liberality that does honour to the age. The outline of the plan suggested, was a series of papers descriptive of Paris, Parisian Manners, and Society; and from the fact that *one hundred and one* writers immediately subscribed their names as contributors, originated the title of the work.

In the selection which the translator has made, he has been solely influenced by the consideration of what papers were most likely to interest the *English* reader. With the *names* of some so selected, the public may be already familiar, from the notices which have from time to time, as the original volumes were published, appeared in THE ATHENÆUM. It will, however, be found, on examination, that the illustrative extracts given in that Journal frequently did not

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amount to a third, a fifth, and often not to a tenth of the original paper; and though the translator has availed himself of such fragmentary passages, it was simply because he did not think it necessary to alter what he felt he could not amend. Of many papers not one line has appeared before.

Occasionally, and where the translator thought that others, from congeniality of taste and feeling, might better catch and transfer the peculiar spirit of the original, he requested, and has received, the support of literary friends whose names would do honour to the publication, if he were at liberty to mention them.

Whether a Second Series shall appear will, of course, depend on the success of the present. There are already abundant materials, although the original work is not yet completed, the eighth volume having been received while writing these few introductory words.

London, Nov. 20, 1832.

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ASMODEUS.

WHERE then is Asmodeus? Who will restore him to us? When wilt thou come, angel or demon, and guide us through that long gallery of modern manners formed by two successive revolutions? Do the sedate, the severe, the calm, and the sorrowful, who see the world as it is, believe in the possible existence of Asmodeus? What pleasure could he enjoy in a universe like ours, which forms but a single scene? Would he find, in this comedy of every day, enough of variety and confusion, I do not say to applaud it, but to take the trouble to hiss?

It was in the good old times that Asmodeus first appeared. At this period, Spanish manners existed even in France — a life of love and duels — a life embroidered on every seam, standing out in relief, always full dressed, as if made on purpose for the drama and the tale. Everywhere, within the city and without, there was a laughable medley of opinions, wants, and passions; and, in those days, there was no lack of students, usurers, lovers, bigots, soldiers, silly women, absurd physicians, judges in black gowns, princes *incogniti*, lascivious monks, giddy widows, favourite actors, poets in rags, and duped husbands. It may be imagined, that the Devil Asmodeus found pleasure in such a world. The Comic Muse was then everywhere, as gay and wanton as you could desire. She would climb to the judgment seat, assume the judge's wig, and make faces at the suitors. She would then

seat herself upon the throne, jest with despotism, and play with supreme power as with a tame tiger. In her satirical moods, she respected neither men nor things. She would accompany the surpliced priest to the altar, and drink wine in the sacristy with the jovial monk ; at the wine-house, she flourished the murderous knife with the drunken alguazil, and would afterwards licentiously and wantonly range through the hospital, scourging both patient and physician. Sometimes, as a ragged beggar, she represented Diogenes the cynic ; at others, as a perfumed courtesan, she received the alternate visits of the refined courtier and the brutal soldier. Soon she became a street walker, then a dealer in old clothes and second-hand finery, surrounded by essences, pomatums, perfumery, rouge, cast-off liveries, and rumpled silks, calculating how to make a fortune out of these sad proofs of the passions and coquetry, of the luxury and indigence, of women. The laughing goddess played every part, and did not sometimes disdain even the most disgraceful. How often has she not assumed the disguise of a censor or a police spy ; remaining for whole days together at the doors of gambling-houses and brothels — observing, prying, taking notes. With manners such as these, affecting in an equal degree the King's Palace, and the Hospital of Incurables, the French Academy and the Madhouse, you may imagine the scene and representation to be animated and picturesque. You may conceive how proud and happy Asmodeus must have felt at being let loose in such a world ; and how lightly he ran over the house-tops — for in those days the house-tops could be walked upon. I can easily fancy him bounding with joy through this universe, chequered with passions and vices ; but alas ! what would he find to amuse him in our age of correctness and morality, in our polite and well-regulated world — under our sad and dull sky, and at the very height of our wisdom ? He would surely die of ennui !

The Devil Asmodeus is the devil of observation, that demon whose province it is to satirize manners. Do not fancy that he is a laughing and playful child, born yesterday, or that it was he who preceded or followed Gil Blas. Asmodeus is as old as the world. He has not always used a crutch, nor carried a hump on his back; nor was he always confined in a bottle. Neither has he at all times been called Asmodeus, but has assumed by turns the names of Aristophanes, Theophrastus, Terence, La Bruyère, and particularly Molière. He has likewise been called Voltaire, Rabelais, and Beaumarchais. He has borne the greatest names in the world of poetry and satire — and has touched the two extremes of human genius. He was Rabelais for wit, Montaigne for feeling. Asmodeus is the philosophy of all ages summed up in a caricature. He is the wisdom of antiquity Frenchified; the laughter of other days degenerated; reason converted into satire — sublime Reason, reduced to play the part of a fool or a mountebank, if she would be listened to. But, wise or foolish, let us respect the demon of Le Sage. He has long been travelling through the world. The first people he came in contact with was the Greeks — a chattering, headstrong, surly, gormandizing, sceptical, witty, satirical, and heartless nation; — but florid, petty, polite, and elegant, laughing at every thing, idling in public places, excelling in oratory, in music, in rhetoric, worshippers of beauty in form, sound, and colour, delighting in perfumes and poetry; and vain, mean, shameless, and impudent withal. They were a singular people to study — a people constantly in motion. Asmodeus did not fail in any of his representations of their virtues or vices, either in the comedies of Aristophanes or in the treatises of Theophrastus. He represented the Greeks in their political as in their private life. Aristophanes and Theophrastus together did for the Greeks that which Molière single-handed did for the French.

It is a great thing even for two to have done what Molière did by himself.

Leaving Athens, when he had nothing further to say of its vices and follies, Asmodeus became Terence, and tried Roman comedy ; but without much success. Rome was then too close an imitation of Athens to supply original matter for comedy. Rome was then almost what we are now — we busy-bodies, humming like insects in the sun, vain, conceited, indifferently good and indifferently bad, mediocre in every thing, at an equal distance from freedom and from slavery, sceptical from sheer weariness, satiated, overcome with ennui, waiting for an end, having gone through all that is great in human glory, and being undeceived with regard to it — we, a people without belief, without misfortunes, without hope, and without virtue. Thus comedy passed over Rome without touching it ; she found Roman manners too slightly imprinted to dwell long upon them ; she slid upon them as she would upon a polished surface. At a later period, when there were great convulsions, and an emperor who made his horse a consul and his friend an empress, comedy drew back with affright. She then became satire, and Asmodeus must have fled with all his might when he was forced to call himself Juvenal.

Comedy requires an original people, strongly marked features, activity, vigour, strength of mind and of body. The periods of the lower empire were worth nothing to a writer who observes and describes. Fly then, Asmodeus, from Greece and Rome, and come to our middle ages, to the cell of some jovial monk who sets a proper value upon the wine flagon. Quit the beard of the philosopher, break the cynic's tub, and exchange for wine the gold ring of the Roman knight. Be a monk, Asmodeus; go to Rome and see the holy father, then return to France and see the king. Throw yourself headlong into the world of heretics, devotees, gendarmes, clergymen, and courtiers. Seek

for wit in the refinement of language in France, and in the vulgar tongue of Italy. Laugh alike at the beaters and at those who are beaten — at priests kneeling before the altar, at the king and his courtiers, at the man of learning and the layman. Talk of vice, good living, and joyous damsels at the tavern door. Speak of all things and in all languages,— in French, Latin, Spanish ;— but particularly in French, your first tongue, gentle Asmodeus, and then accept the best thanks of France; for if she has given you a language, upon her you have bestowed her first great book, Pantagruel. At a later period you will give her La Fontaine, and perhaps Molière. Let us prostrate ourselves before Asmodeus under the gown of Rabelais !

During the great age, Asmodeus threw off the trappings of the monk, and assumed the ordinary dress of a layman. He changed his habits of life, became the humble inmate of a great house, and learned Greek for the third time. He now devoted himself to grammar, and succeeded in acquiring an elegant and correct style, which, gliding smoothly on without transition, has all the freedom of the ancients. In this situation Asmodeus simply called himself La Bruyère, and described the manners of the times with the good taste and grace of the old writers. He detected the nicest shades in social life, the most delicate defects, the most innocent peculiarities. He lived upon the crumbs from the table of the Misanthrope and the Tartuffe; and was excellent, exquisite, well-bred, and full of good taste — a thing, by the by, which had not happened to him since he left Greece.

Whilst the spirit of the seventeenth century still hovered over France, which, for want of poetry, followed in eager pursuit the phantoms of philosophy and civil and religious liberty, the demon of observation was called Voltaire, an insatiable scorner, an intrepid misanthrope — one who laughs at suffering, and brands

human nature upon the forehead with a burning iron. This was a trying time for our Devil, little accustomed to be mischievous and sober at the same time. In his nature he was censorious; willingly gave way to licentiousness both in style and morals, and was facetious and jovial. But he bit and did not scratch;— was often angry, but without rancour;— was more inclined to be Rabelais than Voltaire. When the latter, he wrote Candide, from which, however, he himself drew back in affright, as he would from the satires of Juvenal. To console himself, he wrote The Marriage of Figaro. In the character of Figaro, Asmodeus reached the highest degree of his wit and audacity — the extreme point of his roguery. Here he was young, giddy, brilliant, effervescent, laughing; the spoiled child of fortune, with a prospect of finally becoming a good and respectable father of a family. But alas! Asmodeus had not time to reach this consummation; for he spent his riper years confined in the bottle of a magician. He grew old in this bottle, from which he was delivered by the caprice of a student. It was then we saw him hunchbacked, bandy legged, moving upon crutches, and hopping slowly along. This was still a good period for the observation of manners. Asmodeus raised the roofs from the houses, displaying men in bed and women at their toilet. But he showed great decency on this occasion compared with what we have seen him do at a later period, when he assumed the basket of a ragman, and collected amid the sinks and stews of Paris, the materials for his descriptions. Some years since, he stood upon brilliantly lighted roofs; but we have seen him, in our days, in the open squares with a link in his hand, and the small iron crook substituted for the elegant crutch. Formerly he wrote books upon the back of Fiction, a pretty prostitute with perfumed hair, who, stooping a little, with an intelligent smile, lent him her white and beautifully moulded shoulders. But he now stoops,

and is to be seen upon his hands and knees raking up the rubbish in the streets, and writing his notes upon the curb-stone. Asmodeus, thou true devil! thou entertaining madcap! thou inexhaustible critic! Even in thy ragman's basket hast thou found sources of delightful entertainment! even upon thy curb-stone hast thou written master-pieces. This was still a good period to write. Power had been overthrown, the king and his court had fled! This time, vice and ridicule were not confined to the great; the vicious and ridiculous were the people, for they in their turn had become king!

But now, after having exhausted every kind of disguise — after having, like all old devils, assumed the hermit's garb, what will Asmodeus find to say? What sort of picture will he be able to draw of our nearly worn out manners? Now-a-day the old world of comedy has disappeared, like those islands in the ocean, which the volcano devours and sends to join unknown continents. We have none of the old models left. We have no longer miserly fathers, credulous husbands, libertine children who ruin themselves by gambling,—we have no handsome Leanders who boast of not paying their debts, no valets the comrades of their masters and their companions in debauchery. In these degenerate times, adultery is concealed like something disgraceful, debts are not boasted of gambling is practised only in secret, God is believed in from self-respect, and people no longer rdin themselves from respect for others. Now, great ladies are good and affable, mothers of families are well informed without being learned, and young girls are innocent without asking silly questions. Now, the son of a miser would show respect to his father in the street, nor would the ward of Bartholo speak familiarly of her guardian to a barber. In the present times, M. Diafoirus would not have a single customer, M. Purgan would be pointed at, and if we met the Malade Imagi-

naire in our road, we should take pity on him, offer him our arm, and with an air of interest inquire how he did. At the present period, we should discount the bills of the Misanthrope, send to the galleys all the valets of Regnard, consign to the *cabanons* of Bicêtre for ten years the judge in Les Plaideurs, confine Madame George Dandin the Magdalen for the rest of her days, and her brother in a prison for six months. In our times, Cherubino, the page, would be at school upon bread and water; and justice would be done upon those caprices of poets, those dramatic exaggerations, those furious and forced coincidences, in which we have long ceased to believe. We are now people of sense,—severe and honest people, who have conquered even ridicule. We are all Bourgeois Gentilshommes, who have profited by the lessons of the schoolmaster, of the professor of philosophy, of the dancing master, and even of the fencing master. Woe then to versifiers! The time is gone by, when one man of talent could laugh at the whole nation for the very reason that he alone possessed talent;—when the most sacred duties became the sport of ridicule—when husbands, creditors, innocent girls, fathers and mothers, the respect due to age, the observance of the law, and even patriotism itself, were laughed at. In old comedies, there is a strange perversion of all these things. But we are ourselves the most guilty parties; for have we not dared to laugh at and applaud these cruel buffooneries? They are, however, now out of date, and we shall laugh at them no more. The period of such ribald jests is past. When we marry now, we love our wives, and our children respect us. We are at present forced to respect even usurers; for if we do not pay our debts, we are thrown into prison. As for a public mockery of that remnant of virtue which still belongs to us, it is out of fashion. Nobody now tolerates it; not even from a marquis.

Awake then Asmodeus! Rouse him from his in-

action, make him speak and act, even should you anticipate nothing he will say or do. But once more, where art thou, Asmodeus ? What enchanter again holds thee captive ? In what frail prison of glass art thou again confined ? Smash to pieces all smelling bottles, uncork at the lady's toilet the most costly perfumes, and call upon Asmodeus with a loud voice. But he will not answer. Asmodeus is nowhere. In fact, Asmodeus is everywhere ; he is no longer a single individual, but everybody. There is now no single derider, because every one studies to correct the morals of his age ; there is no longer any single buffoon, but innumerable censurers. It is by means of this revolution that our new Devil upon Two Sticks will succeed in our hands, if indeed he succeeds at all ; it is by means of a joint co-operation of authors that he will again write the ever varying history of our follies. We entreat you then to receive him favourably, and acknowledge him under his new form. You have known him in the form of analysis — of elegant and jovial analysis ; receive him now in the form of synthesis — of grave, decent, reverential synthesis. We here begin a new mode of describing manners. No longer able to obtain comedy from a single man, more than a hundred of us unite to produce it. And what matters it, whether we be a hundred or only two ? It is precisely the same thing as regards unity ; and if unity be a loser, there will be an advantage on the side of interest. If we lose Asmodeus, we shall in his stead gain great names, which, under the sanction of his cloak and crutch, will record upon the page of contemporary history all that they have observed in our modern civilization, so scouted, so variegated, so undecided, and whose most innocent caprice has been a revolution.

THE CONCIERGERIE,

AN EPISODE IN AN OBSCURE LIFE.

I was only sixteen when I first saw the Conciergerie. What a prison was it then ! a prison of the old regime — horrible, and yet poetically hideous! a pile of dungeons — a labyrinth of sombre corridors and infernal vaults! You struck your head against the beam which seemed to crush the entrance-wicket; you could with difficulty stoop low enough to pass under it. A lamp, with a red glaring flame, burned eternally in the porch. Here you could just perceive the grim countenances of the gaolers, bunches of jingling keys, and iron bars obstructing both light and air. I shall never forget it; such sights cannot fade from the memory; their shadow projects over a whole life; — they mould the man or crush him — develope his intelligence, or destroy it for ever. The tenderest, as well as the most bitter of my thoughts, are associated with these dark dungeons.

Eighteen hundred and fifteen, and the Conciergerie, have left upon my mind two distinct impressions, not effaced even in 1831, when oppressed by sorrows it is unnecessary here to recall or describe; — when suffering under the cruel experience of an unprotected life — under regrets and disappointments which each deems his particular lot, but which are the com-

mon lot of all — under the additional weight of fifteen other solitary, agitated, and painful years.

I fondly wished once more to behold the dungeon in which I had spent two months. It was a craving of the mind — a returning to past time, to heart-rending losses, to those who lived in 1815, and whom I alone have survived. God knows how many tombs spring up around a man in the space of fifteen years! The grating before which my mother had wept, would bring her before me — that darkness, sole confidant of a timid but profound attachment, would rekindle, in my bosom, emotions whose source the world freezes but cannot dry up. But I was mistaken. Time, which changes man, overthrows stones. The prison of 1815 had disappeared, and in the Conciergerie of 1831 I no longer found my dungeon — I was grieved and disappointed.

Where wert thou, gloomy and terrible Conciergerie — stern witness of revolutionary horrors — where wert thou, with thy winding staircases and thy long dark corridors dripping with sepulchral damps? Thou wert transformed into a prison which resembled a well-ordained hospital. Thy funeral poetry had disappeared —in all now belonging to thee the hand of civilization was apparent. The change in the social state which places upon an equality the noble and the commoner, the shop and the drawingroom, had imprinted its mark upon the house of punishment as upon the asylum for the destitute. The health of human beings is now attended to, their rest and sleep protected, and their lives, even when criminal, carefully preserved. All this bears witness that the moral improvement of mankind is always in progress, and that human society often advances a step towards perfection by that which seems an act of self-destruction. I could not help admitting the improvement at the Conciergerie; yet what would I not have given to have passed only a few hours in the vault which in 1815

received me a feeble child, accused without evidence, a suspected state criminal, a poor defenceless victim of those political precautions which have smote equally the illustrious and the obscure without being able to prop up ruined republics or tottering thrones!

I regret being obliged to speak of myself; for he who once gets into the road of egotism, is seized and subjugated by his personality, which drags him on in spite of opposition. How can he state what he has to say, put it in its true light, present it in its reality, without going into an insupportable detail of circumstances relating wholly to himself? *I* and *Me* become his tyrants and press upon him whether he will or not; they fix their necessity upon his shoulders and oppress him with its weight. I must premise that nothing heroic is connected with the events I am about to relate. If I couple my own name with my subject, it is no fault of mine. I was whirled about by the political tornado like a straw blown away by the tempest. It shattered and nearly destroyed me; but I did not place myself in its way; and if I braved it, I was excited by a childish romance rather than by courage and energy of mind. Let me not then be taxed with vanity, or a puerile wish to bring myself into notice, if I relate what occurred to myself. My object is to show the Conciergerie of 1815, contrasted with that of 1831, two prisons separated only by a period of fifteen years; and to call the attention of my readers to two points of curious comparison between two periods so little remote, yet so different from each other. This, and not a silly personality, is the true object of my narrative.

In the months of April and May 1815, several conspiracies were got up at Paris; badly planned, badly conducted, and prepared by madmen, with the assistance of the very individuals who were to punish them — for this was the highest refinement of policy.

I little thought my name would figure in these lists. My father, who had retired upon half-pay with the loss of a limb, resided, with his family, in solitude, at the further extremity of Paris. There the report of war, triumph, defeat, of monarchies reformed, overturned, or restored, reached us only as the tumultuous noise of a great city on fire extends afar, and awakens the hermit upon his rock. I felt, I confess, much more interested in Madame de Staël's work on Germany, a book just published, than in all the conspiracies in Europe.

My education was terminated; and my father, seeing nothing in the civilized world, particularly in France, but broken fortunes, uncertain situations, threatening prospects, clouds, thunder-storms, and palaces trembling like the hut of the Alpine peasant when the tempest rages — I gave no credit to his forebodings, but it was the prophetic voice of old experience — thought with Rousseau, that a man's resources should be in himself; that intellectual education was valueless; and that, at such a crisis of universal confusion, every one, even the most wealthy, should be prepared to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. This was a correct view of society, but I considered it an exaggerated one. How great was my error! Look at the world now, and say whether my father was wrong. This universal panic, this earth trembling beneath our tread — our terrors, our agitation — all justify the view he took. He proposed, therefore, to finish my education, which had hitherto been wholly classical, and had commenced from the tenderest age, by binding me apprentice to a manual trade. Let it be imagined what a wound was inflicted upon the vanity of a boy who had just left school, who had been crowned for his Greek exercises and rhetorical declamations, who read Rousseau, fancied himself a *thinker*, and had imbibed through every pore the excitement of our philosophical romances, and of our romantic phi-

losophy. A mechanic! The most passive filial obedience alone made me defer to parental good sense. In the situation of our family this proceeding might have been deemed ridiculous, but it was only an excess of reason. I thought myself a hero when, without a murmur, but not without pain, I accepted the best security a man can receive against the reverses of life and fortune, and changed the scholar, who could write a useless theme, into the useful compositor of a printing-office.

There then existed at Paris, a singular kind of printing-office. Three incomplete cases of types lay unemployed in the second story of a dark house situated in the Rue Dauphine, upon the ground now occupied by the passage of that name. There was no workman to give motion to those bits of lead, and transform them into ideas. Their owner was poor, and I know not how he contrived to live. He did not print even an almanack. He existed, however, and his idle presses and dusty cases encumbered the house of his landlord. I believe the police held this house under special surveillance, a circumstance unknown to my father. He saw in the solitude of this office nothing more than a valuable means of protecting my youth against the contagion of bad example. Without living in the midst of workmen I could become one, and receive instruction without danger of corruption. My father, therefore, selected as my master the owner of this deserted printing-office, where, for three months, I regularly attended from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon.

There I meditated alone, and oftentimes ennui followed me thither. My master's lessons were but few; and when the handling of the letters and placing them in the composing-stick had tired my fingers, I sat down and took a book. They who have never felt the disgust of mechanical labor, cannot appreciate all the delights of reading. You have been using the

gross materials, lead, earth, and wood — blind agents, which oppose only passive resistance, and form nothing but a mere machine which intelligence may mould, but can never animate. Here, on the contrary, you find thought; that thought so brilliant, active, and penetrating — which cannot be seized, tamed, or broken — which is fertile in a fruitfulness that never dies. I am not surprised that great men are produced by the mechanical arts. To such as have not seen life beyond the drawing-room, knowledge is but a plaything, an ornament, or a recreation; but to those who have guided the plough or handled the file, it becomes a passion, a power, a beauty, a worship, a divine love. It is from the shop, the stall, the notary's office — a warehouse of writing without thought — that the greater number of powerful minds have burst forth;— Molière from the upholsterer's shop — Burns from the farm-house — Shakspeare from the shop of his father, first a butcher, then a glover — Rousseau from his father's manufactory of watch-wheels. Each of these, happy and enthusiastic, after long struggling with physical nature, took refuge in the free domain of thought. Even an inferior mind might be tempted to great strength in these mechanical apprenticeships; and if ever the reform which is spreading over the whole world should extend to the art of forming the mind of man, I have no doubt that public good sense will prove victorious, and that one of the most important branches of education, even for the rich and powerful, will be the choice of apprenticeship, the serious study of physical nature, and the trial of a trade.

None of these ideas then suggested themselves;— I had just left school; I had a tragedy to compose, tender dreams to indulge in, and Gesner to read. I always performed my task very carefully; but with what pleasure did I return to the insipid pastorals of Solomon Gesner, whose pale and sickly morality then

seemed to me the very acme of refined taste and elegance ! O shepherdesses of the Idyls — Chloë, Daphne, Leucothoë ! how beautiful you appeared to me in this dark and solitary room, peopled with spiders, with its small windows and little panes of glass — where I heard the discordant organ, with its bellowing bases and screeching upper notes — the distant rattling of carriages — the shrieks of an epileptic patient in the next room, whose hideous agony was renewed each day — and the sounds proceeding from a gaming room situated on the ground floor of the premises ! This gaming establishment occupied my attention a great deal. I saw old women, with green reticules, enter it at three o'clock in the afternoon ; and I saw them, after having spent the night there, quit it the next morning at ten — I heard a pistol fired there one day about noon — and I still see, in vivid recollection, the room with the green carpet, into the interior of which my prying eye endeavoured to penetrate through the red curtains which concealed this cavern of banditti.

One Saturday evening, after beginning to translate the romance of ' Daphnis' into fine hexameters, with insipid rhymes, I left, upon one of the cases, this book to which I owed so much happiness, but which all the charms of recollection could not now induce me even to run my eye over. The next day I was to accompany my father to the country, about five leagues from Paris. The first bud of spring, the first smile of heaven, and the first breath of perfumed air, were to be my enjoyments. But I would not go without my Gesner, and at seven in the morning I was at the printing-office. Another motive was added to my love of Gesner. My master's wife was unwell ; his son a prey to that most dreadful of natural infirmities, the epilepsy ; and my master himself afflicted with that most painful of social infirmities, poverty. This family was in the most deplorable state, and it required

the thoughtlessness and illusion so common at fifteen, to carry the Idyls among them, and mingle with the most painful distress and disease, the fictions of a mythology of the boudoir. I had something to carry to the sick woman from my mother; it was fresh eggs, well concealed in a basket, and which, joined to the Eclogues, were to lead me to a dungeon. All these puerile details are necessary to explain by what concatenation of circumstances I found myself, in spite of my youth and insignificance, consigned to the vaults of the Conciergerie.

At the bottom of the dark staircase, which, by describing a close spiral line, led to my master's apartments, stood two men, who seemed to examine my person very attentively. I took no notice of these sentinels in threadbare coats, but ascended to the printing-office, after having placed my basket upon a table in a small ante-room. On returning with my book in my hand, I perceived, through the open door, a man whose breast was decorated with a white scarf, leaning indolently against the mantel-piece. I was then ignorant of everything; — at a later period of life the white scarf would have served to inform me of the nature of this man's office. I entered the lodging of the printer to inquire how his wife was. Scarcely had I got beyond the door, when two men seized and searched me. I was speechless with astonishment. The fixed and piercing look of the police adjutant settled upon me; a portfolio containing the plan of my tragedy, and all my hopes of immortality, was carefully put into an envelope, sealed and indorsed. I was then asked my name, age, and profession, and when all this was written down in minute detail, I was ordered to proceed to the police, under the escort of two honourable gentlemen, in black clothes, black cravats without shirt collars, and armed with bludgeons.

These gentlemen were as polite as need be. To the amenity of the cat or the tiger, characterizing all

professions which exist by human suffering, they probably added some commiseration for my youth and the extreme simplicity of my questions. Whilst we were crossing the Pont Neuf, they endeavoured to console me and give me confidence. The instinct of woman easily detects trouble, and the females we passed looked at me with pity. In answer to my inquiries, my guides informed me that my arrest was a mere matter of form, and that I should soon be restored to my family; that the accident which had conducted me to the house of a printer accused of a political offence, was not a sufficient ground for suspicion, still less for detention; in short, they made me believe that I should return to my poor mother the same evening, and I fearlessly entered the building called the Police.

Every thing has been done to degrade that noble magistracy which constitutes the Edileship of Paris. Instead of assigning to it a palace worthy of its importance, its residence is built in a sink. I have no doubt that civilization will in the end rectify such a mistake, and restore to so useful an office its almost effaced honour and pristine destination. After a hasty glance at the offices, I ascended several stairs. At length my guides left me, and I was pushed by the shoulders into a large oblong room, the stench of which almost suffocated me.

I had been acustomed to a life of elegant simplicity. On looking round this den, I saw men half naked — women with red faces and lustful eyes, scarcely covered by the rags they wore — individuals such as you meet with in Paris who smell of the *estaminet* and the brothel — peasants in frocks, lying upon the floor with folded arms — and smokers playing at piquet upon the tiled parquet, with greasy cards. A thick and pestilential atmosphere, the revolting stench of which was increased by a closet forming part of the room itself, pervaded this receptacle of crime and misfortune. A camp-bed, upon which swarmed, side by side, poverty, vice, misfortune, and crime, completes the picture of

this *salle*, dedicated to St Martin. It was into this sink of iniquity that I was remorselessly precipitated, without pity for my youth, without any specific charge being alleged against me, or any one appearing to accuse me. I burst into tears, and seated myself in the recess of a window. Ignorant of the slang of the place, I did not comprehend what was said around me; but the fearful laugh of crime, the gestures of debauchery, and that effeminate ferocity which, in great cities especially, characterizes vice, met my eyes wet with tears. Those wan, though gay countenances, with sparkling eyes and furrowed brows, came and looked in my face, and scoffed at my weak and delicate frame, my pensive grief, and the stupor into which I was plunged. A trembling old man came to me. He could hardly speak. His lips, half open from decrepitude, his head, from which the last gray hairs had fallen, his toothless and trembling mouth, would have excited commiseration in the breast of a savage. He was an old advocate, arrested the night before on a charge of conspiracy. There was, in his debility, the remains of polished manners; but his intelligence besotted by age, his voice without breath or articulation, prevented me from fully understanding the very long speech he made me. I could comprehend only, that like circumstances had brought us together, — he on the brink of the grave, and I on the threshhold of life. Among the miserable creatures huddled together in this Salle de Police, and whose countenances are to this day fixed strongly in my memory, I remarked one, the most singular and interesting of all. He was an enthusiast, who seemed as if he had walked out of one of Scott's novels into the Rue de Jerusalem * to mingle his shade of poetry with the sweepings of society. A thin pale face, an eye lit up with excitement, long black curling hair, no cravat, and a rapid, fantastic, and incoherent utterance — such

* Street in which the prison is situated.

were his characteristics. He preached to those who surrounded him, and who uttered blasphemies as they listened, upon I know not what Christian heresy, which he termed the 'regeneration of society.' The particulars of his story are effaced from my memory. He was a blot upon the assembly — enthusiastic madness was mingled on his brow with that imbecility of look and flaccidity of flesh consequent on irregular habits. He had been found in the highways preaching to the people. I know not what became of him.

I passed the night upon a chair in my window recess. The following morning, the gaoler distributed to each of us a slice of black bread, and an empty porringer to take water from a common bucket. I asked leave to write to the tenderest of mothers, who knew not what was become of me. This was refused! With what hatred may not the gentlest heart and the most reflecting mind arm itself against so horrible a system. In the bloom of manhood, without one act of imprudence on my part, was I thus associated with the very dregs of vice and crime; my studious and innocent youth plunged into this sink of corruption — all communication with the world suddenly cut off — no trial — no sentence — no legal inquiry — the single authority of an adjutant of police had opened for and closed upon me this foul tomb. My family sought for me in vain — my mother mourned for my loss. I was at the absolute mercy of the Police, and had no appeal against the monstrous power of this fell body, whose secret machinery, and silent levers, strike, remove, or crush without noise, without public attention being excited, and without heed of the voice of justice or pity.

Three days were spent thus, and the thought of my mother, the dreadful uneasiness under which I laboured, and the impossibility of external communication, threw me into a fever. The gaoler obtained leave for me to write a letter to my mother, and another to

the Prefect of Police. They were, according to the custom of the place, dispatched without being sealed, and the same evening I received a line from my mother, and a ring I shall never part with. Next day, at eleven o'clock, my name was called at the wicket. I was about to be interrogated.

Having spent three nights, without sleep, a prey to astonishment and grief, my whole nervous system was in a state of violent excitement. There was a deficiency of water in our prison, and my clothes were dirty, my linen soiled, and a burning fever devoured me. The man who distributed the bread and water to the prisoners, of whom, a few minutes before, I was one, delivered me over to two gendarmes. Passing from corridor to corridor, and from turning to turning, we at length came to an office in one of the lower rooms. I heard a scream — it come from my excellent mother, who had risen from her bed of sickness, and obtained leave to embrace me. There she was; she strained me in silence to her bosom; she looked at me — and the expression of her face told me how much I was altered. Her paleness and her tears threw me into indescribable agony. My mother had long been given over by her medical attendant — she had been buffeted by the tempest of the times, and seen her first husband die upon the scaffold; and Corvisart* had told her, that any violent emotion would certainly kill her, for she was kept alive only by artificial means.

The indulgence of the police went no further than I have related; — my mother was ordered to withdraw, and I was carried out.

Before an office-table covered with boxes of papers carefully classed and numbered, sat a man, whose name I have never asked. His face was short and square, black and wrinkled, fat and bony; he had a

* A celebrated French physician.

low forehead, eyes wrinkled on each side, the broad shoulders of a hangman, and the look of an inquisitor. May he find a judge less cruel, when he shall appear before the Almighty !

'Sir,' said he abruptly, 'you form part of a generation that ought to be strangled ; a race of vipers which must be crushed to give peace to France.' Surprised at this address, and calling to my aid all my coolness and reason, I replied, 'Sir, I thought you were to interrogate me upon facts, but I only hear abuse.'

The little man, whom my soiled apparel, my youth and apparent weakness had encouraged to insult me, sprung from his arm-chair of black leather, and drawing himself up to the full extent of his short stature, 'Ah !' he cried, placing his two clenched fists upon the table, 'you want to teach me my duty. You are instructing me, Sir!' I have not forgotten one of his words.

'I am content to remind you, Sir,' I coldly said, 'that you have before you no culprit — for I am not even accused of any crime — but an innocent young man, who knows not why or by what authority he has been brought here, nor upon what pretence he is detained.'

'That is it ;' continued the judge, who had again seated himself, 'you are playing the orator, and it is easily seen that you belong to the liberals. Greffier write down everything that this youth has said.'

Then getting warm and violent, because I was calm and collected, and finding himself unable to obtain from me any information relative to the conspiracy he was endeavouring to trace out, and of which I was totally ignorant, this man-hunter, who tried in vain to run me down, and whom my evident innocence threw into the most ungovernable rage, opened my confiscated portfolio, commented on the verses of my poor 'William Tell,' of which there was only a rough

sketch, made matter of accusation against me out of the first verse of a liberal song written in the portfolio with a pencil, questioned me upon my secret intentions, my ideas, and my theories, taking good care to make the most of my answers, and to criminate me by words, since facts were wanting. At length the fool asked me if I liked the reigning dynasty! After a short pause, I replied—'I know not, Sir, whether I like any government. I have but just left school, and can answer no questions about theories of government, or matters of personal affection. This kind of interrogatory exceeds, in my opinion, the functions of which you acquit yourself so well. With regard to the verses in my portfolio, they are fragments of the tragedy which I am to read to the committee at the Odeon.* They have no relation whatever to the police, and you will do but an act of justice in restoring me to my family, from which I have been torn on so frivolous a pretence.'

'You impertinent prater, do you know that I can this instant, if I please, throw you into a dungeon?'

I have added nothing to the questions and replies of this interrogatory, so disgraceful to the judge who conducted it. There was meanness in such anger: and I have often asked myself why this man gave way to it, towards a person so wholly inoffensive as I was. He wanted, it appears, to discover the author of a pretended proclamation of Marie Louise; and after three days of useless inquiries, he was vexed at his want of success. When I appeared before him, he had mistaken me for a youth belonging to the lower classes of the people. The police adjutant had described me as a workman; my clothes corresponded with this designation; and he imposed no restraint

* The Odeon is a theatre royal in the Faubourg St Germain. It is now under the management of the celebrated Madlle Georges.

upon himself, but kept me standing, and tried to crush me with the weight of his contemptible authority.

The firmness of my answers and my straightforward logic displeased him, and he became angry. When this paroxysm was at its height, he ordered me to sign a paper, containing, not all that I had said, but the material part of it; he then made a sign to the gendarme, and the latter took me away.

I was now put into another room, with an officer about forty years of age, who wore the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was a colonel, accused of conspiracy. He cast upon me a look of sadness, and held out his hand.

'Ah!' said he, 'you accused of conspiracy! Why, how old are you?'

'Sixteen.'

'Excellent!'

The colonel threw himself upon the bed, and remained silent a considerable time.

In the evening, two gendarmes came to remove me — we got into a hackney coach, which conveyed us to the Pálais de Justice.

Close to the vast staircase leading to the halls of Justice, in the right-hand corner, under ground, and concealed by a double iron-railing, you may perceive, groaning under the weight of the Palais de Justice, of which it forms the basement, the subterraneous prison, called the Conciergerie. The weight of the upper buildings bears upon it, in the same manner as the scorn of society bears upon the prisoners it contains, no matter whether they be innocent or guilty. You are in doubt whether it be a prison, a sewer, or a cellar; for the door is so low, so narrow, and so black, that it becomes confounded with the shadows thrown out by the projecting abutments of the surrounding buildings. At the door is a gaoler; on the left, the registry or *écrou*. Before you, is the sombre lamp, which, with a flame of blood, alone lights a

funereal avenue of vaults. All this, I repeat, is now altered. In 1815, the oldest prison in France still resembled the *oubliettes* of feodality. I entered, preceded by one gendarme and followed by another.

My first thoughts turned towards death and the grave. But afterwards — and let me avow my childish pride — the iniquity of the proceedings against me inspired me with courage, and I considered that they who could fear my youth and confine me in a dungeon, raised me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr.

The consciousness of my pure and gentle feelings, when seized by the adjutant of police, the conviction of my innocence, the disgust with which such barbarous treatment had inspired me, and the foolish pleasure, perhaps, of tasting at so tender an age of all that is most poignant and bitter in life, excited me in a strange degree ; — I felt that I was upon a level with the most intense sufferings, and that the world could inflict no cruelty which I had not resolution to bear. I threw down my gauntlet to the world: it was taken up!

My name was entered in the *écrou* or register. The idea of this was dreadfully degrading. I could almost fancy the entry of my name and a description of my person in such a book, to be the riveting of chains with which I was loaded, or an iron bullet fastened to my leg. This ceremony stamps you a prisoner; it makes you a component part of your prison; and you become the toy, the plaything, the *furniture* of the gaoler. You are degraded from your rank of man to that of the insensible brute, — classed, pen-folded, ticketed, and numbered.

Although the lamp in the porch threw but a doubtful and weak light upon the objects around, I perceived a ragged thief seated upon the same bench with me, and waiting to be registered.

A tall fellow with a brown jacket then seized me

by the hand, and led me up staircases and through galleries. The wind sent moisture through these sombre avenues; and my eyes, unused to this new world, could distinguish nothing but isolated red stars, twinkling from distance to distance. They were the lamps upon the walls.

'We have our orders,' said my conductor; 'and I am very sorry, young man, that you are *au secret*.'

'Pray what is that?'

'It is a cell which you cannot leave, and where you will see nobody.'

We now descended several steps, traversed a long corridor, passed through iron-grated doors, which slammed after us with fearful vibration. The third opened into my prison. It was massive with iron, and secured with that profusion of bolts, so usual in places of this description.

'There!' said the gaoler, after raising two iron bars, and turning the enormous key three times in the lock.

My cell was about eight feet by five, twelve feet high, and nearly deprived of light. On one side was a wall dripping with brackish water; on the other, a wooden partition. The floor was beaten like that of a cellar, and at the further end, opposite to the door, but ten feet above its level, was an opening three feet high and a foot wide, which enabled me to perceive a shred of the blue and shining sky. A heavy iron trellis-work obstructed this mockery of a window, and the outside was boarded up, with the exception of a small opening at the top. In a corner to the left, facing the door, was spread a little straw; beneath the window, an empty bucket; to the left, a bucket of water, and near it an empty porringer. I trembled; for I was both cold and alarmed. It was the condemned cell, the dungeon, with all its horrors, into which, at my tender years, I was thrown, without even being accused of any offence.

Although the authors of melo-dramas have made too free use of the humanity of gaolers, yet I am tempted to believe in such a feeling. They see but few objects deserving of pity, and when chance offers them one, those hearts habituated to the sufferings of others, and tired of hardening, take delight in a little compassion, in the rare recreation of a passing act of charity. Jacques pitied and served me well. His hard countenance seemed to soften and expand when I spoke to him. He was kind to me, and would even remain five minutes in my cell. This man, with his brown jacket and belt loaded with keys, had better feelings than the interrogating judge, who was a man of the world, dined out, wore knee-breeches and black silk stockings, and had his small talk for the ladies. The threat of the latter was now fulfilled. This was the dungeon with which his wounded self-love had threatened me.

The past seemed to me like a phantasm or a hideous dream : — apprehended — conducted to the police — interrogated by a *sbire* — transferred to the Conciergerie — and subjected to the same treatment as Desrues and Mandrin* — I saw nothing in it but a species of melancholy witchcraft. Now I can well understand it, and understand only to reprobate it ; not from vengeance or resentment, but as a man and a citizen, penetrated with indignation at those insults to humanity which our political police dares to offer even in the very sanctuary of freedom — in the very heart of a community determined to be governed by laws, and by laws only. A prison loaf was brought to me, but it was so heavy, bitter, and of so repulsive a taste and smell, that even hunger could not induce me to eat it.

'Will you take the *pistole*?' inquired the goaler.

I had the meaning of the word *pistole* explained to me. For one hundred francs a month, I could have

* Noted robbers.

a bed, white bread, other food, a table and a chair. I was uneasy only about my parents, and I asked Jacques if I could write to them.

'I will send some one,' said he, 'to your mother, but you are forbidden either to write or receive letters.'

I hinted to Jacques, that my father would not fail to pay for the pistole, and to reward him for any services he might render me. I begged him to tell my parents that I was quite well, and very calm. In the evening, when the night round, the closing of the doors, and the ordinary business of the prison allowed him to visit my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the parloir, and had sent me some fruit. Her maternal grief had touched the heart of Jacques. He brought me the pistole, consisting of a tottering table, a rush chair, almost in pieces, damp sheets, and a grey truckle bed, which I have still before my eyes. On the back of it, these words were written in pencil: *M. Labedoyère slept here, the* . . . . . The rest was effaced.

A few days after, I received some books, I was allowed to write to my father, but not to seal my letters, and my cell became more pleasant. I asked to have more books, and among others, Mabillon, Sauval, Saint-Foix, and the other writers, who, prior to M. Dulaure, had collected the scattered historical fragments relating to the cities in France. I waded through the works of these writers, not one of whom has treated his subject with the feelings of a poet. It is lamentable to see with what sad matter-of-fact exactness and casuistical subtilty they descant upon monuments of antiquity, without comprehending the real life of the nations who left such monuments. I had the pleasure, however, of discovering in their cold pages, something of the original destination of the Conciergerie.

The Conciergerie, the Palais de Justice, and the

City,* from the old nucleus of Lutetia, itself the heart of Paris. From this centre have all those buildings sprung by which Paris has been enlarged and extended far and wide. This was the seat of the amours of the Emperor Julian ; from it diverged those rays which in their progress swallowed up whole villages. What tears have not been shed, what sufferings not gone through, in the old prison of the Conciergerie, since the days when the island, round which so many splendid palaces are now grouped, was inhabited by only a few fishermen ! How many human miseries have met in these dungeons, whose walls formed the first edifice of the Queen-city ! Here were to be found the oldest cells in France. As cities are formed, dungeons open within them and gape for victims. Lutetia had no ramparts, but had a prison. It was a dark cavern — perhaps the very cell into which I was myself thrown. Devoted to anguish and suffering, even in those early times, it has since been named the Conciergerie. Alas ! it conveys a painful lesson to man. The cradle of a human community, the nucleus which contains the future elements of a large population, the first germ and pivot of a great city — is a *prison !*

Under the donjon of the old Roman citadel, there was a dark cavern, into which were thrown by Roman centurions, without trial or sentence, all the criminals of the municipal city. This prison was afterwards enlarged and became a subterraneous hall under the tower inhabited by the chief of the Franks. In proportion as the palace acquired splendour, was the prison dug larger. Under Robert II, an edifice of *signal* beauty, as Heligand calls it — that is to say, a large square tower flanked with bastions, arose above the city prison. At the same time a fortress, a royal resi-

* *The City* here meant, and properly so called, is the small island on which the Palais de Justice is situated. — *Tr.*

dence, and a prison, it showed the whole of feudal society — physical violence, hierarchal supremacy, and military power. Such are the lessons I learned in my gloomy dungeon, through the haze with which the Abbé Lebœuf, Sauval, and indeed most of the writers on such subjects, love to cloud their heavy and diffusive style. The chiefs of the first race, so improperly termed kings by our historians, were merely chiefs of armed and savage tribes. They inhabited this fortress. All of them in succession passed before me in the dreams of my fancy. I saw their strange courts, composed of Gaulish bishops, of warriors attached to their fortunes, and of Roman slaves. Descending the stream of time, I came to St Louis, who rebuilt the palace, raised in and about it long gothic colonnades, and who, in particular, built splendid kitchens ; and to Philip-le-Bel, who, following the example of his predecessor, still further enlarged the building. Were not these feudal sovereigns right in selecting as the seat of their regal authority, the very heart of the city — old Paris in its very centre ? Could the palace of a King of France be better situated ? Let the reader imagine, instead of the irregular houses and narrow tortuous streets which now crowd the city, a beautiful garden leading to a magnificent palace ; the Seine all around it, bathing the roots of magnificent trees, and running at the foot of splendid staircases of white marble. It is there, in the Lutetia of Julius Cæsar, that the kings of France ought to have their throne. But chance, which makes crowns its playthings, and that royal caprice which has destroyed so many dynasties, have determined otherwise. The masters of this fine country have preferred to a residence in their capital, one at St Cloud, at Versailles, at Marly, and at the Louvre, long without the walls of Paris. They left in the city only those mainsprings of human society, the church, the law, and the gaol.

These ideas were developed, or rather arose tumul-

tuously in my youthful imagination during the tedious days and nights which I spent alone in my dreary cell. Reading and study in a prison are the very excess of enjoyment, and so I felt. In my reveries, I rebuilt for my own use, the Conciergerie of the different periods of our history. In my reading, stretched upon the dirty pallet allotted to me, my elbows resting upon the dark and rickety table upon which my books were laid, I waded through the heavy pages of the Abbé Lebœuf; or devoured those of Pamela, that mistaken romance, in which morality becomes obscene by excess of prudery, but which is, notwithstanding, the work of a man of genius; or took deep draughts of intoxicating delight from the pages of my own copy of Ariosto, in which a beloved being had devised a means of corresponding with me by underlining, from page to page, certain words, which taken in regular succession, formed sentences and conveyed meanings known only to myself.

In three days my eyes had become accustomed to the small portion of light so sparingly admitted through the fortified window of my cell. From the learned dissertations of Sauval I became aware that the place of my confinement had once been a pleasure garden for royalty; that the lives of the prisoners and gaolers of the Conciergerie had twice been in jeopardy from fire; that the infiltration of water from the Seine threatened ultimately to undermine the foundations of those masses of building united and grouped in so strange a manner; and that the signal for the massacre of St Bartholomew's Day had been given by ringing the bell of the great tower. All these facts connected with so small a spot of ground, and calling to mind so many different periods of history, made a strong impression upon my mind. I saw the whole history of France concentrated and summed up in that of a prison. If the solemn bell but tolled the hour, its vibrations penetrating into my dungeon said

to me, 'I was contemporary with Charles IX, and called fanatics to deeds of blood; I sounded the last hours of Ravaillac, Damiens, and Montgomery; I have presided over the wildest enjoyments, and the most dreadful executions; when plays were acted round the great marble table, I gave the signal of the mummeries at which even monarchs were present; when Louis XI and Richelieu doomed their victims to death, I gave notice to the executioner and the populace, and I also sounded the funeral-knell.'

Philip de Comines, the last and most sagacious of the chroniclers — Montgomery, a great name in chivalry — Ravaillac, Damiens, Marie-Antoniette, Labedoyère, Ney, victims of such different characters; — these and many others have left their imprint of blood upon those walls. They passed before me as phantasms which my imagination had conjured up, whilst the felons let loose in the prison-yard were shouting, screaming, howling, and mingling their maledictions with the curses and official abuse of the turnkeys. This noise, which distracted the wanderings of my fancy, represented the most hideous vice side by side with historical calamity. Perhaps a parricide has slept in the room occupied by Ney; and the prisoner Desrues was in the same prison as Comines and Marie-Antoinette.

Such were the ideas in which I indulged. But there were times when my thoughts became more personal: for had I not, also, my own serious and secret history, and my youthful emotions — so dark, so unexpected, and so terrible — so much more powerful and penetrating than the history of things past? The first time those iron gates closed upon me, vibrating, as they were slammed to with appalling noise, and prolonging their tremulous echoes through the dreary labyrinth of vaults, I was seized with a cold shudder; a dreadful separation from the world stared me in the face, and I seemed as one buried alive who had awak-

ened only to see the tomb close over him. The next day, a bowl of milk was brought to me. I could not restrain my tears. I thought of our family meal at home. At times I heard a heavy carriage at the gate, the grating of hinges, the jingling of keys, the drawing of bolts, and a great noise in the prison — then all was again silent. This bustle was occasioned by the arrival of fresh prisoners. My cell was situated above a court-yard, into which looked the windows, or rather loop-holes, of the *souricière*, a provisional prison, I believe, into which all sorts of criminals are crowded pell-mell, until they can be placed in the different cells.* The souricière of the women was near enough to my cage for me to hear some part of their conversation. There were love ditties sung by hoarse voices — frightful blasphemies pronounced by soft and pleasing ones — obscene stories related by young girls — narratives of robbery and murder given in slang — new songs, barcarolles and vaudevilles sung in chorus by those depraved women, mingled with parodies, imprecations, and laughter. What was saddest in such scenes was the ardent gaiety which pervaded them. All sorrow and remorse, every thought of morality and futurity, were wanting to those hearts which had been dragged through the filth of society until they had become mud. Let me be pardoned these details, which will be thought frivolous by the frivolous only. This excess of human depravity made a strong impression

* The author is mistaken. The *souricière* is a room in which are placed the prisoners sent for from the different prisons to be examined by the Judges of Instruction, whose pleasure or convenience they there await. At the period M. Chasles speaks of, and long after, the *souricière* was a small close room, lighted by two loop-holes, into which were sometimes crowded forty or fifty individuals. In 1828, the room was rebuilt, and the new one is much larger and more airy, but there are still many evils belonging to it, to which no remedy has yet been applied. There is a separate *souricière* for the female prisoners. — *Athenæum.*

upon me. I had been initiated into no kind of vice, and, in history, I had seen crime softened down by distant perspective. An infancy wholly absorbed by romantic thought and activity of mind, was not prepared for such revelations. When I had heard one of these women sing Catruffo's popular melody of 'Portrait charmant,' my heart contracted; the contrast was too strong, the dissonance too painful. I have never since been able to listen to that song.

One day there was a greater bustle than usual; the prison bells rung longer, regular steps were heard, and a sound of bayonets surprised me. The door of the adjoining room was opened and shut several times. I heard some one in this room crying and moaning bitterly. Jacques, when he visited me, had his uniform on. The sobbings in the adjoining room increased; still the women in the souricière continued to sing. The gaoler informed me that the person in the next cell was condemned to death; that the day of execution had arrived, and the hour was near at hand; that the sobs I heard were the scarcely intelligible confession of the unhappy criminal; that the priest was there; that the culprit, drunk with despair and wine, was receiving absolution upon his knees, and that there were only ten minutes to elapse between life and death. The turnkey's bells soon began to ring, the rattling of wheels shook the whole edifice, murmurs of distant voices accompanied the procession; and the silence of the prison succeeded all this tumult.

A confinement such as I endured broke, as may well be supposed, the health of a lad of sixteen; and those terrible scenes made an indelible impression upon my mind. The privation of air and exercise, grief at not beholding those I loved, and the humid atmosphere in which I lived, got the better of my constitution, and I was taken ill. — A month had elapsed since my confinement began. The prison physician obtained permission for me to walk in the *préau*, and

I was conducted by Jacques into an oblong court-yard, dug into the soil ten or twelve feet below the level of the adjacent street, surrounded by lofty walls, bordered with iron spikes and faced with huge rough stones. Naked and dirty feet ran upon the fine sand spread over it ; surly and harsh voices demanded who I could be ; men with brawny arms surrounded me ; others in their shirt-sleeves, with no garment but a pair of grey linen trowsers, were stretched upon the ground, gambling. Some were making straw boxes and needle-cases, of marvellously delicate workmanship. I here recognized vice, such as I had seen it at the Salle St Martin, but in a form still more frightful. At the police, it still preserved a cravat, a coat, a half-social language, and some of the habits of civilization ; — but here it displayed all its hideous character. Its only dialect was slang ; and self-contempt was depicted on every countenance. The most insatiable cupidity glistened in the eyes of the gamblers. Here, in the midst of the perfection of civilized society, there existed a race of savages, who had borrowed all the cunning and resources of civilization to employ them in the destruction of civilization itself. I was more alarmed at these figures, at their questions, aspect, gestures, and unknown language, than I should have been at the scaffold.

I was taken twice to this préau ; my third walk was in another, much smaller, and which resembled the bottom of a well surrounded by high walls. In the caves, the air-holes of which opened upon this court, were several individuals accused of political offences ; amongst others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always in good humour, heedless, gay, enjoying robust health, uttering innocent jokes against his persecutors, and who, from behind his iron bars, told me a thousand pleasant stories.

As soon as I had recovered my health, I was again confined to my dark cell. I had breathed fresh air

three times in eight days, and that proved sufficient. My solitude, however, was lengthened to two months.

* * * * * * * *

It was thus I knew the Conciergerie ;— a great lesson for a man's life ; and if that man be innocent and full of youthful hopes, the lesson carries with it bitter and indelible sadness. The unfortunate individuals, in whose conspiracy I was accused of being an accomplice, were condemned to exile and death. With regard to myself, as one morning, I lay weeping upon my bed, my puerile stoicism overcome, listening to the neighbouring bells of Nôtre Dame, and contemplating with sorrow the oblique, luminous line of a long sunbeam, which penetrated into my dungeon, heavy steps, much more rapid than usual, struck my ear.— Everything is regular in a prison ; and a gaoler walks like the pendulum of a clock, without ever retarding or quickening his pace.— Jacques turned his great key rapidly in the lock, and said to me,

'You have now only to go away. There is a coach below waiting for you.'

I knew not what to do with my liberty ; I was stunned at the news ;— and, let me not be accused of exaggeration when I affirm, that I cannot give an exact account of my ideas and sensations during that day. Jacques packed up my things. I allowed myself to be led away. I found my mother in bed, very ill. I well remember her tears and kisses ; and I have a vague recollection of the vital and penetrating freshness of the month of May — of the perfumed garden in which I embraced my father — of the profound emotion he evinced — of his tears, which fell upon me — and of the strange intoxication, which, after two months of darkness and solitude, made my whole being shudder, and seemed about to destroy even existence itself by a too powerful sense of life and happiness. I remember my father's words —

'You can no longer,' said he, 'remain in France.

You would always be an object of suspicion. You must go to England.'

To England I went; and the two months spent at the Conciergerie decided my fate. The events which led to my freedom would offer no interest to any but myself. Without troubling the reader with such details, let it suffice to state, that M. de Châteaubriand interested himself in my behalf. The intercession of an angel, leagued with the voice of a man of genius, effected my deliverance. M. de Châteaubriand was then in the possession of power, which, had he retained, he would have used to save his masters; but the latter madly took it from him, and thus prelûded to the suicide of their dynasty. In the noble pursuits of his life, M. de Châteaubriand has probably lost all recollection of this act of beneficence, with which he must however permit me, in the fullness of my gratitude, here to tax his recollection.

Travels, occupations, sufferings — nothing could efface the remembrance of the Conciergerie. In 1831, I desired again to see it. It appeared to me as if, in former days, I had lived in the midst of feudality, so vividly did those towers, those corridors, that lamp, and those vaults represent it to my mind. But civilization, in its eternal progress, has at length overtaken and destroyed those remains of barbarity — the Conciergerie of feudality no longer exists.

The Conciergerie has now no entrance through the Court of the Palais de Justice — there is now no dark vestibule — no sepulchral lamp. A noble entrance has been made from the Quai de l'Horloge. The low wicket is walled up, and a beautiful iron grating surrounds the prison. To enter the latter, you must pass through the kitchens of St Louis, which are long gothic halls, sombre but majestic, and whose height is singularly diminished by the elevation of the soil.*

* This is a mistake. The kitchens of St Louis are in the

The whole prison has changed its character. The staircases are convenient, the air circulates, pistole is not dear, and you would mistake the turnkeys for hospital attendants. I saw five or six women walking in the préau belonging to the female wards. The bread given to the prisoners is not inferior to that of the French soldiers. I know not whether many traces of old prison inhumanity still remain; but there is one which I must notice. The prisoners, instead of sleeping between sheets, sleep in sacks. It is a bad and unseemly practice to pack up an unhappy man in a coarse linen bag, open only at one end. The infirmary is not airy enough; but the cleanliness which subsists throughout the prison is beyond all praise.

From the distance which separates the Conciergerie of 1815 from the Conciergerie of 1831, the progress in the physical well-being of man, and in his outward comforts, may be appreciated. But the moral aspect of the prison remains unchanged. You find in the préau, the same countenances as in 1815. The great problem of purifying the atmosphere of the immorality arising from the fermentation of great cities — which are immense hot-beds of vice — is far from being solved.

In 1815, Bonapartists and Liberals were made the forced occupants of the Conciergerie vaults. Political opinion, and that of one kind, seemed alone reserved for the sword of justice to strike; and the fanaticism of power stood dripping with the gore of her victims. I, an humble and obscure individual, was one of the

external court at the present entrance of the Conciergerie. The suite of halls to which the writer alludes, and which contain the *grand guichet*, the *greffe*, and the *parloir des hommes*, extending under the *salle des pas perdus* of the Palais de Justice, and terminating close to the *préau des femmes*, in the passage leading to the expiatory chapel of Marie-Antoinette, were those occupied by the body guard of St Louis.—*Translator.*

latter. At the present time, the confusion of our social and moral state is betrayed at the Conciergerie by sights still more strange. There, during our late troubles, M. Valerius, the vicar of Saint-Medard, and M. Cavaignac, could shake hands and dine together. What a strange symbol of the present state of society, and of the heterogeneous elements which compose it! If you want the true history of any community, period, or social state, go to a prison.

THE 'PLACE ******.'

Ibam forte via sacra.—*Horace.*

By what appellation shall we distinguish it? Amid all its names, it is yet nameless,— as that pedestal is without statue, that triumphal arch without inscription and without heroes, that temple without a god! Of all its titles, which shall we select? The 'Place Louis Quinze?' That name has been disavowed, and I have no desire to cling to it. It was fit only to remind us that on this spot the monarchy had perished; cleansed from its errors by martyrdom, and washing out its stains with its own purest blood. The 'Place de la Révolution?' That name we are, in fact, again digging from its grave. Is it that the Revolution was composed wholly of the blood shed upon the ground on which we tread, and that its title of glory consists in having coined gold, by the hands of butchers, on this spot! Or shall we call it the 'Place de la Concorde?' Alas! this is no scene for scoffing. Concord! Look upon the spectacle of all that surrounds us. See if it speaks of one sentiment, one aim, one consecration, in which our country of France *can accord.* Why on all sides these ruins,— ruins of yesterday,— ruins of monuments, which present the aspect of decay, ere yet they have been completed? Why these piles of stones, which lie scattered at their feet? What is the

story told by all these blackened scaffoldings, which each succeeding government takes pains to raise one stage higher, but to supplant the stage which its predecessor had left? They present the true image of the forty years which have just passed over us. Such is our history, written in our suspended undertakings, and our changing creations. On this fatal spot, nothing has been permanent but its scaffolds — they alone have stood, for fifteen months together.

Here, first, rose an equestrian statue of Louis XV. It was supported upon four Virtues, modelled into caryatides, and stooping beneath their burden like the slaves of old, or the antique prisoners of war. Well might they bend beneath that load of vices and enormities! For many a day the finished monument seemed to shrink from the light. A modest screen covered it from all eyes; till Louis XVI at length ordered its inauguration. Alas! here was the victim doing honour to him whose debt he was yet to pay. But the reign of that impious image lasted not long. The prince, who, in corrupting to its very marrow the monarchy of France, had only one desire — that it might live long enough for himself — could not have hoped that his honours should live longer than that monarchy. To Louis XV, by a mysterious retribution, succeeded Liberty! — the liberty of those days! — Liberty with her Phrygian cap and brazen axe! the liberty which had led death through all ranks, as Louis XV had led shame! Liberty, the demagogue, the dreadful minister of heaven's hoarded vengeance, whose fatal image presided over a scaffold, reared against her pedestal,— like a divinity smiling upon an altar of sacrifice! At length that bloody shrine fell. Next came the man, born from the womb of the revolution, to hate, war with, and enchain his mother; — to overthrow Liberty, yet leave it doubtful whether he most hated the crimes which she had consecrated, or her own name and rights. In the room of the fallen idol, he announced

I know not what kind of column,— a foolish model of which was presented for the admiration of the Parisians, but which was never erected. At a later period, the Restoration decreed a monument, which shared the same fate. She got no farther with it than the design, the orders for its construction, its foundation, and that enclosure of planks which forms the unfailing ornament of all our public places — that shroud, in which we seem by anticipation to clothe all our creations. Afar off may be seen the deserted pedestal, exhibiting on its marble sides the name of the Charter, written in charcoal, and bearing upon its socle the tricoloured flag. In vain did Charles X, the day after the return of the Spanish expedition, at the head of his ministers of state, amid the pageantries of religion and the pomps of victory, plant the first stone of an expiatory monument to the manes of the martyr-king ! The pageant and the vow, the monarch and his monarchy, all have disappeared; and in the place of all, floats the tri-coloured banner ! Wiser, in our days, we yet appear to have taken no step for replacing Louis XV, or Louis XVI, or Liberty. These prepared stones — these boards — these half-chisseled blocks,— this ruin, in fine — all this has some chance of duration !

The instability of this spot has extended itself to all the structures whose presence decorates it. Nowhere can the eye repose itself upon anything which is completed. Before us spreads the ancient dwelling of our kings — stable only because it belongs not to our age. The Tuileries forms, as it were, the point of demarcation betwixt ancient and modern Paris — betwixt the old manners and the new ; the boundary line of two worlds. The faithful caravanserai of power, each government, in its turn, has there found hospitality,— the Convention and the Empire — the old Monarchy and the new,— yet havenot its walls, blackened by ages, taken the impressions of the various revolutions which they have sheltered. A bullet-mark of 1830,

deeply indented in one of its columns, has rendered some slight repairs necessary ;— it was but right that our palace of centuries should retain some scar from our many combats.

On the right, the Palace of Deputies is in the progress of erection. In the heart of the dwelling of the Condés rises the tribune. On that spot has one monarchy been overthrown and another erected. The ancient hall has selected this moment for its fall. The quay and all its approaches are covered with ruins ; and L'Hôpital, D'Aguesseau, Montesquieu,— whom, but a few years ago, we beheld shrined upon its steps, —present already fronts green with age; as if, upon sages even of stone, years such as ours pressed with the weight of centuries !

Farther on is the triumphal arch of L'Etoile! Who shall yet say what are the triumphs which it shall be appointed to report to the future !— First, it was to be Wagram ; next, the Trocadero ! To-day, instead of glory, it is statistics which it is proposed thus to consecrate. A report which I have seen in The Moniteur, speaks of charging the colossal monument with the statues of our eighty Capitals. Truly, it will be rather a dear lesson in geography to give our children. Hitherto, triumphal arches have been the servants of history — that fruitful mother of lofty precepts and of noble acts. But of a verity, the story of this one is not yet told. All these monotonous Cybeles, which are just now projecting, will yet, I trust, transform themselves into illustrious warriors or statesmen. The marble of our days must be content to change often its vocation and its destiny. Who shall say how many a Mutius Scævola, how many a Horatius Cocles, of stone or of brass, have since become Cæsars;— who converted, in their riper age, were about next to edify our churches, transformed into saints and apostles, when lo ! the Revolution of 1830

has opened up new careers, before their re-awakened ambition.

To your left, behold the Magdalen! — First the architects betake themselves to turning and re-turning its *foundations*;*— and then the governors set about doing the same thing. Votaries one day of Religion, the next of Victory — devotees, now to fictions, and now to recollections — they can no more give consistency to a simple church than they can to our laws. To-day the turn of the Temple of Glory has come round again.— Vain and ambitious chimera! Rome and Greece are not to be restored after the lapse of two thousand years. The ancient Olympus was a lofty creation, because it was an effort of the human mind to reach the throne of providence, and it peopled the world with the unknown God. But *we* — it is to banish Him from the universe, and then fill up that mighty void that *we* invent allegories without enthusiasm, fictions without faith, apotheoses without witchery. Mythology is not to be created by decrees of the Empire,— no, nor yet with its trophies. *Our* temple of glory, were it finished, would remain desolate;— it would have neither worshippers, nor priests, nor gods.

The vast space, whence the view stretches over all these structures, (witnesses at once of the grandeur and instability of our designs,) might be made to form the most magnificent perspective in the universe,— with its area so vast and its proportions so harmonious and noble. That royal garden of Lenôtre — those Champs Elysées, worthy to be so called — that river with its superb windings — those graceful bridges — these neighbouring palaces and those distant domes,— where else are there gathered together more of splendour and of beauty?— Yet, no! that desolate space, with the silent and half-buried edifices which bound and obstruct

* This word is here used, apparently, in its double sense.

it, the scaffoldings which surround it, and that one which at once intersects and commands it,— would sadden the passer-by, even though he knew not that every stone on which he treads could speak to him of the fall of a king — of a queen — of honoured princesses — of brilliant wives — of young girls betrothed to the scaffold — of leaders — of illustrious citizens — of all the élite of a great people. But how should he fail to know it ?— There is on this extraordinary soil I know not what stamp of all our sorrows. In summer, a burning sun consumes you there. It is the desert,— a vision of Thebes or of Palmyra ! For whom has not that desert, a thousand times, peopled itself with all the victims who were there reaped by the remorseless scythe ! — In winter, the breeze careers there unopposed. Your march is in the midst of the tempest. Who, then, recalls not those fiercer tempests which, here, achieved so wide a devastation ! For my own part, never have I traversed this theatre of those fearful scenes, without seeming to look anew upon that dreadful drama, which, nevertheless I saw not,— which was played years before my cradle was rocked, — but which, yet, weighs upon my patriotic soul and upon my reason, as if every one of us had a share in these parricides;— or rather as if, in devoting myself to the discussion of my country's interests, I had contracted, more than its other citizens, the obligation to defend its liberty against all the difficulties and all the dangers heaped upon her by those guilty, those hideous outbreakings. Here she has left, in her passage, as it were, a track of living blood, never to be effaced, and which seizes, in a manner, at once, on the eye and on the mind. Here, was heaped up the hugest and most frightful human hecatomb which has stained the history of the civilized world;— a terrible example of the excesses into which a people precipitate themselves, who make a mistake about this great name of liberty, and search for its spirit in revolutions, repub-

lics, and popular rule, instead of seeking it in the progress of time, of order, and of the laws. Here a victorious democracy,— incapable, by the very fact of its victory, of struggling against its own unchained passions,— incapable of calming or governing itself, and driving on to the capture of heads for the sake of patrimonies,— rolled its waves upon waves; drowning in their abyss, like a worthless waif, the whole ancient frame of society, and confounding with it, in the same reck and common ruin, the movers, the chiefs, the friends and the props of that very revolution itself. Here have our fathers seen the old magistracy, the parliament in a body — the Molés, the D'Espréménils, the Gilbert des Voisins, the Hocquarts, and the Pasquiers at its head — disappear in this demagogue's bed of justice. Here, ministers, financiers, the clergy, the nobles, come by cartloads of sixties, to yield their contingent of death. Here are inscribed, in letters of blood, all the great names of France,— Montmorency, Villeroy, Béthune, Mirepoix, Noailles, Beauvilliers, Créquy, Tonnerre, Crussol, Broglie, Thiars, Boufflers, Talaru, Soyecourt, D'Estaing, Saint-Priest, and I know not whom besides ;— all that élite of the ancient monarchy, whose long sway had, undoubtedly, not been without reproach,— who had mingled many scandals with many labours, many services, and many conquests,— but who, signalized in the history of the world by much of corruption, shall be there signalized by still more of glory. Here, too, the *tiers-état* had also its debt of blood to pay. All who distinguished themselves from the multitude, by wealth or by merit, were here delivered up to the popular Procrustes. Who knows not what crowds of bankers, of jurisconsults, of notaries, and of writers press upon one another in the lists of the proscribed victims slaughtered, here! From this dumb earth, literature and science demand Chénier, Roucher, Linguet, Thouret, Lavoisier,— divided while living,

reunited by death !— Here, virtue and talent were smitten in the persons of Malesherbes and Vergniaux, of La Chalotais and Gensonné, of Magon-Labalue and Brissot. Nor was victory more respected than eloquence or virtue. Here, the army beheld its chiefs, of all ranks, perish ;— Custine and Houchard, Westermann and Biron, Dillon and Ronsin, Lamorlière and Beauharnois, Lavalette and Luckner,— spared amid the shock of combats, to yield their lives on that field of battle, which offered but one chance — death, presented but one foe — the executioner ! Here, Charlotte Corday expiated her heroic crime, Madame Elizabeth her royal and angelic virtues,— and the unhappy Dubarry her pleasures and her infamous honours. Here, the whole court — the Duchesses du Châtelet, de Grammont, d'Ayen, the Maréchales de Biron, de Noailles, de Lévy — were met together ; mingled with the young Camille Desmoulins, the widowed D'Hébert, and the heroic woman of the republic, Madame Roland,— in this pêle-mêle of the scaffold. Here, perished the King !— paying in his person for all those illustrations, those opinions, and those traditions of the past, of which he was the august representative ;— and his kingdom has since paid, with forty years of misery, for that perjured holocaust.— The ancient solemn covenant, on the faith of which a people has long lived, is not broken without shaking the land to its foundations !

And yet, there was an outrage, here, greater than even this ! A king, in fact, is a man. When he is born, he knows that it may be his chance to die by the hands of men. The sword of battle may reach him. Hatred and revolt have a thousand trodden paths for coming at his life. In the game of human chances, he stakes his days upon that card where fate has marked a kingdom. But a woman ! — a queen !— Marie-Antoinette ! — that princess, ushered into the bosom of France amid such homage,— encircled by such

love,— formed to reign by the magic of grace and beauty, far more than by the majesty of her rank !— And in this land of chivalry and honour, *she* only meets (in place of the brilliant and gentle hospitality of the throne) with calumnies, insults, peril upon peril,— chains, at length,— a dungeon,— and, last of all, death! — a fearful death — the death of criminals — death in the infamous cart — death *there !* in front of the palace of kings,— in view of the stately dwelling where she has reigned,— where her children have grown up, to reign in their turns,— amid scenes so long filled with the enchantments of power, with the illusions of youth, with the large promises of that France whose adoption was, once, her happiness and her glory! — all these have passed away! The talisman is broken; and in their stead, there remain but voiceless walls, a raging mob, and a scaffold ! Who shall dream all that then passed through that soul at once so gentle and so proud ? What floods of scorn it poured against the maddened people which could call all this by the name of Liberty,— which could bow before slavish tyrants, and console itself that it had the butcher for its master, because the loftiest heads had stopped beneath his iron level ! — But, lo ! the car has stopped. Marie-Antoinette casts a last look around; *There*, before her, stands her throne ; — *here*, ... Queen, thou art still upon thy throne ! Greater than thine assassins, mount thou its steps in thy calm and proud majesty ! For *them*, they shall want thy courage, when they shall tremble before God and blush before men ! — Alas ! perhaps, in this last moment, a sudden hope has dawned upon her, — not the divine hope which sustained her thus far, but a hope of the earth ! Shall there not yet start forth an avenging arm ? From the heart of the crowd will there not yet arise a cry ? Of all those men who worshipped her so lately, who knelt at her feet, who would have built the pride and the joy of their whole lives upon one of her smiles,

surely some *one* will yet rush forward! Where — where are they all? — What, in our land of France, will no man die for the queen,— for Marie-Antoinette — for the noblest and the loveliest of her sex? Not one? — All is silent! — No; I wrong them! Hark to that cry! . . . . It was a cry of joy and triumph. She is no more! . . . . Oh, wretched people! She shall be avenged; and, with her, those thousands of innocent heads which have here fallen before thy disastrous fury. But a few days hence return and gaze upon a new sacrifice — that of the *Girondists*, brought hither almost in a body,— the *Gironde*, guilty of having sought, like you, a republic, which our habits repel; and guilty, like you, of a regicide against which its conscience shouted in vain. A little later, and then they of the *Mountain* shall drag hither, before your eyes, their lacerated bodies. Ye shall behold, amid your stupor, the convention doing justice on itself,— decimating itself to please the clubs,— sending hither, by regular sections, bands of its homicide legislators — to-day the Anacharsis-Clootzes and the Chabots, to-morrow the Chaumettes and the Dantons; — until, at length, the monsters who have been instruments in the hands of providence for chastising all these other monsters, driven by an unseen power, shall, in their turns, bring hither their condemned heads; and the survivors of Robespierre — the Couthons, the Saint-Justs, the Henriots — shall close, with their own bodies, the long procession of their victims. But, oh, wretched people! your tyrants fall, but tyranny survives! Ye shall pass from slavery to slavery; and, on this very spot, a spectacle of yet another kind, one day, awaits you. Here — *still here* — shall be reared an altar, round which shall assemble, at the head of their triumphant armies, all the princes of banded Europe — to thank God that they have conquered and chastised you. Here shall be performed the mass of the Federation of Kings; and even from your own

heart shall voices arise, to celebrate the triumph of the stranger. The monarchs whose avenging arm shall have broken your eagles, dismembered your empire, and laid waste your trophies, shall hear themselves thanked aloud by French tongues — the tongues of political laureates of those days, and laureates of to-day — for their *European patriotism!* After slavery God sends us shame: and all this is written in the councils of that justice which governs human things. Democracy and its inevitable crimes have driven us, like a self-terrified flock, under the rod of despotism. Despotism, compelled, for its own existence, to lead us on to triumph upon triumph, even unto the ends of the earth, arouses the reflux of all its nations and of all its kings; and, falling crushed beneath the overwhelming tide, leaves us, finally, a prey to conquest.

And thus revolution returns, to find its gibbet beside its cradle. On this spot it commenced its race; here, by the Pont-Tournant, were kindled the lightnings of the 14th July; — and lo! its chariot guided back, by angry fate, to the goal from whence it started! Here, amid the cries of a maddened populace, Reason celebrated her rights, while Terror performed her sacrifices. And here, in this same place, that same people shall behold the religion of their fathers, which it had mocked, and the royalty which it had proscribed, muster triumphantly their pomps of expiation, and consecrate their monuments of vengeance!

Undoubtedly the Restoration had acted more wisely in not recalling the history of that solemn scene, and the story of our madness. It had done better not to seek the compensations of marble or brass. It was wrong to run itself against such recollections, to touch our sores, to uncover the crimes which reared themselves between us and it. But I have always observed, with wonder, that the opposition, when it objected to these celebrations, did so in the name of those festivals of the people which it feared might be thereby dis-

turbed. Festivals, indeed! That our orators and publicists should have the courage to wish for festivals *here* — to dread, on the score of the people's amusements, the aspect of a commemoration of mourning and regret, has ever been beyond my comprehension. With or without monumental record, there are recollections which weigh eternally on the memory of nations, which time impairs not, and which oblivion cannot reach. There is something like truth in all those miracles which the multitude report of marks of blood indelibly stained into the stone where the sword has struck at the life of the illustrious! There are victims whose blood is never washed out!

The Romans called by the name of Via Sacra the street in which the impious Tullia drove her sacrilegious car over the body of Servius, slaughtered, like Louis, under the walls of his own palace.

> Ipse, sub Æsquiliis, ubi erat sua regia, cæsus,
> Concidit dura sanguinolentus humo.

After more than two thousand years, that imposing name and recollection still remain. Without statues to speak to the passer-by of that ancient parricide, the dweller in Rome and the stranger there still exclaim, 'Behold the place!' A sort of religious horror has consecrated, during the lapse of three and twenty centuries, the slab on which the Legislator-king fell. Yet one hand alone struck that blow, and one victim alone perished. But not alone did Louis encounter here the horrors of a judicial murder. There is not a French family which did not give something to that tribute of blood. All the illustrious of the time composed the royal martyr's suite. In the midst of his Court, amidst a people of victims, he advanced — like a king leading on his subjects to battle — towards the insatiable scaffold. The entire nation, by the patience with which it looked on, was the accomplice of his murderers. His prayer to God, that his blood might not fall back

upon the land of France, was prayed in vain. Oh! let us, too, have our Via Sacra! Let us dread to weaken, by popular games and sports, the useful majesty of so many solemn remembrances! Let us fear to insult these crowded manes. A free people which could not dance above sepulchres like these would not hesitate to dig new ones!

I am aware that all the powers which have reigned in France, during our forty years, have sought this vast and moving theatre for the display of their dazzling pomps — the trophies and the rejoicings of their respective times. But I know, too, that they were all rejoicings, triumphs, and splendours, which had but a day's existence. What to the governments, which invoked them, have availed these false jubilees of the people? The red cap, the imperial eagle, the white flag itself, have, one after the other, rallied here the popular intoxication. Here, has the art of the Ruggieri of the time, been lavished upon the celebration of each of our civil commotions, and each of them has borne fruits about as lasting as the garlands of flowers and lamps which perished so soon. Here have we celebrated all the victories of the *grande armée:* and what, in fact, has been the end of all those victories? Here have our fathers heard the voice of Robespierre proclaiming, at the head of the Convention, the supreme being; and that supreme being remained not. Why, the very Convention itself deposed him. Here has the republic invited us to all its Greek and Roman parades — and now we shudder at the name of the republic. Here crowded that same people who had witnessed the fall of so many illustrious and consecrated heads, to shout for the Dauphin of France, returning proud and triumphant at the head of the legions with which he had marched from the Bidassoa to Cadiz, to overthrow the Spanish revolution — that timid copy of our own. It was the first time that a Bourbon had passed that site of dreadful memory. Till that

day, the king, the princes, the daughter of Louis XVI, had ever turned aside, by the neighbouring quays, that the wheels of their chariots might not touch the soil over which the impious car had rolled. But from the day of this triumphal entry, the scruple was removed; apparently they thought that victory washed all old things away — that the power which gives the control of the future, flings a veil over the past. And, yet, that future has vanished, and that past alone remains!

I remember that, as a boy, I could never feel joyous on this strange soil, which seems ever to tremble beneath the feet. And even yet, I almost wonder that there should not be some kind of public superstition, attaching the idea of fatality to all the joys of which this place is the stage. This spot witnessed the marriage pomps of the royal Antoinette. Who recalls not what they were — what scenes of terror and of death darkened them — exactly here — at the entry of the Rue Royale, like warnings and presages of evil? Oh, never were presages so fearfully fulfilled! It was not enough that the young royal couple should so shortly return thither, there to close their rapid pilgrimage over the grandeurs and the misfortunes of the earth. The royal bed has left no heirs. The orphan of the temple died in his prison — died of his sorrow — of his sufferings — of his star which had destined him, at his birth, for the throne of France. His sister, the Antigone of modern times, lived, because there was yet a heavier evil than that of dying, at fifteen years old, in chains — the evil of living to heap grief upon grief, to see the throne alternately rise and sink, and to fall back continually, as by some fatal weight, upon the hard and cold couch of exile.

And this place has seen another marriage festival, remembered by us all. That was a brilliant one; — no sinister augury saddened it. Who can forget those miracles of imperial magnificence, that luxury of lights and profusion of trumpet-tones — of gold and of kings

— the glittering arms, the popular intoxication, all the stir and all the expectation of France, as she seemed to see, at length, her reeling destinies become fixed, and beheld, amid that resurrection of the absolute and peer-defended monarchy of Louis XIV, the monster of anarchy for ever pass away — henceforth to be the universal scarecrow of all minds? With what a gaze she looked upon the splendid train, the princes, chiefs of ten nations, those warriors, conquerors of the world — and, last of all, the niece of Marie-Antoinette, the young empress, and her fortunate spouse, the giant — the demi-god — the *Emperor!* The obedient sun lighted the scene with all his fire. What glory shone about that nuptial chariot! What destinies seemed to dawn out of it! The prodigal hand of victory had multiplied the titles of the Imperial legitimacy. Yet, Napoleon, not contented with his fifty pitched battles, gave to his race another prop — that of recollections; another majesty — that of ages. A daughter of the Cæsars was seated by his side, and thereby he seemed all a king. The soul contemplated with emotion this union of all which appears predestined to rule over men. How could the future seem otherwise than subdued to this son of fortune, who had subdued even unto the past!

Again — recall that day, when the cannon, thundering over our cities, announced that the Empire had an heir. What echoes answered to those solemn sounds from one end of the kingdom to the other! The royalist believed that God had visibly pronounced against the race of Capet, and that a fourth dynasty was immovably established over France. The republican — I forget; there were no longer any republicans — they had become counts and dukes. The illustrious child was born with a crown upon his forehead. He was given for king to the second city of the empire; that city was Rome! And now, at this hour in which I write, he is dying like the orphan of

the temple. He, too, dies of his fortune — of his exile in the midst of foreign grandeurs — of his imperial prison — of the pain of a wronged and disinherited existence! Like a young branch, whose growth has been strangled and confined, and which, compelled to turn back upon itself, decays and wastes away — dying for want of air, amid which it might raise itself towards heaven, and shadow the earth with its mighty head. All the might of Napoleon, served the Colossus but to fall twice from his throne instead of once; in 1814, before the victories of combined Europe — in 1815, before a motion of M. de Lafayette. And now the drama of this great life is closing at Schœnbrunn. His son is expiring in that palace from whence he dated the bulletins of his battles. And where should he die, but on one of the theatres of that fame which filled the world? Thus finishes this magnificent and mournful epopee. Those mighty trees leave no shoots behind them. Poor young prince! whose cradle the world rocked in your early days, and who perish at twenty, crushed beneath the weight of that conspired world! Your death betrays the unknown anguish of your soul — that captivity of the mind, bitterer than any other — that impatience of a yoke which was brilliant in vain, — that sentiment of a destiny overthrown, — that glimpse of a glory, wasted upon your brow and in your heart — a flame which must either enlighten or consume, which, if it nourishes not, kills. In that friendly but stranger court, your spirit grieved in silence over a throne, a country, and a history. Yet, even there, France forgot you not wholly, and the sun of Austerlitz yet shone above your dying head!

From these wrecks of dynasties and of men, return we to our wrecks of stone and of marble, to the battle-field of our civil dissensions, to the arena of our passions and of our illusions, to those unfinished or decaying monuments of which we may say, with the poet,

Cœptæ haud assurgunt turres . . . . . .
. . . . . Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina cœlo.

It will readily be supposed that I shall not ask of the revolution, in its triumph, to do that, for doing which I have blamed the restoration. I know well that I should not be listened to. And yet, it were a wise and pious act in independent France to crown that vacant pedestal; to imitate the usage of all those nations which consecrate their unholy places by sacred monuments, to awaken thereby our meditations for a light to our paths, as we kindle a beacon on the rock which has been signalized by its shipwrecks. Napoleon would have done this. England, of 1688, did it. England continued to bow her head before the statue of Charles I, and she was great in the estimation of the nations. The revolution of 1830, which was achieved in the name of the laws, had one sure method of marking her divorce from her hideous elder sister. It was to execute the re-established laws, and for that purpose to take up the trowel and the chisel. Thus would she have shown to the youthful generations, who ferment in the midst of us, that forty years of dreadful lessons had not gone vainly over our heads, that we had at length learned how far vengeance, blood, crime, and all the excesses of the demagogue, lead from the paths which conducts nations to liberty. Perhaps, on the 5th of the last June, the thoughtless of every age, and the madmen of every rank, who dreamed of democracy and a republic, might have shrunk — under who shall say what sort of funereal feeling? — from fixing the rendezvous of their bands at the foot of that marble, — so well adapted to warn them of the crimes which, in spite of themselves, ensnare the rash spirits, who, to feed their own passions of theories, fear not to do violence to the habits, the sentiments, and the inclinations of a people. Or,

if they had not recoiled before the peril of fearful excesses, at least they might, probably, have paused before the certainty of immediate chastisement. That evidence of the public wisdom, conscientiousness, and resolution, would have awed down their murderous courage. The cannon of the cloister of St Mary need not have muttered within our walls. They who will not dare all fitting disavowals, and all proper reparations, thereby encourage others to dare all follies and all outrages.

But whatever else we may do, in God's name, let us at least sweep away the encumbering rubbish — let us clear this finest of public spaces from the nuisances which narrow, choke, and annoy it. Let us finish it, if, indeed, it be permitted to us to finish anything — if a consuming fire is not destined to issue from that tempestuous ground, as of old from guilty Jerusalem, when the emperors attempted to rebuild the temple of Solomon. Let Paris no longer expose to the eye of the stranger these witnesses of our instability and of our strifes. The prince who completed the Palais Royal in his leisure days as a citizen, ought to make it a point of honour to complete our monuments in his hours of leisure as a king, — if, indeed, there be any leisure hours for kings in times like ours. I long to see these ditches, which seem to testify against the national ability to fill up voids, otherwise than by the creation of new voids, at length covered in. I long to see the twelve great men of the ancient monarchy, who are crowded together upon the narrow parapet of the Pont Louis Seize, descend from their huge and dangerous pedestals, from whence a gust of wind or the populace may at any moment plunge them into the river below. We are not rich enough in the treasures of art to expose them, nor to heap them up thus. From no point can a front view of them be obtained; and, seen obliquely, they confound themselves with each other. In the distance, whether in ascending or

descending the line of the quays, the perspective groups them to the eye two by two, like those Asiatic twins, so miserably linked the one to the other. In approaching the bridge, from the foot of the Magdalen, the palace of our modern legislators seems crushed by these giants of former days, in a manner which might make us suspect the sculptor of an intentional epigram. From every point of view, in fact, they present the dullest and most barren of conceptions.

I would have them distributed, — provided these ornaments were supported and completed by other ornaments, — around the immense space. Their colossal proportions would harmonize well with the vastness of the place and of its magnificent accessories. There would be a pride in seeing our history thus gathered together, and as it were living. It would be like a senate of all the great men of former ages ; — and the past days of the land would thus be nobly vindicated from all the frightful wrongs inflicted there. Perhaps they might be raised on the summit of a double portico — circular in the inverse sense of the imposing colonnade in Regent Street, or squared to harmonize with the Hotel of the Garde-meubles, — a graceful erection which would extend along the base of the Champs Elysées, on the one side, and on the other, along the raised terraces of the Pont-Tournant ; and would shelter the crossing alike from the ardour of the summer and the tempests of the winter.

Perhaps, too — since I am in the mood for planning — perhaps, in spite of my reverence for the sanctity of the inoffensive legacies of the past, I would transport hither, in token of reconciliation and of peace, the statue of the great and good King, from whom *all* the Bourbons are proud to trace their descent. I would have Henry IV to preside over the assembly of the l'Hôpitals, the Séguiers, the Turennes, the Condés, the Suffreins, — in the same spirit which has given him to the Legion of Honour for a model and a badge.

And, following up a project of the empire, I would establish on the platform of the Pont-Neuf — where an Equestrian statue at present turns its back on all Paris, and where an obelisk would crown magnificently that promontory of the city — the far-sought Needle of Luxor.

Were these plans adopted or not, I would throw down, over the ghost of Louis XV, the boards erected at the circular end of the Champs Elysées, — with the design of restoring to him by all means, or at least promising him the restoration of his statue — taking care, however, in such case, to erect that of the wise Cardinal Fleury in my Prytaneum of History, on the adjoining *Place*.

I would finish the triumphal arch of the Etoile, by dedicating it to our recent illustrious men, as the *Place* itself would be consecrated to our ancient renown; and our provinces would prefer, I should imagine, to see established there, in lieu of the allegorical figures of their chief towns, the real figures of the most distinguished amongst their citizens. There would I place all which can console us for our domestic crimes, all which may help to counterbalance them in the view of Europe, and in that of history. From the midst of that arena of our guilt, the eye might then find something on which it could repose with pride. Finally, I would restore to God the Church of the Magdalen; because in our retrogression, since retrogade we must, it strikes me as better that we should stop at christianity, than go still further back, in search of mythology. I should feel that the temple which I had reared to Glory in the hearts of Frenchmen, was the more lasting that it sanctified as well all the lofty beliefs as all the illustrious recollections of the land.

Then might the eye and the mind take pleasure in all these pomps and all these spectacles. At the four limits of the area opened to the vision would appear the sanctuaries of all that is great and tutelary amongst

men. In front Religion, — opposite the Law, and its throne the Tribune ; — on the one hand Royalty, and on the other Victory ; — and everywhere that which exalts, that which encourages, or that which consoles. Then would it be manifest that the lessons of our sad annals have not been without fruit for France ; — that she has learned, amid her long sufferings, the necessity of giving to free institutions the support of moral influences ; and to reckon as the first of all these, reverence for God, — and as the next, respect for Time and its works. The illustrious shades of the thousands of victims piled upon the altar of Terror would feel their bloody sacrifice had not been in vain for their posterity, and would return comforted to their tombs. Bitter memories and painful thoughts would lose their poignancy. The world would have faith in the steady greatness of a people which should have stamped so much of reason and of majesty on its works; — and France would have confidence herself in her destinies and in her freedom. The past and present so wisely read, would at length beget a trust in the future ! — To make the more sure of that future, I would add, besides, a few other changes here and there : for example, in the interior of the Chamber of Deputies !

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

If you visit the far-famed cities of Europe, you will see gothic churches, superb gardens, and gorgeous palaces. Such also exist at Paris. If you go back to remoter ages, embark on board the ship of Anacharsis, and admire the splendid beauties of ancient Greece, you will find, as a set-off against its Propylæa, its Temple of Theseus, and its Parthenon, that Paris has her Pantheon, her Louvre, her Exchange, and her Church of St Magdalen. But nowhere else does there exist a Palais Royal, or anything resembling it. If, on your first visit to this fairy scene, you wish to see it in all its splendour, choose a beautiful evening in July. The heat of the day has tempted hundreds into these walks, that they may enjoy the cool evening air. The stone benches are crowded with economists, who love to inhale the fragrance around them, upon seats exempt from tribute. On either side, rows of chairs, which a small change does not prevent from being occupied, are placed against the iron railings which enclose two rectangles, each containing a beautiful grass-plot encircled with flowers. In the centre of each is a parterre, which, in the one, surrounds a statue of Diana, and, in the other, a statue of Apollo. Other chairs are placed upon the borders of a fountain which separates the two parterres, and throws, to a considerable height the crystal fluid, which falls again in the form of a fleur-de-

lis not liable to proscription. Here thin vapor is inhaled by those whose breath is not sufficiently cooled by the air ; whilst not far off something more substantial moistens throats still more inflamed. A number of small green tables support *plateaux* covered with pyramidal ices of divers colours. The noisy conversation — the laughter of the guests — the voices and bustle of the waiters — the blossomed shrubs — the brilliant lights of the rotunda, which resembles an oriental kiosc — the uninterrupted motion of the crowd, more dense here than in any part of the garden, — all this forms a very picturesque and animated scene. Scarcely are the first approaches of winter felt, when all this bustle disappears from the garden, and retires to the galleries. Then, the saloon of a theatre royal, between the acts on a first representation, presents not a more splendid coup-d'œil that the Galérie d'Orleans, with a host of *promeneurs* under its immense dome of crystal. Long after the labouring classes of the faubourgs have retired to rest, and when even the more central streets are silent and deserted, as if the whole city were buried in repose, your eyes and ears are again assailed, and your almost benumbed senses roused, on approaching the Palais Royal, which, on entering, you find still blazing with light and full of life and motion. It is the heart, which retains its heat long after the extremities are cold.

Since the discovery of procuring light by an invisible fluid, and the means of conducting gas in pipes, like water, so as to throw it in jets of fire, even to the top of the highest buildings, the Palais Royal has derived an accession of splendour far above its former brilliancy. More than two hundred flames, milder, more equal, and at the same time much more brilliant than oil, show the arch of every arcade, and shed a beautiful and pure lustre upon the shops. With this light is mingled that of the shops themselves, which blazes through apertures ten times more numerous,

and extends along the windows and shelves richly decked with steel, silver, gold, crystal, silk, and precious gems. A thousand fountains of flame shoot forth and are reflected from the surfaces of polished mahogany and looking glasses which surround them. The number of large mirrors which line the walls of the Palais Royal is almost incredible. Strangers struck with amaze, are in doubt whether the Palais Royal from top to bottom is not one vast bazaar, and whether there can exist within it, any secret and invisible apartments in which its inhabitants may indulge in the sweets of repose.

Industry monopolizes the whole of this vast palace. The first floors, above the shops, are exclusively converted into baths, gaming rooms, restaurants, billiard-rooms, estaminets, reading-rooms, and exhibitions. The upper stories are occupied by *artistes* of different kinds, such as painters, engravers, dentists, hair-dressers, &c, and by a number of sultanas whom the severity of the police prevents, during the day, from contemplating the field of their conquests, otherwise than from their windows. No ordinary family could live there. The Palais Royal is not like other dwelling-places — a man must be in business to reside there, and he who is in business must sacrifice every convenience of life to his trade. Whoever settles in the Palais Royal must give up all idea of domestic comfort — he must renounce the delights of a fire-side and the pleasures of home. His premises are open to the public ; he alters, and diminishes to the smallest possible space, that portion of room which is devoted to the personal wants of himself and his family ; and he thus contrives to find space for his goods and their purchasers. Everything at the Palais Royal is turned to account. The right alone to let chairs in the garden, granted by its owner, to the Citizen King, produces thirty-two thousand francs a year.

All the shops of the Palais Royal are devoted to

objects of luxury and brilliant superfluities. In vain would you look there for furniture or articles of household necessity ; such things are banished from its walls, not only because they would occupy too much room, but because the Palais Royal is not the bazaar of the Parisians. It would be a mistake to consider as its inhabitants the tenants who officiate in the distribution of its luxuries. They might rather be taken for agents of the French community, specially charged by their countrymen to display to admiring foreigners the exquisite powers of cookery, the perfection of horticulture in the production of fruit and vegetables, and of everything that art, in all its branches, can execute in the highest degree of excellence. Trade, Fashion, the Seasons, and Time itself, run from shop to shop introducing novelty ; and the Palais Royal is at all times the school of taste for the other shopkeepers of the metropolis.

There are names far famed, and of even European celebrity, whose number in this small space would surprise you. 'You are as great as the world,' said Kléber to Bonaparte ; but to what shall we compare the Palais Royal, containing so many illustrious men of the first order ? On all sides the perfection of genius marks with a deep furrow the traces of master minds. Here the pennyless voluptuary may exercise his sense of smelling, rendered, by long fasting, keener and more subtile than the nose of a pointer, upon those exhalations from Apician dainties, which passers-by inhale without expense ; — here the wealthy epicure may stimulate his appetite with those rare delicacies which must be served up hot, and eaten immediately ; — here the opulent man of the world may, as with a magic wand, conjure up around him luxuries in every form and variety of fascination. How many pages could be filled by a description of each of these several kinds of glory ! — for be it known that every shop in the Palais Royal is a place of renown. No

doubt there are many names beyond its walls, well worthy of admiration; but this does not detract from its exclusive and unique character.

Why should I be withheld by a sort of aristocratic shame, from following the progress of civilization into the *restaurants* at two francs a head, where the existence of secondary bills of fare has been annihilated by 'Fixed Prices?' Could I present a scene more interesting than these richly decorated apartments, with two hundred dining guests, whose appetites are seriously contending with the four scanty dishes of their choice, which soup has preceded, and a dessert is to follow? These appetites oftentimes go on increasing, like anger and renown, wandering through the intricacies of supplementary fare, and ultimately exhausting their strength in pastry and rare wines;—thus transferring to the accessories of an economical dinner, the expense of a more refined meal at the Rocher de Cancale.

From these restaurants issue that host of individuals who, redolent of the good cheer with which they are gorged, invade the different cafés at about seven in the evening,—or, eager to inhale the fresh air after a too copious meal, saunter backwards and forwards before the *Rotonde*, whilst they are deliberating with themselves how they shall spend the evening. The central point gives to their choice the power of a wider range, because all other places of pleasure and diversion are but at a very short distance from it. If you examine these individuals, you will perceive that they move about by the mere instinct of digestion. They pay no more attention than those around them occupied in discussing politics or speculations, to the females seated upon chairs in rows three or four deep, like a bold army in battle array. The latter, generally accompanied by their husbands, come hither for the sake of coolness and rest, rather than to elicit homage in a place where the men seem to be otherwise enga-

ged. Thus, you see in this place neither ladies in search of admiration, nor the fashionable petits maîtres who haunt the old Boulevard de Gand.

The peculiarity of the Palais Royal is not, therefore, confined to its brilliant collection of rich luxuries, but derives much of its peculiar character from the kind of public whom these luxuries attract thither. The real inhabitants of the Palais Royal, whom it is time to describe, are those who do not pass the night there, but who partake of all its enjoyments save its refuge for sleep; for it contains no furnished lodgings nor hotels.

Every individual at Paris who has no fixed and settled mode of life, becomes one of the special public of the Palais Royal. The practised eye can detect in this heterogeneous mass of human beings, foreigners from all countries, provincials from the different departments, bachelors, students, refugees, half-pay officers, intriguers, political agitators, and all those who trust to chance or to a lucky hit for a dinner, an admission to a theatre, or an agreeable invitation for the evening.

It may easily be imagined that the Rotonde must often be the scene of strange and unexpected meetings. How many times, under the imperial government, and even since the restoration, have not old companions in arms, — some from Moscow, others from Spain, — been seen pressing each other's hands, with the tear of sensibility in their eye! I could mention the names of two individuals, who, on their separation at Pondicherry, having made an appointment to meet at the Rotonde on that day three years at a certain hour, were both fortunate enough to be there at the time appointed. People set out on a voyage round the world, and meet again at the Rotonde. How many thousand individuals would be at a loss for a place of meeting, if the Rotonde were abolished!

An individual, whose happiness, during eight years, had centered in the galleries of the Palais Royal, and whom a series of mishaps had forced to take refuge at the foot of the Pyrenees, being once asked by a passing stranger whither the road he was following would lead him, replied, with great neïveté, 'to the Palais Royal.' He was right; for the high roads from all capital cities in Europe meet at this point; and if every traveller were obliged to divulge his secret thoughts, there is not one who, on his arrival in the French territory, would not mention the Palais Royal as the most pressing object of his curiosity.

The gaming-rooms, which still exist in the Palais Royal, and the females, who were lately banished from it, have certainly been of some use to its splendour; for both must have attracted strangers thither. How many unhappy beings are still the prey of the worst of these two incentives to vice — of that one which the budget of Ways and Means protects against the denunciations of morality. There is no gun-maker in the Palais Royal, but Lepage * lives close by. Frequently a gambler in despair, fearful of risking his last franc without a remedy, calls at Lepage's before he enters the fatal 113.† He then stakes his all with confidence; and a sound, well known in the neighbourhood, announces that the game is closed. Last year, at the house of a friend, I was finishing some verses, when the report of a pistol made me start. 'Don't stir,' said my friend; 'it is nothing but the sentence of a *rouge* or a *noir* which is being executed.' I opened the window, and found my friend's conjecture correct. A young man, who had just left the gaming-table, had climbed over the railings of an enclosed parterre, and shot himself upon the grass.

* The Joseph Manton of Paris. — *Translator.*

† The number of one of the most noted gaming-houses in the Palais Royal. — *Tr.*

A long and undisturbed possession seemed to have linked the existence of the gay females who used to haunt the galleries and garden, with that of the Palais Royal itself. What a strange contrast ! The Duke of Chartres was taxed with having speculated in vice ; and the shopkeepers of the Palais Royal now complain — at least it is so said — that his son has exiled it. It is curious enough to imagine the women whom our grandfathers used to see in this place, strutting about with frizzled hair, huge coifs in wide plaits, stomachers, boddices and hoops. Some lovely countenances must have appeared under this strange costume. We have seen those of our own times in the most attractive simplicity of modern attire ; — at the Café Montansier, which a small theatre dependent upon the Gymnase has just superseded — at the Café des Aveugles, now deserted, and which was once supported by the imperial guard — at the Caveau du Sauvage, whose tambourine is still heard, and where Borel, after Fitz-James, exhibited feats of ventriloquism — at every part of the Palais Royal, in short, to which the public has access. They imparted surprising animation to the scene, and by their presence stamped upon it an imprint very different from that of virtue, but which perfectly suited the greater number of those who frequented the Palais Royal. However, the true sultanas of this public harem were to be seen in the stone galleries, attracting observation by the ambitious splendour of their dress, and by that unsparing exhibition of their charms, which females in good society never so completely expose except at a ball or the opera. They often excited a lively curiosity in persons of their own sex, which the husbands of the latter always took care to repress.

The exclusive empire of the Palais Royal is now vested in women of virtue, whom the sultanas had long excluded from it ; although, in the days of our grandfathers, they were content to share it between them.

This reform, which took place two or three years ago, has given the Palais Royal a more decent appearance, and made its population assume more correctness of manners. It is now quitted at an earlier hour, the shops are sooner closed, and their occupants are able to devote a longer time to sleep. Let us not inquire whether public morals have benefited by this change : that is beyond our subject, which is confined to the Palais Royal.

After this great revolution, there yet remained two things of equally difficult accomplishment. The one consisted in reducing the fronts of the shops, which projected too far, within the line of the interior pilasters, so as to restore the architectural regularity of the building ; the other in placing the celebrated and ignoble wooden galleries, — so long denominated the Tartar Camp, and forming one of the thousand examples of the temporary before which ages pass away, — by that superb gallery, built between a double colonnade, which now constitutes one of the beauties of this edifice. The first took place under the edileship of M. de Belleyme ; and it required all the firmness of that magistrate to support the Vitruvius of the Duke of Orleans in his crusade against the signs, lanterns, escutcheons, paintings, and ornamental projections, which narrowed and obstructed the galleries. What violent opposition did not the second encounter ! It was effected nevertheless ; but who will attempt to describe the agony of the unhappy tenants, each time they beheld M. Fontaine, the architect, pointing out the monstrous appearance of these sheds, and discussing with his royal employer the plans and estimates of the new gallery ! Each exclaimed where could he remove his household goods, settled for forty years under these humble sheds ? for, by a most inconceivable piece of good fortune, these shops, which the least negligence might have set in a blaze, had always escaped fire, though encumbered with partitions, and

lamps, and feet-warmers, and, what is still worse, with a population of milliners, of whom prudence and care were never distinguishing characteristics.

It is certainly not my intention to enumerate here the extinct glories of the Palais Royal ; but there is one which I should not be pardoned for passing over in silence ;— I mean the Cafe des Mille Colonnes.* If you inquire what is become of this establishment, you might as well ask the fate of Babylon and Nineveh. The question, however, conceals a second, and to that at least I can reply. Well ! the *belle limonadière*, is at Neuilly,— as Charles X is at Holyrood,— meditating upon past grandeur. But her exile is voluntary, her recollections are all pleasant, and her dwelling is her own Her throne was not lost by the revolution;— the frown of fashion fell upon it and it vanished. Once the Queen of the *Comptoir*, the *belle limonadière* returned to private life, in the same village which gave birth to a Queen of France ! Which of the two was the happiest ? you ask. Who knows ? Do you not love domestic happiness ? and do you not admire the life of ease and quiet of her who began her career as the modest and brilliant sovereign of the Cafe du Bosquet ? I must inform my readers confidentially, that, last week, I was seated opposite to her in a Caroline.* One of my neighbours recognized her, and solicited the honour of paying her fare. She smiled at this innocent piece of gallantry, which she, no doubt, contrasted with the homage she had received when seated upon the throne of one of Napoleon's brothers. This throne, as every one must recollect,

* The Cafe des Mille Colonnes, and the *belle limonadière*, were, not many years ago, the delight and admiration of our countrymen who visited Paris ; and it was by the English alone that, during the last few years of its existence, this elegant establishment was supported. Alas ! nothing now remains save the recollection of its splendour.—*Athenæum.*

* A sort of Omnibus.

was sold at public auction ; and, by the speculation of a tradesman, it was bestowed upon beauty without a diadem.

At the beginning of this article, I described the Palais Royal splendid with the illumination which takes place there every evening. A sketch of it early in the morning, when its galleries and garden are in the undisturbed possession of school-boys, nursery-maids, and little children, would scarcely be interesting. But about ten o'clock it begins to show signs of animation, as if it were just aroused from its night slumbers. The readers of newspapers arrive and assemble round those little temples with gilded roofs, one of which Perustault* has made his head quarters, and which he leaves every moment, hurrying round and casting his eyes over the journals, requesting the readers of those which bear his stamp to have the goodness to draw round his kiosc. The cafés also become crowded, whilst the restaurants, which they have completely robbed of the privilege of giving déjeuners à la fourchette, remain yet empty. Soon after, merchants' clerks, men of business, and busy men are seen threading the walks in all directions ; and by and by the loungers and idlers, and a motly crowd of three or four hundred persons, assembled at a particular spot, indicate that it is near twelve o'clock.† Would to God that all the cannons in the world resembled that of the Palais Royal, and that their firing caused no other evils than the startling of a few timid shop-girls, and their more nervous mistresses. During the five

* Perustault is to be seen daily in the Palais Royal lending out journals to read.—*Translator.*

† In the garden of the Palais Royal, there is a small brass cannon, upon the touch-hole of which, the rays of the sun, as it passes the meridian, are brought to a focus with a lens. This fires the cannon, and indicates the hour of twelve. A crowd is always assembled near this piece of artillery in miniature, to see it go off.—*Transl.*

minutes which precede the report, they who have watches hold them in their hands, and they who have none look at the others. There is a moment of silent anxiety; sometimes even there seems to be a doubt of the power of the gunner. . . . . The piece goes off at last; in a moment the watches are all set, and some of the lookers on, with an air of vanity, praise aloud their watch-makers. Each gives the official time in his way home, and the group would instantly disappear, but for a few simpletons, who are anxious to see in what manner the sun acts upon the powder, and one or two individuals who remain behind and repeat during a quarter of an hour to all new comers that the cannon has been fired. It would be superfluous to state in which parterre the cannon is placed: it can only be in that of Apollo, since it is he who fires it.

I cannot close this article without observing that the Palais Royal has always been and will remain the centre of popular political movements. It is the consequence of its situation and the nature of its population. Thus, most of its cafés attract their customers by their connexion with some political circumstance; — the Café de Foy, for instance, is linked with the recollection of Camille Desmoulins, who worked with so much energy upon the feelings of the people; the Café de Chartres, with that of the violent struggles between the green and white cockades, and afterwards between the Montagnards and the Girondins; the Café Montansier, with the patriotic revels of the Hundred Days, and the vengeances taken after the return from Ghent; the Café Lemblin was noted as the rendezvous, after the Restoration, of young liberals and proscribed officers; and the Café Valois was remarkable as being the sanctuary of those, whose heads were eternally whitened by the powder of the old regime. The first club was opened at the Palais Royal, and there also were held the meetings of those young counter-revolutionists, who would fain have ex-

tended the reaction of the month of Thermidor, to excesses not less deplorable than those to which that reaction had put a stop.

Last month, an old man who had served in the Swiss guard of Louis XV returned to Paris, from which he had been absent since 1780; for he was not a native of France. I was his escort, and we approached the Palais Royal. 'Let us go first,' said he, 'under the *tree of Cracow*; we will there read the journals, for I should be glad to hear something about the Poles. My heart beat for them sixty years ago.' But the tree was cut down soon after the partition of Poland, together with a noble avenue of horse-chestnut trees, planted by Cardinal Richelieu, extending the whole length of the garden, and remarkable for the luxuriant beauty of the foliage. It was the finest in the garden: round the 'tree of Cracow,' the readers of the 'Courrier de l'Europe' and the 'Leyden Gazette' used to assemble. These were then almost the only journals of the day. My venerable friend pointed out to me the spot, just opposite to the Café de Foy, where the tree stood. Other trees had shot forth their green leaves, under whose shade other journals were read; but the sympathy of Frenchmen for their heroic brethren in the north was still alive.

The vicissitudes which the building, or rather the mass of buildings, forming the whole of the Palais Royal, has undergone, might furnish matter for a long history; — I shall however only state, that this noble edifice was begun and finished by two architects from the same town; by Jacques Lemercier, architect to the Duke of Richelieu, and M. Fontaine, architect to the Duke of Orleans, both born at Pontoise. How many times has the latter been seen upon the roofs with his royal employer, holding council, and in warm discussion, upon this dangerous eminence! If the art of building were but the apprenticeship to a more elevated art, I leave it to reflecting minds to consider

the presages that might be drawn from the taste, splendour, and beauty of the palace in the Rue St Honoré.

To satisfy the reader's curiosity, I shall briefly state, in conclusion, the names of the individuals who have inhabited this palace since it was built. They who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu who had given it the name of the Cardinal's Palace, were Ann of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, who one day fell into the fountain in the small garden, called the Garden of the Princes; Henrietta of England; Philip of Orleans, chief of the branch of that name, and brother of Louis XIV; Philip the regent, and his son, Louis Duke of Orleans; then Louis-Philip, and, at the period of the revolution, Louis-Philip-Joseph, the grandfather of the present King of the French. During the Republic it was occupied by the tribunes. Under the Empire, the government knew not what use to make of it; but the Exchange, and its dependency, the Tribunal de Commerce, were provisionally established on the ground floor opposite to the grand staircase, during the construction of one of the finest buildings our modern architecture has produced. On the return of the Bourbons, the family of Orleans took possession of the Palais Royal. Lucien Bonaparte resided in it during the Hundred Days; and at last, after being, during the fifteen years of the restoration, the residence of the collateral branch of the Bourbons, it became during eighteen months the provisional palace of a monarch who was a private citizen. But a throne in the midst of shops, formed too great a contrast; and men of business, sometimes obliged in consequence to make a long circuit, did not find it convenient to have a king in their road. Louis-Philip himself felt all this; and at the time I am writing these lines, the dynasty of the Palais Royal is moving to the Tuileries.

THE SALON OF LAFAYETTE.

I AM a man without much amiability, gallantry, or politeness; in truth, I am hardly civilized. My friends, or they who term themselves such, call me 'the peasant of the Danube.' I generally prefer the faubourgs to the city, La Courtille to the Boulevard des Italiens, and melo-drama to tragedy. I detest soirées, particularly those in high life. I have never perfectly understood what is meant by a soirée. Is it a tumultuous assemblage of men and women with great pretensions, at a house whose master had, with equal pretensions, invited them there? — a miscellany of envy, contradiction, ambition, jealousy, and hatred — a mob clad in silks, Indian shawls, and flowers — a mob so perfumed as to give you a head-ache — a dancing, singing, laughing, and chattering mob, more tiresome, and, in my opinion, much more disgusting, than the muddy and greasy assemblage in shirt sleeves and casquettes, who danced yesterday in the public streets? Is that a soirée? Or is it rather a silent and sinister meeting of men dressed in black from head to foot, seated in rows on either side of tables covered with green cloth, pouring handfuls of gold upon beautiful rose-colour cards, and pitilessly losing the fortunes of their wives, — who, standing behind with bent bodies, turgid veins, and straining eyes, shudder as they look on; or staking upon the cast of

a die, the dowers of their daughters, who are in another room dancing, as, mute and pensive, they listen to the tender pleading of some handsome fop with mustachios and a pointed beard — a specimen from the sentimental *jeune France*, who seduce and ruin credulous girls, by talking St Simonism and writing sonnets ? Their poor wives, models of domestic ecomomy, and their sweet and gentle girls, so neglected and so credulous ; how I pity them ! And yet their husbands and fathers think themselves honest men ! ! !

After all, if I were obliged to make a choice, I should prefer the soirées at which people play. Gaming is something. It is now a grave and serious occupation in this bustling metropolis,— where everything is carried on by gaming ;— where the stakes may be either oil or public loans, brandy or three per cent consols ; and where one stakes his conscience against a place, another his country against a title. Yes, I should prefer the drawing room of the gaming party ! What pleasure to play at night by the glare of perfumed candles with beautifully glazed cards, by the side of lovely women, who bet on your side, and whose warm breath, tranquil or precipitate, as may be, fans or rudely brushes your hair — lovely women who, with a charming smile, say, ' Thank you,' when you win, quarrel with you when you loose ; for the fair sex cannot command their temper at cards.

Poor youth ! Politics and play wear it out, ruin it, and render it cross, querulous, and thin as an old countess of the Regency. Look at that apartment in the sixth story. It is a garret with a sky-light, inside which the rain penetrates every time it falls on the outside. A painted bedstead, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, a trunk, a table, and two rickety chairs compose its furniture. It is inhabited by a poor student whom a rich father has ordered to live and learn upon a hundred francs a month. Look at him ; he is dressing to go to a ball. See, he is drawing on upon

white cotton stockings, silk socks with open clocks; and over the latter he puts thread ones, and a pair of boots over the whole. Well! he will go on foot: and in the porter's lodge he takes off his boots and thread socks and puts on a pair of shoes, which he will carry in the pocket of his cloak. His purse is not empty, for it contains two five-franc pieces. He might have had a coach, but he prefers being able to play. He will lose, and, in his way home, will be robbed of his cloak and shoes.

Poor manhood! You ruin it by play. How cruel! You say it does not love balls or concerts. No wonder. For how can an honest man commit so atrocious an act as to give a ball or a concert to five hundred people in a space in which only two hundred, at the utmost, could move about? Can any one without a bad intention, without a mission of hatred or revenge, convert a handsome drawing-room into a place to stew five or six hundred unfortunate individuals alive? In such a case, I, who abhor a crowd, would fly to the street, where, even when there is a crowd, nobody can prevent me from making my way with my feet and elbows. There, ceremony and respect may be dispensed with; there, nothing forces me to hold my hat in my hand to see it crushed a dozen times in a minute. It may be said, 'But you should get an opera hat;'—but every body cannot have an opera hat. In the street there is no hypocritical politeness — 'A thousand pardons, Madame,'—'Pray, Sir, have the goodness'—'Madame, I am excessively sorry;' — none of this — none of that ridiculous insipidity which, with forced and lying smiles, you scatter before you through a magnificent crowd,— noble and rich, it is true, but which treads upon my toes and gives me elbow punches on the stomach just as well as the dirty and unceremonious mob on the boulevards or at the entrance of the theatres.

To be thus ill treated for the sake of looking at a

ball, or listening to a concert, is a fine thing truly! And who dances at such balls? Why, marriageable young ladies, with well-clad motionless figures, and superb eyes which express nothing; or young and vain married women, quizzing and talking nonsense, and uttering their absurdities either in a loud and rapid tone, as if they had previously learned them by heart, or in a soft whisper, as a great secret; or fat mamas, with full busts, brown cheeks, and flame-coloured dresses, who talk politics, laugh loud, and drink punch. Who sings at such concerts? Why, men and women from the theatres, whom you would not notice in the street, and yet invite to your parties — brilliant victims of social prejudices, poor pariahs crowned with flowers for your pleasure, whom you applaud and admire, at the same time that you despise them; or amateurs, generally stupid persons, parasites, who live by their throats, as others live by their memory.

If such are your balls and concerts, ladies and gentlemen, you may keep them to yourselves. I prefer going to the Opera.

There are other and well-attended soirées, at which there are neither balls nor concerts, and which are less turbulent, less suffocating, but not less insipid than those I have described. These in the days of Madame de Tencin, or Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, would have been called *store-rooms of wit*. I have only seen one, and I am told that all the others resemble it. People drink tea there, and eat thin bread and butter. It is necessary that every young man should be introduced to these parties; for they are in fashion, and frequenting them brings one into notice. You arrive there at eight o'clock in the evening dressed as nearly in black as you can. In a silent ante-room, you find a tall footman who asks you for your hat and your name — then, raising the curtain which separates the drawing-room from the ante-chamber, makes your name ring, with the full force of his stentorian lungs,

in the ears of the assembled company. You then enter, bow,— and the ceremony is over. You are paid very little attention to, unless your name be an illustrious one.

It must be confessed that to one who has just left a ball, this kind of party seems a strange contrast. There is no noise in this literary boudoir. A thick and soft carpet, and magnificent bear skins, deaden and destroy the creaking of boots and shoes. Round a splendid tea table, and lounging upon sofas, are the elect of the assembly — poets, painters, journalists, authors, legislators, and lawyers,— conversing among themselves in an undertone, or listening, without seeming to do so, to one of the editors of the 'Figaro,' a tall, ill-dressed man, thin and angular, who alone boldly warms himself with his back to the fire, and the flaps of his coat over his arms. It is a pleasure to hear him talk; for he speaks well. He is a most audacious critic, a wicked wit, and yet a good friend to any one who chooses to set up for an author. But he cuts through the greatest literary reputations in a twinkling, is fond of controversy, pours forth paradoxes, and disputes to his heart's content upon every known system, which he knocks down in a moment, then builds them up again, for the sole pleasure of leaving you in doubt whether he has been laughing at you or not, and to make you debate in your own mind, when he has finished, which is the greatest fool, he or the rest of mankind.

In a corner of the apartment, and near the curtain which was raised on your entrance, you see a large table with a lamp upon it, like the table in a public reading-room. Upon this table are some books, several bundles of journals, and a dozen of caricatures negligently thrown across it. Etiquette requires that you should pay a visit to this table; but you are not to seat yourself at it, as you may easily perceive from there being no chairs round it. Standing, then, you

take a book, and turn it over rapidly with the air of one who has read and seen every thing. You then drink a cup of tea, and slowly eat a bit of bread and butter. After this, if you can muster courage, you may listen to the conversation — for courage is requisite, as I know to my cost. I have learned the apartment by heart; I know the number of its pier-glasses — tall and wide, before which you cannot yawn without every one seeing you. I have always observed the piano shut, the harp concealed within its green dress, and the young mistress of the house an object of compassion, from the torture she is obliged to endure twice a week from this crowd of chatterers, who talk politics to her, poor creature, and oblige her, when seated between M. Cormenin and M. Mahul, to declare whether she belongs to the *extrême droite* or the *centre gauche* — each of these gentlemen being ready to take her answer as a personal attack upon himself.

Once more, I have a horror of drawing-rooms, soirées, and the various parties to which winter gives birth. I am worn out at them by fatigue and ennui; they make me ill. Is this my fault? Then go not there, you cross-grained fool. Amen, say I.

There is, however, one house which I would not confound with the others. That house I consider my own. I love it with the sincerest affection — I speak of it with pride; — and all you who read this book, should you this winter be asked to some ball where you cannot dance, or to some concert where the singing will be out of tune, endeavour to get the party fixed for a Tuesday; then consign the music and dancing *ad inferos*, and visit instead the house of General Lafayette, in the Rue d'Anjou. There reign liberty, ease, and cordiality — there you have no refinement of forms, no superlative proprieties of manner, no etiquette, no ceremonious introductions, nothing but simple politeness, and kind attentions. Lafayette's drawing-room is like a public saloon — it is a place of universal inti-

macy, where friends bring their friends, sons their fathers, and travellers their comrades. Everybody goes there who likes — enters at any hour, and retires when he pleases. There, natives of all countries, citizens of all classes, and all the different varieties in human society, meet, mingle, and shake hands. Thither all France and the whole of Europe have sent their deputations. There, Americans come to pay their respects to the friend of Washington; and all the liberals and political outlaws in the world, to salute the High Priest of Liberty.

What savant, poet, historian, or soldier, has returned to his country from Paris, without being able to say, 'I went to Lafayette's?' Who dare not go there for fear of being out of his sphere? A dishonest man, or a bad citizen. But who else? Ye Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Counts, and Barons, know that Lafayette is a Marquis of the old noblesse — that his wife is an heiress of the ancient house of Noailles; you may therefore visit him without derogation! Ye men of the people, artisans, artists, young men without name or fortune, know that Lafayette is a man of the people — that he signs simply his name of Lafayette; go to his house, therefore, without fear, and he will make you welcome! He will shake hands with the poor as with the rich — with the plebeian as with the patrician; and not with premeditated hypocrisy, like some ex-nobles who ape his manners, but with the sincerest and warmest cordiality. Around this noble old man, delighted with your eagerness to approach him, and proud of the enthusiasm he inspires, you will perceive a motley crowd acting without any other restraint than that imposed by the ordinary rules of society. You will here see all the leading political, scientific, literary, and popular characters of the metropolis, displaying upon the naked and creaking parquet, a medley of splashed boots, silk stockings, uniforms, buttoned great coats, and open lappels; — for do not believe

that all who are here come in their carriages, although the street be encumbered with landaus, chariots, calashes, and tilburies, and there be a confusion of coachmen and lackeys at the door, under the doorway, and upon the staircase; — the majority of the guests come in an omnibus, on foot, or the best way they can. What matters it to Lafayette how you come, provided he sees you, and knows you are not there to abuse the people? — for his egotism is his love for the people; — the people first, then his country — himself, when and how you please; of himself you may speak ill at his own house, and he will not be angry.

I love Lafayette, as a son loves his father. Let me be pardoned if there is any impropriety in my manner of speaking of this noble old man; but, whenever I think of him, my heart beats with the most lively emotion. When, at my age of twenty-five, I say to myself, 'I am now old in knowledge of the world, all illusion is fled, and the cup of my disgust is overflowing,' — when, with bitter tears of despair, I further say to myself, 'to be useful, one must be strong; the weak are not only useless, but they even do harm in these times,' — when the past, present, and future, perplex and alarm me — the only thing that can allay these thoughts of sadness, and direful forebodings — the only thing that can bring me any consolation, is the idea of Lafayette. In the evening it visits me, assuages the bitterness of my thoughts, relaxes my mind, and relieves the oppression of my heart. I seize and caress it; call it honour, glory, liberty, country; — I see it before me living, incarnate, made man; tall, majestic, with calm brow and mild look. Its voice speaks to me, grave, eloquent, and sonorous. It says, 'Be of good cheer, child! do not afflict thyself thus; happier days will come;' then, calm and beautiful, with outspread hands it seems to bless me, and I fall asleep to dream of Lafayette and Liberty.

The first apartment is his *salle à manger ;* simply furnished, as you perceive — the real eating-room of a republican. That individual leaning against the side-board, with a dark complexion, hair beginning to turn grey, eyes so sparkling and look so intellectual, is the celebrated advocate Mauguin, the Brougham of France. He is relating the events which occurred at the Hôtel de Ville, after the 29th of July. Next to him is a person seated, whose look is sad and sombre, whose air is grave and severe — that is Eusèbe Salverte. A little beyond the latter, you perceive a Roman face, with an expression of ambition and beautiful as an antique bust — it is Odillon Barrot. Behind this eloquent orator beams the good and open countenance of the modest Audry de Puyraveau, the intrepid representative who so generously lent his house for the patriots to assemble in during the three glorious days, and thus courageously exposed his life, whilst many of his colleagues, so proud at present, and holding such high offices, carefully hid themselves. That tall, thin individual, with high and square shoulders, and an eagle look, is General Lamarque. His name is stamped in the hearts of the patriotic Poles, by the side of those of Mauguin and Lafayette. Two paces from the brave Lamarque, stands the veteran General Mathew Dumas, short in stature, and bent with age. He wears a green shade to protect his weakened sight. The person near him, with his hands in his pockets, with a countenance beaming kindness, an intellectual look, and a fine healthy appearance — the very picture of content and good-humour — is Chatelain, chief editor of the Courrier Français. He is talking to his old friend and indefatigable defender Merilhou, who was once a minister, without being hated by the people.

In the middle of the room is a close group. They who compose it endeavour, by pressing their arms to their sides, to render themselves as slim as possible. All with-

out the group stand on tip-toe, and the words 'it is he,' are circulated in an under-voice. It is Lafayette, surrounded by his staff of friends, — much more imposing and more respectable than any official staff, with embroidery, epaulettes, and passive admiration for the chief, whether he deserves it or not. Do not expect a portrait of this incomparable man — such an attempt on my part would be folly; moreover, his features are become well known, and his virtues belong already to history. On his right stands Dupont de l'Eure, and on his left, Charles Comte.

How many other great names should I have to mention — how many historical heads could I not draw? But I stop here. Accustomed to give my opinion of the men I name, I should be getting into forbidden ground. There are to be no politics in this book; this is perhaps right, for there is so much of them in every other.

Nevertheless, before I conclude this imperfect sketch, I must freely express one thing. To praise everybody who goes to Lafayette's, would be impossible. Is it my fault, if, by the side of Mauguin, Lamarque, Salverte, Cormenin, and Chatelain, I see so many loathsome, squinting, and disgusting faces? Whence come they? Who brings them? Who told them to come? By what right and in what view are they there? They are hideous spectres, frightful and gloomy apparitions in this noble picture. They constantly surround the general, who, inoffensive and confiding, smiles upon them with kindness. But they betray and laugh at him. It is they who circulate the saying, that Lafayette ought to be more select in the persons he admits to his house; it is they who steal his shakes by the hand, and then say that he grants them to everybody. These are painful remarks to commit to writing, but they ought not to create surprise. The general's door is open to all comers; there is no usher to ask names and announce

individuals. The power of entering or staying away is entrusted to the conscience of every one; but how few people are there who have any conscience!

Let those, to whom these reflections are addressed, fit the cap upon their own heads. I have no desire to assist them in this operation. Intriguers of all kinds, vile wretches in power and out, illustrious and obscure — each will surely recognize his own likeness. What further use would there be in naming them? They have long got rid of all feeling of shame; and if I were to point them out to-day, it would not prevent their going again to-morrow. However, to such as would enjoy Lafayette's intimacy, to such as are worthy to understand him and proud to acknowledge it, I would say — 'Near Rosny, in Brie, is the old mansion of La Grange; it is there you must go to see Lafayette really *at home*.' Let a more able observer than I go thither, and let me be permitted to envy him his task. I resume mine.

The second apartment is, properly speaking, the drawing-room. You see two sofas, a few chairs, and some pier glasses. Even a tradesman would be ashamed of such simplicity. But look at that charming group of young women and young girls, fair and blooming, whose eyes, so beautiful and so soft, pourtray their innocent thoughts. They are all called Lafayette. In the midst of them is the lovely Countess Belgioso, an Italian lady, who is dying in France for liberty and her country. The tyrant of Modena has proscribed her husband. Here is also Miss Opie,* the American quakeress, whose head-dress would be laughed at, if ridicule could be combined with the respect which her noble countenance inspires. He who is listening to her so attentively is M. Victor de Tracy, a worthy pupil and competitor of Lafayette's, and Colonel of the Parisian Artillery.

* We think Mrs Opie must be here meant. — *Athen.*

Apropos of artillery — that young man leaning against the mantel-piece, whose upper lip is shaded with enormous mustachios, and whose face, so strongly marked with premature furrows, bears so profound an expression of melancholy, is Cavaignac, my ci-devant captain, the friend of Guinard and Trélat, his companions both in misfortune and in triumph. Around Cavaignac, Thomas, and Marchais, see that crowd of young men, who imitate them by wearing mustachios, and, like them, speak ill of the past and present. Poor, weak, silly boys! drawing-room and *estaminet* republicans, lawyers without briefs, and physicians without patients. They revolutionize from sheer idleness; and the height of their ambition is to see their name in the list of prisoners at the assize court, or upon the prison register of St Pelagie. To this list and this register, I refer those who wish to know who they are: and I pray to God to deliver us from them; for such people would spoil the very best cause in the world.

It was here I first saw the learned Michael Berr, that Israelite so well known, and so carefully avoided — the reason is no secret — by those very persons who were the most delighted by his erudition. Here it was, that, before the revolution, M. Jullien used to show off. This man, who edited the 'Revue Encyclopédique,' was illustrious among the Julliens, and used pompously to call himself M. Jullien of Paris; as if the dinners he gave at *eight francs* a head, and his insipid conversation, were not enough to give him eternal notoriety. Here every Tuesday come two men who have not dined, to sup upon cakes, punch, and tea. One has brown, and the other light hair. They take their stations, one to the right and the other to the left of the door. They are well known to the servants.

Here is the veteran's bed-room. I dare not enter it. There it was that an attentive and select party

used to surround, in respect and admiration, him who is now no more. There it was that his penetrating and intellectual sayings fell upon the ears and entered the hearts of his friends. The shade of Benjamin Constant continues to hover over this room. * *

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Every year, at the close of the session, an affecting scene takes place at Lafayette's. Fatigued by his legislative and political labours, he seeks repose in the country; but before his departure he takes leave of his friends. It is on this day that, with tears in their eyes, they all press round him to receive his adieu, which, the last time it came to my turn to take leave of him, sounded to me like a divine benediction. Never shall I forget that tear which dropped upon my cheek as the venerable old man leant towards me and said in an altered voice, 'Adieu, my friend, until we meet again.' I perceived upon every countenance a reflection of my own sensations of painful tenderness, like that of a son hearing his father's voice for the last time. What can ye now do against him, ye ambitious egotists, whom his popularity drives to despair? Shall you ever be great, illustrious, and beloved as he is? Which of your names will ever possess the same power as his? Can you offer in exchange for your faults Lafayette's virtues, his services, his whole life? You may believe that he is desirous, and justly so, that his faults should be pardoned; but they were never like yours, faults of the heart; and nobody recollects them or reproaches him with them but you and himself. In vain do you attempt to build your glory upon the ruins of his; — there are but two names in France that will never be forgotten — those of Lafayette and Napoleon.

A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS,

FROM THE

BARRIERE DU TRONE TO THE BARRIERE DE L'ETOILE.

On the 6th of August, 1670, Claude le Pelletier, Provost of the Merchants, assisted by his Alderman, laid, in the name of the City of Paris, and in the presence of Colbert, the first stone of a grand triumphal arch, in commemoration of the victories of Louis XIV. This was at the Barrière du Trône.

On the 15th of August, 1806, Count Frochot, Prefect of the Seine, assisted by his twelve mayors, laid, in the name of the City of Paris, and in the presence of Count Montalivet, the first stone of a grand triumphal arch, in commemoration of the victories of the Emperor Napoleon. This was at the Barrière de l'Etoile.

The first of these monuments, after a design by Claude Perrault, was erected in plaster, but as a model only of what was afterwards to be constructed. It was demolished in 1716; and it is to commemorate its existence that Ledoux, the architect, raised the two isolated columns at the extremity of the Faubourg St Antoine. In like manner do a few scattered pillars in the Desert indicate the sites of the gigantic temples of Baalbec and Tadmor.

The monument at the Barrière de l'Etoile has had time to crumble with age, during the lengthened progress of its construction. It, too, has undergone many vicissitudes. Its erection was first voted to perpetuate the memory of the treaty of Tilsit — then to eternize the Austrian campaign — afterwards to commemorate the marriage of Napoleon with Marie-Louise — and lastly, to immortalize the war against Spanish liberty in 1823. Eternize, perpetuate, and immortalize! Ye worms whose whole life is but a day, do ye pretend to perpetuate and eternize? Can ye prevent the ravages of time, or stop the progress of cholera?——

Every omnibus being limited to a certain distance, you change your vehicle three times in the course of your ride from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile. Benumbed with heavy jolting, which vibrated through my limbs long after I had left the carriages, in which for two successive hours I had been shaken and knocked about, I wrote this conscientious account of my journey. Read it, ye who list!

The omnibus is life, the world, the public, man — everything, in short; its Latin name tells you so. With what advantage might it not be substituted for those immovable boards upon which actors, who, as intellectual beings, are almost on a par with the boards themselves, sing operas, and recite Alexandrines. In an omnibus you find the most perfect comedy, the soul-stirring drama, the witty vaudeville, and broad farce, that would win a laugh from even Heraclitus or Chodruc-Duclos;* — all a thousand times more

* They who have visited Paris may have met in the Palais Royal a tall, robust, stern-looking man, between fifty and sixty years of age, clad in rags, and sometimes without any other covering than an old, tattered great coat. This is Chodruc-Duclos. He was once the bosom friend of the ex-minister Peyronnet, whose duels he fought, and upon whom he prodigally lavished his fortune. When Peyronnet became Keeper of the Seals, Chodruc-Duclos claimed his patronage, but was

perfect and interesting than at the Théâtre Français, the Gymnase, or the Variétés. This moving theatre requires no prompter; nature herself performs the office. Nor do the actors wear paint or disguise. They are spectators of each other's performance; each plays his part whilst he is seeing others play theirs; and each pays thirty centimes to entertain and be entertained. What better dramatic school is there than an omnibus? There, the language is simple and natural, the events unexpected, the catastrophes sudden, the exits and the entrances always necessary. A debtor, perhaps, finds himself seated opposite to his creditor, from whom, during the last twelve months, he has been concealing himself. It is amusing to observe his shifts to escape recognition. Sometimes his right eye is affected, sometimes his left. He often blows his nose; and a sudden fit of the toothache is a pretence for covering his face with his pocket handkerchief. But the creditor, who, like a bloodhound, is upon his track, and who could recognize him even by a wrinkle, as Cuvier can recognize an antediluvian animal by a bone, sees through his artifice, and seizes him by the collar. The dialogue which ensues is warm, animated, and gradually rises to a terrible climax. What an excellent comedy for the rolling audience! Then the dogs in the vehicle mingle in the dispute, the conductor gets off his seat to settle it, and a bailiff, a true *Deus in machinâ*, enters and arrests, at the suit of the creditor, the unhappy wight who is the cause of the commotion. This is but a single specimen of the dramatic powers of an omnibus; — and, in truth, a learned friend of mine having proved that there were conveyances at five sous a head in the time of Molière, I am sure that the immortal master of comedy often rode in them.

cast off by the haughty minister. Such ingratitude, acting upon a mind never very well settled, rendered Chodruc-Duclos a maniac. He was never seen to smile. —*Translator.*

It was with such reflections as these that I was preparing for my historical, moral, and philosophical ride, as I stood with one foot on the steps of the solitary omnibus at the Barrière du Trône. I was requested to enter. I did so, and was soon followed by a pretty little grisette. Perhaps she came from the wood and castle of Vincennes, where she had been sentimentalizing with one of the tall and slim artillery officers, whose duty holds them captive there. Young soldiers must find the fortress of Vincennes very dull; but grisettes are so kind, and the wood is so interesting at the first fall of the leaf! Having taken her seat, the young damsel remained some time without lifting her eyes from the ground; for it is a general rule, arising either from modesty or a feeling of propriety, that when a young woman is seated in an omnibus opposite to a young man, she must have either her veil or her eyelids down. The rattling of a sword made her start. It was an artilleryman who entered the vehicle. She looked at him, closed her eyes immediately, half opened them again, and smiled. Lest I should forget her in the future part of this my history, I shall now dismiss her by stating, that she and the soldier were set down together at the Bastille.

We were passing opposite to the Rue Picpus; and whilst I was wondering what could be the origin of this strange name, a fat and heavy countryman entered the carriage. He was dressed in his Sunday's best, and exhibited the most grotesque countenance I ever saw. His stunted grey hairs were thinly scattered across his hollow temples, and, tight upon his fiery pug nose, he wore a huge pair of spectacles with round glasses like the eyes of an owl, by which his nose, naturally of a deep red, was squeezed to the most intense flame-colour. 'Woe to him,' thought I, 'who has such a being opposite to him in a narrow vehicle!' The pretty grisette first contracted her lips, then her cheeks swelled, her eyes expanded, the blood

rushed to her head, and, in spite of her efforts to check it, she burst into a half stifled laugh, which would have made the countryman very angry, had he not been afraid of the soldier's sword. One of the greatest tribulations in an omnibus is an irresistible inclination to laugh at the person opposite to you.

At this place there is a rapid descent. Oh! how delightful it is to go fast. You love to find yourself carried rapidly off, to receive the pure air which whistles upon your face, and glides cool and refreshing through the mephitic vapour collected in the narrow body of an omnibus. The increased rotation of the wheels, the precipitate jolts, the creaking of the floor under your feet, the rattling of the carriage, the sight of the horses put upon their mettle ; — all this elevates you, excites your blood, and gives fertility to thought — you imagine, create, recollect or remodel the past, and I almost fancied I perceived, at the corner of the Rue de Reuilly, the royal Abbey of St Antoine, founded on the precise spot at which the holy hermit appeared to the legates from Rome. This abbey had obtained great privileges. The remains of the kings of France were first deposited there, and from thence removed to Nôtre Dame, to be afterwards consigned to the royal vaults of St Denis. The Abbey of St Antoine possessed a high seignorial right over all the faubourg, in which all trades were carried on independent of corporations ; whence it happens that even to the present day, when corporations no longer exist elsewhere, the faubourg St Antoine has remained the resident district of the operatives. All these thoughts were passing through my mind as rapidly as the omnibus was passing before the Rue de Reuilly, when the driver suddenly drew up. It was to admit a fat wet-nurse from St Mandé, who was taking the child she nursed to its parents. She had called to the driver the moment the horses had begun their gallop down hill. The conductor was then busy in collecting

the fares; which is the reason why the vehicle rolled rapidly on, and the nurse screamed without avail. Puffing and parting with the purple symptoms of semi-suffocation, she was about to tumble into the kennel with her charge, when the driver saw her. In a towering passion, and out of breath, she took her seat; and the poor child was moved up and down by the alternate expansion and contraction of her broad and full chest, whilst with its little dimpled hands it was seeking those capacious lacteal orbs from which it derived its nourishment.

'I like a child that cries,' said the Abbé Morellel. 'Why?' 'Because it is then carried away.' But this was said by a testy old bachelor. He would, however, have detested a squalling brat in an omnibus, because it cannot be taken away. An interesting child in an omnibus is one above six years of age, whose place is paid for. You cannot have too many of these. They are turbulent, it is true—wipe their shoes upon your white trowsers, and are constantly in motion;—but they are small and compensate for the huge fellow travellers with whom you are often favoured, and who sometimes come in pairs when there is scarcely room for one. A child above six years old is an accomplished passenger in an omnibus.

I remarked, as singular, that the child at nurse squalled loudest as we passed the Foundling Hospital. It is near this institution that the bustle of trade begins in the faubourg. Here that elegant furniture is made, which from the obscure workshop goes to adorn the sumptuous palaces of the great and wealthy. One workman eats his dry bread as he is polishing a mahogany table, soon to be loaded with dainties from all parts of the world; another sings a jovial song, as he inlays with gold the nuptial couch of a young couple possessing three hundred thousand francs a year. This one, as he speaks the slang of the faubourg, covers with morocco and gold a writing desk upon

which a poet will write his verses; whilst a woman near him puts an elegant border upon a soft and elastic boudoir-sofa, on which there is only room for two. These things fill the imagination with delightful images;—but you must not see the hands which prepare them.

At this place we took in four operatives who were going to dance at the Rotonde de Mars. There are many similar establishments in the Avenue de Vincennes, and the grand saloon of the Corybantes has excellent music and select company. But that pleasure is double, which you go a long way in search of. Every one loves his country; but people leave it to enjoy the pleasure of returning to it; and for the same reason, a poor man who has worked all the week in the same place, likes to go somewhere else on Sundays.

When we came before the great Elephant at the Bastille — that immense monument of which the revolution of July has prevented the completion, the workmen got out, and so did I, to enter an omnibus following the line of the Boulevards. They seated themselves upon the side benches, and I took my station on the cross seat at the bottom, where I could make my remarks with more ease, as I had everybody under my eye. I was therefore president, a term applied by omnibus passengers to the one who assumes that seat. I was much pleased at seeing the spectacled countryman enter this vehicle. He was bound to the extremity of the Champs Elysées, as he soon stated to the workmen, with whom he very familiarly entered into conversation. He had an appointment there upon business at five precisely. It was then four, and there were still twelve vacant places in the omnibus. We should, therefore, perhaps have to stop twelve times to take in passengers, and as many times to set them down.

At length the ponderous vehicle was in motion.

The countryman took out his silver watch, stamped on the floor, but without much impatience, then put up his watch with a look which expressed, 'Oh! we are going on very well.' And truly we were making good speed, when the driver suddenly pulled up at the entrance of the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. It was to take up a venerable dowager from the Place-Royale. She had some difficulty in getting in, on account of her unwieldy obesity, and from the incumbrance of a small Scotch terrier with a blue ribbon round its neck, which she pressed tenderly to her bosom. She was about to take her seat next to the countryman, when the resumed motion of the vehicle made her stumble against him, and he was bit by the dog.

'Conductor! conductor!'

This was a young female who had just left the theatre of the Funambules. She leaped into the carriage with so much ease and lightness, that it was not difficult to guess at her ability upon the tight rope. This time the countryman did not take out his watch, nor stamp upon the floor;—the dancer was so pretty, and she had jumped into her place by his side with an elegance and agility which quite captivated him.

'Conductor! hola!' roared a huge horse-dealer who came from Franconi's. He ascended the steps so heavily and slowly, that the poor countryman had time to look at his watch and mutter an oath. It was half-past four. The new passenger, upon the top of the steps, and before he got in, blew his nose, took a pinch of snuff with great solemnity, then entered and seated himself with such inert heaviness, that the carriage vibrated with the shock, 'Go on, coachman!' and we again proceeded.

It is not my intention to publish a list of the takings-up and settings-down, in regular succession. As president, I saw everything that passed. As leader of the orchestra and manager of the dramatic company in the omnibus, not a look or a gesture escaped me;

but I am not obliged to give the reader an account of everything. It is the genius and not the species which I describe; the omnibus genus varying ad infinitum, but whose varieties every one may go and see. I treat of the complete omnibus — the political, moral, and civilizing omnibus. O ye inventors of carriages at thirty centimes a head, what a benefit have you not conferred upon society! How many foes have been reconciled by you! How many individuals have, in your moving galleries, been confronted with their accusers much more effectively than in the sanctuary of justice! and how often have the guilty been brought to shame!

The carriage stopped at the Porte St Martin; every one looked out to see for whom. Curiosity is so natural in an omnibus, where you are pent up, pressed, squeezed, packed together, and barrelled like herrings. The mere size of a new comer is of some consequence. 'A place for a lady, gentlemen — a very slender lady,' exclaimed the conductor, and a female with dark brown hair, hazel eyes, pale complexion, and clad in a coloured muslin dress, entered the vehicle. She was a little, delicate, sylph-like creature, whom a poet or a painter might, without much idealizing, transform into a good fairy or an angel. All the old men — for, take notice that they are always the most eager to offer a place to a pretty woman — squeezed and made themselves as small as possible, to be able in competition with each other to offer her six inches of room upon one of the side benches.

'At the further end, Ma'am, there is a vacant place,' said the conductor.

It was not without difficulty that she made her way between two rows of knees, crossing each other and seemingly interwoven; and before she could reach her seat, a sudden jolt of the carriage which had already started, made her lose her footing. Every one eagerly tendered assistance; for a French omnibus

contains not only kindness, conciliation, and morality, but gallantry also. At length she was seated by my side on the cross bench. The dowager sat between her and the spectacled countryman, who, looking at his watch, muttered a low and brutal curse against this elegant creature for detaining him. It wanted only a quarter to five!

'Full, conductor!'

How grateful is the word 'full,' to him who is in a hurry to be at his journey's end. 'Ah!' said the countryman, 'we shall now go on without any further delay.' My little fairy dame was there under my own eye; and from her dress, hair, and handkerchief, there proceeded, as from a cassolette, a smell of mingled vetiver,* eau du Portugal, and essence of violets, forming together a vegetable perfume, which brought with it associations of beautiful flower-gardens and mysterious boudoirs. I blessed Providence for having separated this charming creature from the men who encumbered the omnibus. They would have pressed down her full sleeves, rumpled her delicate dress, rubbed their greasy hair upon her bonnet; and I should have felt as if I had witnessed a profanation.

During our tedious ascent at the Porte St Denis, the countryman had time to give vent to his impatience in coarse complaints. What torture do such moments of impatience inflict! In vain would the person wincing under them stop his watch, which seems to go too fast. It gives him dreadful uneasiness, a contraction in his limbs, and throws him into a fever. He would fain go behind the coach and push it on, or turn the wheels with his own hands, as if he could assist its progress. The countryman cursed the horses and their driver. 'Get on, coachman,' he exclaimed; 'whip your horses; it is almost five o'clock.'

* A fragrant grass, common in tropical climates, and particularly at the Mauritius.—*Translator.*

He clenched his fist and stamped with renewed energy. It was the excitement of anticipated disappointment — it resembled the intolerable irritation of a poet, whose ideas are rapid, but who writes them down with difficulty. He might have got out and taken a cab, — but then the expense !

'Ladies and gentlemen, your fare if you please.'

In the omnibus drama, the scene of payment is well worthy of attention, particularly if the vehicle be full. First comes elbowing, contortion, and grimace — then bending, rising, leaning forward and backward to get at the pocket — next the circulation of copper coin, and the passing of change from hand to hand. Here you may easily distinguish the miser and the prodigal. The latter presents his five-franc piece with ease and *disinvoltura ;* he receives his change, and puts it, without counting, into his pocket. The miser sends forward a frank piece to the conductor, and is uneasy until it has reached its destination. 'For one — that is my piece — give me change immediately ;' and his anxiety is visible. As if the conductor would run away and leave his place for the sake of stealing seven-pence. True ; but the miser is insane.

My fair neighbour took from her purse three small pieces of ten centimes each, and was about to send them once more into circulation, when I presented her with a half franc piece, saying, 'Will you be so good, Ma'am, as to pay for me.' She cast a modest look at me through her veil, then gently placing upon my hand her glove of Scotch thread, two of the small coins she held dropped from her taper fingers. I still preserve them for the purchase of some elegant, perfumed, and graceful article — a bottle of scent or a pair of ball gloves.

'Conductor, set us down at the Rue Poissonnière.' There, four or five passengers got out so slowly, that the countryman was in despair. He would have thrown them out headlong if he could have had his will.

'Ah! what pleasure! we can breathe once more.' The omnibus, less crowded, afforded us more room; and we felt the same relief as an oppressed heart receives from frequent sighs.

Now, more at my ease, I could examine the hosier's shop, at the corner of the Rue Poissonnière, formerly called the Fisherman's Road, and before that the Val-Larronneux, or Thieves' Vale. The latter name throws us back to the times when robberies were committed in the great forest which spread along the right bank of the Seine. Thus, the boulevards, the faubourgs, and the Chaussée d'Antin, were at first an immense forest; they then became waste lands, then ramparts, gardens, and marshes, and lastly splendid hotels, whose inhabitants live in luxury — gaming-houses, where people ruin themselves and others — theatres in which people sing, laugh, and weep — cafés where sherbet and ices are taken — rows of chairs on which elegant females are seated. . . . 'Go on, coachman!'

Shall I enumerate, one after another, the passengers in the omnibus? No! The omnibus is an image of the world; people come and go, and nobody cares. Unless you be a king, the first-born of a young mother, or an old bachelor, watched by his collaterals, — who, besides the priest that christens and buries, perceives your entrance into the world or your exit from it?

A new actor from the Rue du Sentier now appeared upon our stage. I shall never forget him, nor the uneasiness he caused me. He wore a dirty black coat, light grey trowsers still dirtier, a hat with the crown knocked in, and thick iron-heeled boots. He had just come from a public-house, which was but too clearly indicated by his flushed countenance, and the fumes of brandy and tobacco which exhaled from his whole person. 'One place more on the right!' Every body closed to prevent his taking possession of it. At

length he perceived a small corner next to my lovely and interesting neighbour, and, heavy and gross as he was, he sunk into it in an instant, making himself ample room, like a wedge forced into a log of soft wood.

I had smiled when, on his entrance, he trod upon the dowager's corn, and upon the foot of her cur, but my indignation got the better of me when I saw him pounce upon my delicate little lady, like a kite upon a white dove. Her light sleeves were soiled and crumpled by his coarse and filthy coat. Stupified with tobacco, spirit, and insomnolency, he was already half asleep. His head nodded at every jolt, and sometimes fell upon the shoulder of the fair creature next to him, who drew back with a shudder as if she felt a spider upon her cheek. It was sickening to see his countenance of a livid red, and bloated with debauchery, so near that pale and lovely face — to behold his greasy and bristling hair rubbing against a shoulder fit to be caressed only by the auburn locks of an exquisite. The thick and heated exhalations of the tavern were mingled with the light and fresh perfume of the boudoir. What a hideous alliance! It was like a sunbeam upon a stinking puddle, or a caterpillar upon a rose or a sensitive plant.

In the Rue du Mont Blanc, two ladies were set down, and two others taken up. The countryman cursed them all four, from the very bottom of his soul. It was already getting dark, and he was beyond his time. He stamped with both feet, struck his knees with his hands, and by the motion of his body made his money rattle in his breeches pocket. The ladies who had just entered, seated themselves one on each side of him. From the Rue du Mont Blanc to the Madeleine the distance is so short that they might have walked thither; and a constant omnibus traveller, in making this remark to me, observed that no doubt they were placing out their thirty centimes at a heavy interest. They, however, attached themselves

to the countryman, who, wonderful to relate, seemed to forget his impatience. Such is the power of woman! They talked to him about his village, his house, and his garden — seemed to take an interest in his crops, his children, his dog, — in everything, in short, which interested him. How proud and happy was he at being noticed by two such fine ladies, and at being so near to them! Sterne knew of no greater pleasure than feeling a woman's pulse. But is there not a still greater pleasure in an omnibus, that of being close to an elegant being, with whom you sympathize, and the beatings of whose heart you count by those of your own?

At length my sylphide or fairy freed herself from her disgusting neighbour. She required not my aid to rise, but I tendered it in order to have the happiness of touching her arm. She got out at the entrance of the Rue de la Ferme, and I confess I was as sad as at a leave-taking. Why was I so? Had she even condescended to notice me? No! but I had noticed her, and this was sufficient to make me regret her loss, although it was a chance if I ever beheld her again. Who in his life has never seen a woman pass, of whom he has said, 'I could love that woman for ever;' and has not returned a thousand times in vain to the spot where he saw her? This is the reason why every parting scene is, to one acquainted with life, a scene of despair. Oh, omnibus, what a philosopher thou art!

'Ladies, you get out here!'—'Conductor,' said a weak, squeaking voice, 'where is the Rue St Antoine?' 'We have just come from it, Ma'am.' 'Gracious heaven! I was told to take the first omnibus on leaving the Rue de Poissonnière.' 'You should have taken the one which was going to the right, Ma'am. Here is one coming that will take you to the Bastille.' 'I am engaged to dinner at five, and it is now six.' The person holding this dialogue with the conductor was a little hump-backed female, who remained stand-

ing in astonishment and despair upon the first step of the omnibus, till a sudden lurch of the carriage, which threw the passengers who had risen to get out pell-mell upon each other, made her jump precipitately down.

'Ladies,' said the fat countryman, who now no longer appeared uneasy, 'which is the way to the Champs Elysées?' 'Oh! here is the Orléannaise,* we are going there in it.' The two ladies and the countryman got in, and I followed. What could these women have to do at that hour in the Champs Elysées? I will tell you.

The omnibus, of the greatest use to those who have no carriage of their own, has proved fatal to many trades. The boot-maker complains that boots do not wear out so soon as they used; the umbrella-maker curses the omnibus, because it affords shelter from the rain; all the shopkeepers on the boulevards likewise complain of the omnibus. They say it has destroyed that captivating *far niente*, that wandering, walking passion called sauntering. Now it is the saunterers who look at the print-shop windows and purchase prints, who go to the cafe to quench their thirst, who hire journals when they are tired of walking, and who entertain with truffled pies, punch, and ices, those kind ladies who wander in quest of their breakfast, dinner, and supper, which they are now obliged to seek in an omnibus.

It was now quite dark. The Orléannaise had a lantern behind and before. The latter threw a faint light upon the looking-glass at the end inside, and enabled us to see the reflection of our faces, upon which the other lantern also threw a faint light. The trees seemed running by us — so fast did the horses trot. Between the branches we could perceive here the light of a public house, there the waving lamps which

* One of the Omnibus tribe.—*Tr.*

threw a dull and sickly light around. A sonorous voice vibrating through the darkness of the Allée des Veuves, cried out 'Stop!'

'Stop!' Such a command is not very pleasant in the Champs Elysées after night-fall. However, the driver pulled up, and by means of the looking-glass, I saw a tall lanky body, surmounted with a long, pale, sickly face, enter the omnibus. The eyes of this new comer were dim and fixed; they seemed set in a frame of stiff red hair, which stood around them square and bristling. This individual said nothing, but seated himself, and pulled out a purse in which there were several gold coins,—a circumstance that did not tally with his poverty-struck and squalid appearance. He paid his fare and then sat motionless.

'Here is a traiteur's,' said at length one of the ladies to the countryman, and she pointed to the Rotonde de Mars, whence we could hear the joyous sounds of music and dancing. He got out with them. This was certainly not the place of his appointment upon business.

The Barrière de l'Etoile stood out in relief upon the deep blue sky studded with stars. Before I left the omnibus, I collected my scattered observations. One leading idea had formed the ground-work of all my remarks. I had seen nothing in which the idea did not appear prominent, but vague, unsettled, and unconnected. The moment I had freed it from the details which were not in unison with it, and got rid of a thousand trifles which made it diverge from its precise object, it became one and indivisible like the French republic. This then is the idea.

Omnibus means *for all.* The omnibus is, therefore, the sanctuary of equality I saw a footman, a peer of France before the question of the hereditary peerage was raised, a stock-broker's wife, and a cook wench, enter the same vehicle, each paying thirty

centimes. They had the same rights, and were there for the same purpose — a true instance of equality. They were all seated next to each other — the livery side by side with the black coat and cross — the coarse cotton gown side by side with silks and ribbons. But here the equality stops. An individual of a certain kind must not speak, for he would commit himself, and be turned out as a drunkard and an improper person. He who is well dressed seems the equal of his fellow traveller by whose side he sits ; but if he speaks, then adieu equality ; for he would betray himself by the mistakes and vulgarity of his language. Education alone, with similar talents or pursuits, engenders equality. And yet God has not created two leaves alike ; how comes it then that he puts all men upon the same level ? Feel the pulse of each of the eight hundred thousand inhabitants of Paris, and I will stake my existence that no two beat alike. He whose pulse is rapid, is more active, quicker, and will conduct his worldly affairs better, than he whose blood is slow and phlegmatic. No matter if they are born in the same rank of life, and have received the same education ; a precise similarity is destroyed by the faculties and feelings which nature has implanted in them in different degrees. A system of philosophy which promotes the good of human society, and preaches the abolition of privileges, proclaims, nevertheless, that there is a privilege which nothing can destroy,— and that is the one which relates to the qualities of the heart and mind. ' Let each be rewarded according to his works,' is a solemn acknowledgment of inequality. Look at the omnibus ; it is intended to hold eighteen passengers. The conductor is inflexible on this point, and yet six large fat men would press and squeeze most inconveniently the twelve others. Is this the fault of the omnibus, or of chance ? Some men raise themselves by their superior intelligence and genius, and

rule over the multitude. Who has willed it so? Human society? Was it not rather the Almighty? For you, upon whom nature has bestowed genius at your birth, and whose talents have been early matured by long and persevering study, there exists a science still more important; it is the experience of life, which is slowly acquired. Well, you may make yourselves masters of it in six months or a year:— become during that period the conducter of an omnibus.

THE TABLES-D'HOTE OF PARIS.

PARIS has her Theatres, her Museums, her Academies, her Chambers, her Insurrections, and her Reviews, — things very curious to see; but the Country has its Tables-d'Hôte, — and by that possession alone stands in the same degree of civilization. Indeed, I should not be surprised if many gave the preference to the table d'hôte; — but this, of course, would be one of those exclusive tastes by which we ought not to be influenced.

Certain it is that the provincial tables d'hôte excel greatly most of those which Paris offers to the vagrant appetites of her decayed spendthrifts, her bachelors, and her visitors. The table d'hôte of Paris, is in fact, the omnibus of the meal, — in which all houseless stomachs come to take their seats, and travel laboriously, insipidly, and stupidly, from the tasteless soup to the yellow *gruyère*, by the route, as the season may happen to be, of the meagre spinage or the coarse *petits pois*.

In the country, on the contrary, it is the delicious art of a Véfour, a Véry, and a Gobillard, heightened by all the delicacies of invention, and enriched by all that the neighbourhood can furnish most savourily indigenous. It is good living at the lowest price, yet of that quality to which it has been elevated by the learned meditations of a Carême.

In Paris, at the tables-d'hôte, you fill your sto-

mach, if you can, and *as* you can. Strictly speaking, it is little better than a sort of manger for men; — the absence of hay forms the principal distinction.

In the country, you *eat*, — which is by no means synonymous. The table-d'hôte of the provinces is worthy of its pleasant name.

Not that the culinary palm — or rather laurel — which we conscientiously decree to the country, can be allowed to encircle the white cap of all its cooks, without exception. Oh, no! — we avow that there are many unworthy of it. There are some unfortunate towns, — there are some modern Spartas, to which the first rudiments of good living have not yet penetrated, — where the 'bain-marie' is unknown, — where the 'marmite autoclave' is a thing not yet arrived, — where the beef-steak! will it be believed? — that most ancient, and, along with our constitutional government, most important of all our acquisitions from British industry, — the pledge, at once simple and solid, of the reconciliation between two great nations, so formed to esteem, love, understand, and cook for each other, — the beef-steak, in a word, simple, popular, and European, as it has become, — will not succeed in naturalizing itself for at least another half century.

And, speaking of importations from England, it is, I should think, the most that can be said for these towns, if they have got the length of potatoes boiled in water, — reckoned one of their standing dainties. Without doubt they *do* eat potatoes there; and I have pleasure in believing, that they are, probably, boiled; — but, then they eat them like blockheads, without in the least knowing what they are about, without taking the slightest account of all the savouriness which resides in the simplicity of that dish. Now, to take no account of this, is exactly the same thing as if they did not eat at all.

I need not state, as a general rule, that there,

everything which is not indigenous — 'bouilli,' nor 'pâté gauloise,' nor French 'fricassée' — everything which bears a name of foreign origin, may pass, at your good pleasure, for Russian, or Chinese, or Greenlandish.

And then, they are still in the belief that the ocean was created solely for the transport of vessels; and that, consequently, when the ocean *has* transported vessels, well or ill, it has done all that we have any right to demand of it. Hence, the oyster is known to them only by hearsay, — as Alexander the Great may be; and the population stagnates in the most deplorable ignorance of all that relates to the mystery of fresh sea-fish.

In a word, their table-d'hôte, — like the table of the rich man, and that of the poor man, and all things which are eaten at either, — retains, and will retain for a long time to come, something horribly frugal, detestably primitive, hideously patriarchal. All this may be extremely poetical, but it is by no means pleasant. Give me the pleasant first, and the poetical afterwards!

We will, then, put out of the question, those backward cities, those unhappy Siberias, which M. Dupin ought, in his next edition, to mark with his blackest chalk; and we will abstain from exposing them by name to the reproaches of the public. Alas! the unhappy ones are objects of pity rather than of blame.

But let us return to the elect towns, — to the cities where dinner is what dinner ought to be in the nineteenth century; for we do not love to contemplate humanity but under its happiest aspects.

The memory of the belly is said to be the most ungrateful of all memories; and yet, where is the traveller whom business, or pleasure, or health, or want of occupation, has allured from town to town, — where, above all, is the idler, having betaken himself to stroll through France, who retains not, in the depths of his

stomach, the most savoury recollection of the tables-d'hôte of Mâcon, for instance, and of that excellent M. Delorme, *qui est si bon là!* and whose dinners, no less than his unlucky adventures, have made him one of the notables of our time! Also of Châlons-sur-Saone, of Beaune, of Metz, of Lille, of Angoulême, of Mantes, of Bordeaux, &c, &c, — pardon for the thousand others which I cannot mention, but which sufficiently suggest themselves! Where is the amateur whose imagination does not transport him back to the foot of that Cape Finistère, where rises Brest, with her table-d'hôte, — succulent oasis !—advanced sentinel of gastronomic civilization! And what are the brightest gems in the crown of Toulouse, — Toulouse, the queen, the lovely, the glorious, the poetical, the savoury? Are they her floral games, her Villèles, or her cooks? The answer springs to every mouth!

And then, the material part of the provincial table-d'hôte, its cleanness, its elegance, its abundance, its delicacy — all these form its least distinctions. That which secures to it an indisputable superiority over the table-d'hôte of Paris, is the selectness, the variety, and the gaiety of its guests.

The provincial table-d'hôte offers to every traveller a sort of impromptu family-party. The charm of it consists in that familiarity, that joyousness, that home free-and-easiness, which is put under the direction of the first comer. — Home, with this advantage, that it has all the agreeableness of home without its nuisances. — It is home, without a dog, without a cat, without a poet, without a neighbour, without a porter, without treacherous friends, without a housekeeper, and without a toady.

And then, the magic-lantern of the social world nowhere offers to the eye of the observer a glass more bold, more picturesque, and, above all, more varied. Each day brings new faces. Each succeeding car-

riage brings, sets down, and carries away again, its own collection of originals, — people entirely unknown to one another, who have got engulfed together in the same moving box, — who meet, part, amuse each other on their journey, — but whom, from their mutual familiarity, you would imagine to be all fast and old friends.

Nothing of this kind is to be met with at the tables-d'hôte of Paris; — not even at those whose high price implies, in favour of their frequenters, the easiness of circumstances which excludes that saddest of all pre-occupations — the pre-occupation of poverty. Nevertheless, every man brings thither with him, besides his appetite, his ennui, his projects, his caprices; — and you need not be told that the caprice of most men is something exceedingly disagreeable. The generality of men are only fit to be seen once. Their character is like Seltzer water, — the first taste alone is excellent.

Now, if we have lingered to give a summary description of the provincial table-d'hôte, it has only been with the intention of painting accurately, by means of contrasts, the table-d'hôte of Paris. We have made, so to speak, a negative portrait; like that village magistrate, who, drawing up a procès-verbal against one of the female subjects of his jurisdiction, and not being exactly certain whether the adjective *chatain* was indeclinable, or became *chataigne* in the feminine, described her as follows: — 'Finally the aforesaid is neither fair, nor dark, nor grey, nor white, nor red.' From all which it resulted, logically, that she must be chestnut. It was getting over a difficulty in an exceedingly ingenious way.

Well! — in the same manner, we have stated that the table-d'hôte of Paris does not, in any particular, resemble that of the Country; — after which we have described the latter. Of course, then, you know already what the former is not, — and that is something. Nevertheless, let us attempt more definite colours.

The name of table-d'hôte, at Paris, is little more than a generic appellation, under which are included all those pots-au-feu which are eaten in common, at a fixed hour, with any one who chooses to have a share of them, for a price which varies from seven sous to five francs. It will be at once understood that it would be altogether impossible, in this limited canvas, to sketch all its varieties. We will confine ourselves to the principal ones.

There are, for instance, a kind of tables, where, for seven sous, (seven sous !) you may allay the most inordinate appetite. Gargantua might have baited himself there. I flatter myself you will not suppose that people feed on partridges at these places. Thick soup, fried potatoes, water and bread *à discrétion*, — such are the invariable sensualities of these clothless tables. At the very most, in place of the potatoes, may at times be found, on some of them, a morsel of dark-coloured meat, dry and stringy, — or, at least, a nameless something which bears a greater resemblance to meat than to anything else.

Yet, however undainty such a feast may appear, the principal wonder of it is, — not that it can entice many an appetite, (there are, in this capital of the civilized world, stomachs so exceedingly hollow, arms crossed so long in idleness, and labours so very unprofitable,) — but rather that one can poison oneself at so cheap a rate. What ! all that for seven sous, — for seven-eighths of the money that a mere glass of *eau sucrée* costs elsewhere ! I tell you the truth, — Paris is the city of miracles. The host of these taverns — or, to speak more correctly, caverns — must assuredly be a great philanthropist ; for I know but one principle upon which he can fail to ruin himself, by this liberality, — it is that, according to the proverb, while he loses by each of his customers, he contrives to recover himself upon the whole.

From seven sous to seventeen, there are little more than shades of distinction. At seventeen sous one attains to the enjoyment of a table-cloth, — a decided amelioration. At twenty we get the length of a napkin, and a fork of Algiers metal — nay, sometimes even of silver.

Three sous more, and we touch upon the confines of luxury — of that luxury of appearance, which glitters but does not waste.

At twenty-five sous, in fact, the table-d'hôte, which, up to that point, had, according to the fine expression of Bossuet, no name in any tongue, begins to decorate itself with the title of 'cuisine bourgeoise.' Bourgeoise indeed!

The standing dishes of the 'cuisine bourgeoise' consists of a huge cucumber, its radishes, and its salt and pepper *à discrétion*, — arranged in square; — for symmetry is, at the point to which we are now arrived, strictly attended to.

The variable ones are soup, bouilli, potatoes, or dry haricots; the whole followed by a flour-sprinkled brie,* and to be washed down by 'veritable Mâcon,' arrived, the month before, direct from the East Indies, under the likeness, — not very liquid, and not in the least alcoholic, — of little bundles of reddish looking wood.

Each *couvert* consists of a spoon, a fork, a knife, a napkin, a glass, and a small bottle of the aforesaid artificial nectar.

Bread is *à discrétion*, — and so is the waiter.

In addition, it would be unjust not to state that your plate is regularly changed for each new dish. This is a homage that we have great pleasure in rendering to truth.

From thirty sous to forty, the table-d'hôte rises, generally to the title of 'pension bourgeoise.' Continuation of the calumny! If it could deserve such

* A kind of strong cheese. — *Tr.*

an appellation, it must be by our arriving at the conclusion that the citizen of Paris has a very particular taste for custards without sugar, and spinage without butter, — which would be a most unjust appreciation of that estimable class.

Here the *soupe* becomes *potage*, and the *bouilli* takes the name of beef. All this is better, — infinitely better. The stride made is immense. From that moment there are traces of civilization.

The pièce de résistance, the plat soigné, the centre, the pivot of the culinary system of the pension bourgeoise, is, commonly, the *fricandeau*, — the fricandeau, with its hunches of bacon, and its juicy sorrel. This particular pre-eminence, however, is not invariable. There are some pensions bourgeoises which excel in their bouilli ; others where the rôti reigns supreme ; and others again for which the ' vol-au-vent,' kidneys, or some other dish, have obtained great celebrity amongst a certain class.

A few of them go even so far as to hazard the beefsteak. Unhappily, this bold attempt is not always crowned with success. In that case, you are helped to a kind of boiled leather ; and when you ask what it is, the hostess replies, ' It is a bifeustèque.' And, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, seeing you toiling fiercely at it, putting yourself into a perspiration, and, at length betaking yourself to it tooth and nail, for the purpose of endeavouring to tear away some shred of it, she adds, graciously, — ' Perhaps it is a little tough, — is it ? I am astonished at that. The meat was magnificent ! — Agatha, tell the head cook to take care another time. His bifeustèques are quite hard to-day ! However, the meat was magnificent ! he knows that very well ! one might suppose that he had his fortunate days for bifeustèques ! — Pray, Sir, leave it ; don't give yourself so much trouble. — Agatha, change the gentleman's plate. — Shall I offer

you, Sir, a little of these haricots, in its place? I believe them to be excellent!'

For, there is not a dish offered you which is not announced as excellent. And nothing is so afflicting to the self-love of the hostess as the tacit denial of that fact, expressed by any guest's declining to empty his plate; — nothing, above all, so poignant as those uttered complaints which the excess of the detestable will at times extort from him. I tell you, plainly, those spoken complaints will shorten the hostess's life. That woman is committing suicide by her exertions to provide for the nourishment of the public.

Add to this the necessity under which she feels herself of hiding her chagrin, — of being gracious on all sides, and smiling whether she can or no. There is a smile which Lavater has forgotten, and which has never been classed by any other physiognomist: it is the smile, in public, of princes, lemonade-girls, milliners, and mistresses of tables-d'hôte, — artificial smile, mechanical smile, — a sort of sign, which has no reference whatever to the inside of the shop, — or, in other words, to the state of the mind, — and which is hoisted up or taken down without any motive beyond that of the occasion demanding it. Just look at an hostess! — If she does not see you, she is grave and apathetic; but if she catches your eye, — crack! there goes a smile for you! — and she would smile just in the same way, for eight-and-forty hours together, if you would keep your eyes upon her for that length of time.

And then, turn away your eyes; — crack! the smile is gone, and apathy returns! One would suppose that her smile was pulled by strings. — But the drollest things are those fractions of a smile — those thousandth parts of a smile — those infinitesimals of a smile, which she begins for you under an erroneous impression that you are looking at her; and interrupts suddenly, on finding her mistake, — or which she,

then, proceeds with in favour of your neighbour, in case your neighbour should take it into his head to look towards her.

The 'pension bourgeoise' is already in some places one of those civilities of society which one acquaintance offers to another. They invite each other to their pensions bourgeoises, in the same manner as, elsewhere, to an ice, a share of their box, or a seat in their tilbury.

'Ah! come along,' one of the boarders will say to you, — 'where do you dine to-day? Come and dine with me, in my pension bourgeoise. We are very comfortable there! The beef, especially, is excellent. I won't say much about it, but we have always excellent beef!'

Or, if it be not the beef which is held out as an incitement, it will be the rôti, or the fricandeau, or the vol-au-vent, or the salad, or one thing or else another; — each pension bourgeoise being, as I have said, more or less celebrated for some particular reason.

Sometimes, again, it will be with an *extra*, — with some select and accidental dish, that he will try to allure you. 'Oh! come. We had, yesterday, a delicious hare. No doubt there is some of it left for to-day. Come along.'

Or else, 'Come and see, — let me tempt you. I suspect we shall have something choice, this evening — a pâté, which I am told will be excellent. Pray come!'

The fact is, that, from time to time, to prevent her boarder from being surfeited, getting wearied and disappearing, the hostess takes care to revive his appetite by some extraordinary dainty. The announcement of this is made the night before, or, perhaps, several days in advance. And this kind of 'programme d'hôtel' has at least one advantage over the programme of politics, — that of having its promises

strictly fulfilled — as to quantity, whatever may be said of the quality.

'Monsieur Charles,' says the hostess, to her pensionnaire, as he goes out, 'shall we have the pleasure of your company to-morrow ?'

'I am not certain, Madame, — why ?'

'Because — because — there will be something—!'

And these words she accompanies with a slight mysterious motion of the head, — oh ! most mysterious — calculated to make your mouth water ! I say nothing of the smile, — that is of course — the smile signifies absolutely nothing.

'Oh ho !' replies M. Charles, — 'Certainly, Madame, I shall be at your service !'

There are certain epochs in the year, at which these incentives are an understood thing ; — in the same manner as there are certain localities, — certain ascents, for instance, or certain sandy paths, — where it becomes necessary to revive the zeal of quadrupeds by a redoubled application of the whip.

In the number of these epochs — figure in the first class, New-year's day, the fête-day of the King, Shrove-Tuesday, Mid-Lent, and a few other dates, sprinkled here and there throughout the calendar.

On those days the hostess treats. The preceding evening she will have said, — 'Well, Monsieur Charles, you won't forget, will you ?'

'What, Madame !'

'There, now! — why — you know, — Is it not tomorrow ?'

'Oh diable ! — true — !'

'At the usual hour, you know. On no account fail ; — we reckon upon you ; — I am anxious to have all my party. But it will be quite *entre nous*, you know, — it is more agreeable.'

This 'entre nous' signifies that on this particular day no intruder will be admitted to the participation of the *extra*, — which extra, in winter, consists of some

chicken rather less consumptive than usual, and, in summer, some dish of asparagus (about the sixth week of its season ; — the whole flanked by a dessert of Tours prunes, and concluded by a small glass of cherry brandy.

As for other vegetables, such as beans, artichokes, and green peas, — and the fruits of the season, such as cherries, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, — their appearance, though late, constitutes the *surprise* part of the feats of the pension bourgeoise. They are not announced to the guests. It is a piece of culinary coquetry. Therefore, the earliest dish of strawberries extracts a long tribute of astonishment, and the first melon produces a sensation of infinite duration.

In the long run, however, the *extras* are a source of profit to the hostess. It is altogether false generosity. Where is the boarder sordid enough, on such occasions, to refuse paying his share, — his half, or his third, or his fourth, — of a bottle of old Mâcon, or old Bourgogne, or even old Tavel ! — Oh ! shame upon him !

In these places, Tavel especially enjoys a prodigious estimation. Nothing surpasses it except the fame of Thorins. But then, they seldom reach the dignity of Thorins; — and, as for champaign, — if any boarder should, for once, venture to sport champaign, there follows a shock of surprise, a tumult of whispers, a movement of applause. That fact will survive. That fact will go down from generation to generation. The stock-in-trade of the house may be sold, re-sold, and again re-sold ; the *personnel* of the boarding-house may be a hundred times dissolved and renewed ; — but that fact will still remain one of its traditions, unchanged, imperishable ; — like those columns of granite which survive in their solitude all the revolutions of empires, and all the commotions of the world.

Thus, then, you understand that if M. Charles invite you, it will never be on one of these great *extra*

days. It will be the day, or even the day but one after, to assist at the consumption of the fragments, if any are left; — that is to say, you are asked to attend the funeral of a fowl, of a pasty, of a rabbit, or of a tart; — light be the crust upon your stomach!

Well, never mind! accept! — You lose nothing by it. Dine there; and if you are pinched, there is nothing to hinder you, when that dinner is finished, from going elsewhere and dining over again.

And then the eating party, there, is a very curious subject of observation. It is composed of under-clerks, young shopmen, scions of the desk, and many others, including soi-disant artists, and that class of unlettered literary persons who sign themselves—'homme de lettres,' — and are contented, provisionally, with the approving smile of the hostess, in expectation of that of glory. In a word, the Bœotians abound; — and this produces a conversation, or rather a chattering, sufficiently amusing to hear for once in one's lifetime.

Nay, you may even meet, there, with a jester, — who, if you are a new-comer, will endeavour for the common advantage, to lead you into some droll wager, which results in coffee at your expense; and afterwards into a second, with a view to adding thereto the *petit verre*.

The most ordinary subject of wager is the following: 'Sir, I will bet you coffee for the company, that I will have drunk this bottle of beer, before you shall have swallowed a biscuit.' And, thereupon, if the challenge be accepted, 'Agatha! go and find a biscuit for these gentlemen.' — 'Dear me, Madam, there are none left.' — 'There are some, I suppose, at the pastry-cook's. Go to the pastry-cook's. A large biscuit, — you understand.'

Now, in fact, your adversary has already gulped down the whole contents of the bottle, and looks as if he were on the point of gulping down the bottle itself,

— while you are yet stretching your neck, straining your eyes, choking yourself, and making incredible efforts, to swallow the rear of the cursed biscuit. You lose, of course, — but are reconciled, by finding that you are, still, alive !

Finally, as a concluding luxury, you are presented with a tooth-pick, at the end of the dinner ; for the reign of the tooth-pick commences in the pension bourgeoise, to end only on the frontiers of good manners, — that is to say, at the good tables of good houses. On this side of that limit, the tooth-pick is an affair of ton — of display, — sometimes of utility. There is a certain class of persons who take a pride in exhibiting the tooth-pick in all public places, from six in the evening till bed-time. It is a visible evidence that they have dined. It is at once an ornament, a recretion, and an economical companion. A tooth-pick can supply, to such, the place of the coffee-house, the play, a mistress, — everything !

But the advantages of the pension bourgeoise are not confined to those which we have enumerated. You are there furnished, in addition, with the dramatic emotion of gaming at a long date. It is seldom that the hostess has not to propose to you, at the time of the dessert, (with an 'Apropos, gentlemen,' and at the price of ten sous, or fifteen sous, or a franc, or two francs,) some ticket for a private lottery ; affording you the chance, — on the first number of the first series of the first drawing of the first following month, — of a box of gilt pasteboard, a re-washed hoop, a silver watch, an English hat, an edition of Voltaire, — or even, if you are a bachelor, a piece of printed calico, for a gown, — which same calico is so very fine — ah ! just feel it — and of a tint — oh ! what a beautiful tint ! It is a splendid opportunity ! And then, the hostess assures you, with a melancholy tone, that it is for the benefit of a poor workman out of employment, — of a poor father of a family, who has

broken his arm, — or of a poor woman lying in of her ninth child. I advise you, therefore, not to decline the charitable proposition of the hostess, — that is, if you have no inclination to pass for a cannibal ; — particularly as there are only three tickets left. A general rule this ; — there are always three tickets left. Take one by all means ; — they must be the lucky ones, since there are only three left.

If, however, you *do* refuse, your back will scarcely be turned, before she will speak of you to the most intimate of her guests. 'I, really, cannot conceive where Monsieur Charles, who is a charming young man himself, contrives to pick up all the acquaintances whom he brings here. Now, *there's* a *mossieur*, who strikes me as having a very mean look, — don't you think so ? I may be mistaken ; but really there are people who have no sensibility : provided they get enough to eat and drink, they care very little about anything else. You might talk your tongue up by the roots, without getting anything out of them.'

And then, you may rest assured that you will never be admitted, on Sundays and feast-days, to the little choice parties of the house. For, in many pensions bourgeoises, the Sunday dinner is succeeded, in winter, — for the benefit of the favourite subscribers, who, at the same time, are bachelors, — by a little *réunion, sans conséquence*, and, as the hostess adds, 'à la bonne flanquette' ; — which *réunion* is held in the room adjoining the dining-room, beside the stove of Dutch-ware which warms the two, in equal proportions.

There they play at Loto, — at first for chestnuts, cider, and puff-cakes. After which, they proceed to little innocent games, such as 'blind man's buff,' 'hot cockles,' or 'petit bonhomme,' or else to acted charades ; and then, they conclude by drawing forfeits, and setting penances, — such as 'le Chevalier de triste figure,' 'le portier du Couvent,' or 'le Pont de Cythère' — which last is executed, at your option,

with the hostess, — with her *young lady* of twenty-seven — a female neighbour, — her little four-year-old girl, or lastly, if the male society, on that day, is very numerous, — with the fat Agatha, who is summoned expressly for that purpose from the heart of her kitchen, where she had fallen asleep over her knitting; and who is admitted to the benefit of the cider, the chestnuts, and the embraces, to the end that there may be, conscientiously, a sufficient number of cheeks for all the lips.

Sometimes — indeed too often — the hostess's *young lady* is sentenced to sing a *romance;* and then she sings six which make your hair stand on end. On which account, I should prefer fat Agatha, — notwithstanding that the latter exhales a perfume of saucepans, as the Venus of Virgil sheds a perfume of the Empyrean. But Agatha, at any rate, possesses the most agreeable of all social talents, — the talent of *not* singing 'romances,'— and, better still, of *not* meddling with the guitar!

What we have said of the pension bourgeoise, applies, in some particulars, to that which is called more specially, the 'table-d'hôte.' The table-d'hôte begins generally at forty sous, and ends at four francs. Above four francs, we speak of 'le dîner,' 'le souper.' One dines in such a house — one sups in such another. We shall see the reason of this, by and by.

At the same time, it is to be understood that all the above denominations depend much more upon the vanity of the host than on the price of his table. But compelled, as we are, to confine ourselves to generalities, we cannot notice any infractions of the general rule. To return.

If the table-d'hôte, properly so called, is superior to the pension bourgeoise, in a gastronomic point of view, it must be admitted that, in return, one dines there much more gloomily. The table-d'hôte has few frequenters for any length of time together; and, conse-

quently, few guests who are acquainted with each other, who can fully enjoy each other's society, or who are intimate enough to laugh at one another. Now, what social pleasure can there be, where you cannot laugh at one another?

The best tables, of this class, are those of the great hôtels. There it is that the dinner-bell draws to one point, appetites from all the corners of the universe. But, then, as a consequence, there are no general conversation, no lively sallies, no extravagances, no laughter-provoking dulness. Blockheads, no doubt, there are, there, — but then, wholly for their own benefit — they keep their stupidity all to themselves. It is pure egotism. When a man is a blockhead only for himself, it is absolutely the same thing as if he were not a blockhead at all; and truly it is not worth his while to be one. He might just as well, in such case, be a man of talent!

The guest of a table-d'hôte is something of this sort.—He is a man who arrives at the specified hour; so much the worse for him, if the clock should happen to be behind!—who hangs his hat upon a peg; places himself at table with a due regard to the independence of his legs; draws his hand through his hair, to re-arrange its structure; bows round; receives from the host or the hostess, a salute or a smile, of the value of three francs fifty centimes; unfolds his napkin, and fastens it under his chin; then eats, drinks, mutters twenty words; washes the ends of his fingers, if the use of finger-glasses has penetrated to that table; and, finally, rises, shakes the crumbs of bread from his clothes; rubs off the down which the napkin has left, by the aid of a little saliva, with which he moistens the palm of his hands; takes down his hat, gives it a brush with his arm; bows, departs, and goes, in search of digestion, elsewhere.

But if, by possibility it is he who is too late, instead of the clock, he is obliged to listen, for a quarter

of an hour, to the obsequious reproaches of the hostess. 'Oh! my dear Sir! there is nothing left; — I don't know what we must give you; — François, ask the head cook if he cannot find something.'

François goes out, and takes a turn in the street; and then comes back and says that the head cook is gone!

'Oh! true,' replies the hostess,—'I remember he asked permission to go very early to-day, because his wife is confined. How unfortunately it happens! — how unpleasant! — just as if it occurred on purpose! — nothing else can be got to-day! — Ma foi, I can only offer you what is left. It will be a little cold, — which is truly a pity! All these gentlemen found the dinner excellent! — but, you know, when things are no longer warm — well, well, it will teach you to be punctual another time.'

The table-d'hôte, as we have said, takes next, the name of 'dîner,' or that of 'souper.' The price is from four to five francs, — sometimes more — sometimes even less — sometimes nothing! In fact, there are some tables (and these are the best) where one feeds gratis. It is only necessary to be *introduced.* They willingly give you in eatables a small portion of the gold of which they are about to rob you.

For it is only in *gaming*-houses, licensed or unlicensed, that 'les dîners,' 'les soupers,' and sometimes 'les bals,' (and what balls!) are given. The dinners, the suppers, the dance are, there, but a pretext. The real business is gaming; — écarté — vingt-un — roulette — robbery!

God forbid that I should sketch for you the persons of the leaders among these legalized cut-throats! That would be personality. You would there recognize with pain, a crowd of those men renowned in literature, in art, in science, in war, in commerce, in eloquence, in government — *of whom France is so proud!* — Cherish your illusions, reader! Illusion is

the virginity of man, — once lost, it is lost for ever. There will be a day in which it *must* be taken from you, — the great day of the final judgment!

Neither will I attempt to paint for you the *personnel* of the little Frascatis, legal or illegal.

I shall confine myself to the few following traits.

The tables-d'hôte, or, as they are called, the dîners, of the meaner among these places, are furnished with a prodigality so wretched, a luxury so sordid, an opulence so pitiful, that they are, with truth, supposed to be supplied from the leavings of the great city feasts, and the diplomatic and ministerial dinners. That which has not been eaten there, comes to be devoured here.

The same mixture of luxury and meanness is conspicuous in the persons of the guests. The clothes are of fine material, but worn threadbare. There are abundance of brilliants, but those brilliants are composed of glass and borax. And I should not like to swear that the gold — or rather the silver — which is flying about upon that greasy cloth, is not false coin, as well.

These tables-d'hôte are, besides, the rendezvous of all that Paris contains in the way of old vagabonds, ruined spendthrifts, dashing sharpers, liars, hangers-on, Phrynes for sale, Faublases for purchase. It is, in truth, an equivocal assemblage.

You will, there, meet of a certainty, with a living puzzle, decorated with two half-grey moustaches and a large red ribbon. Nobody knows his name, his condition, or his residence. All that is known of him is, that he calls himself 'Commandant.' He answers to the name of 'Commandant.'

Beware of the 'Commandant'!

And, as a pendant, — and also of a certainty — a tall, faded woman, entitling herself, Baroness of Saint-Elme, — or of Saint-Amour, — or of Saint-no-matter-what; — wearing a second-hand bonnet, — a handker-

chief bought a bargain, — dirty gloves, which she never takes off, not even at table, — and a white muslin gown, even in the depth of winter. She betrays forty years, but only acknowledges thirty. She speaks continually of her ex-horses, her ex-husband, her ex-valets; — and all this with a drawling accent, and a confusion of grammar which would be rather startling, if Madame de Saint-Elme did not explain these slight inaccuracies of style, by her long residence in foreign courts.

As to the rest, Madame the Baroness seats herself, without much ceremony, on the knee of the first comer, she drinks, without great repugnance, out of her neighbour's glass, the extra wine which he may have ordered for himself; and she will embrace you, 'cher petit,' willingly, for a glass of rum.

It would appear that this, also, is one of the practices of foreign courts.

Beware of Madame the Baroness!

But enough! — for all which remains is disgusting to look upon. And — to sum up, in two words, the moral of this long sketch, — beware, also, lovers of good cheer, — beware, lovers of conviviality, — of the table-d'hôte of Paris; be it 'gargote,' or 'cuisine bourgeoise,' or 'pension bourgeoise,' or 'table-d'hôte,' or 'dîner,' or 'souper'! For a man who loves to dine well, to dine joyously, to dine decently, I know but one thing in the world which is worse than dining at a table-d'hôte; and that is — not dining at all!

MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

THE prince of the church, and the executioner — the minister of God preaching the gospel, and the minister of human justice, with his mission of pain and blood — the preserver of the soul, and the destroyer of the body — by a strange abuse of words, and an unaccountable perversion of reason, bear the same appellation:

Bossuet, Monsieur de Meaux!
Sanson, Monsieur de Paris!

An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of eternal prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to some horrible tale. The name is associated with blood and murder; it conjures up to the imagination phantasms of horror and mortal violence. You see the dread scaffold before you, with the blood-stained plank rendered brighter after each execution, and the basket which receives the severed head — you see all this, and your fancy shows you a struggling victim full of life and health, dragged up the steps, and in an instant precipitated into eternity.

Is it then surprising, that men of even strong minds and superior attainments should think with horror of the living agent of the inflictions of human justice? Is it surprising that they should affix an indelible stigma upon him, without whom the right of scourging the guilty would belong to God alone?

This agent of the law is, of necessity, a double man: the created being, equal, in the eyes of God and of the law, to his fellow men; and the abstract being — the terrible agent which intervenes betwixt crime and punishment, acting but in the interest of the society that spurns him, and to which he returns in painful service, the contempt he is forced to endure.

It would be difficult to form a just and reasonable opinion of such a man. His functions make too forcible an appeal to an innate feeling which the mind cannot overcome, for reason to preside over our judgment. We are, besides, not always able to form an opinion of our own after reading those of the illustrious author of the 'Soirées de St Petersbourg,' and the warm and eloquent Rousseau. Certainly, if we are not to see, in the executioner's wife and children, 'a mother and her cubs,' as M. de Maistre would have us do, neither ought we to yield to the sophistical philosophy of Jean-Jacques, who would have a sovereign make his son marry the hangman's daughter.

The office of executioner has not always been so degraded as it is now. Among the Jews, sentences of death were executed either by the people at large, by the accusers of the condemned criminal, by the relatives of the homicide, if the condemnation were for murder, or by other persons, according to circumstances.

The sovereign often ordered those about his person, particularly if they were young men, to go and put to death some individual whom he named. We find many instances of this in Holy Writ; and, far from any infamy being attached to such executions, they were deemed honourable.

Among the Greeks, the office of executioner was not despised. Aristotle, in his Politics, places the executioner among the magistrates. He even says, that, from the necessity of his duties, he ought to be

ranked among the principal officers of state. At Rome, besides the Lictors, soldiers were sometimes ordered to execute criminals, not only for military, but for civil offences. Neither was this service considered degrading. Among the ancient Germans, executions were performed by priests, because this people looked upon the blood of criminals as the most agreeable offering to their gods.

In ancient times, judges often executed their own sentences, of which history, sacred and profane, furnishes us many examples. In Germany, before the office of executioner was established, the duties were performed by the youngest member of the city corporation. In Franconia, it was done by the man most recently married; at Reutlingue, an imperial city of Swabia, by the counsellor last appointed; and at Stedien, a little town in Thuringen, by the inhabitant who last came to settle there.

In Russia, there is no executioner; the duties are performed each time by a different prisoner. This commission of an instant is always followed by a full pardon.

In France, the executioner had, like the king and the lords of his court, the right of *prise*; that is to say, he had the power to take from the inhabitants of the place to which his duties called him, such provisions as he required. But he was, nevertheless, obliged ultimately to pay for them, at the expiration of a certain limited time of credit.

The letters-patent of Charles V, dated the 5th of March, 1398, exempting the inhabitants of Chailly and Lay, near Paris, from the right of *prise*, prohibited 'the king's caterers, harbingers, equerries, executioners of high justice, and other of the king's officers, likewise all officers of the queen, as well as lords and persons enjoying the right of prise, from exercising it on any of the said inhabitants.' In this

document, the executioner is placed in very good company.

At a later period, the office of executioner fell into the lowest state of degradation, from which it was, however, somewhat raised in 1790, when the National Assembly, on the motion of Maton de la Varenne, seconded by Mirabeau, decreed that the executioner was included in the number of citizens.

I had long anxiously desired to be acquainted with this terrible functionary. I was curious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family — to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself — and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the Rue des Marais du Temple.

Arrived at No 31 bis, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings, whose interstices, closed by wood, prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening in these railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the post-offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur-Général to the executioner.

I gently rung the bell; the door was opened, and a tall, athletic young man about thirty years of age, politely inquired what I wanted. 'Mr Henry Sanson,' said I, in a tremulous voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man not under sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found to account for

the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners; nor can he seek alliances any where but among executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men? Would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law? Wou you admit him into your house? Would not his arrival at any place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the Jardin des Plantes when the lion had broken loose? And yet he is a man, as well as you—equally in need of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced like himself. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

Do not, however, believe, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When Monsieur de Versailles died without issue, some years ago, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting?

I return to my visit.

I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance beaming with mildness and candour, amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner!

In the same room was his son,* a young man of

* The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier of Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without knowing who he

three or four and thirty, with light hair and a mild, timid look. On his knees sate a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

This family picture struck me forcibly; and Sanson must have perceived it. The fact is, that, without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl, above all — she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful had been found there; it was like sunlight on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

For several years past, M. Sanson the younger has performed the duties of his father's office. Destined, for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution — for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely inquired the object of my visit. My story was ready prepared. I was, I said, writing a work on judicial punishments, and, relying upon his obliging disposi-

was. On discovering the dreadful secret, her parents endeavoured to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner at Paris is better paid than that of President of the Royal Court. M Sanson the elder has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowers. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.—*Athenæum.*

tion, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied that all the information he possessed was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object; and, in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had an opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of Monsieur de Paris.

M. Sanson does not attempt to disguise how acutely he feels the stigma attached to his situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but like a philosopher.

This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would himself take care to recall it to your mind.

One thing struck me particularly. He had often resorted to his snuff box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends!

M. Sanson delights in conversation; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well chosen library, which, in his house, is not merely ornamental. His books, indeed, are his only society; with their aid he can escape from embarrassment and humiliation, converse with master minds, obtain relief from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights.

Excluded from living society, his intercourse is with

the great of past ages; — he can look on them without a shudder — they died not by his hand!

Among the books, were two which I little expected to find there, — the works of M. de Maistre, and 'Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné.'*

The library furnished me with a topic of conversation, which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the tact which characterizes him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles, and discussed opinions, like a man well acquainted with the subject; and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, arising from the want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honour to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. This conversation on literary topics drove away the cold formality which had before chilled our intercourse. We became like old acquaintances; his heart seemed to expand, and the moral man was before me without disguise.

One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him into connexion, must have extinguished in him all humane feeling; — quite the reverse — they have developed the most acute sensibility. This man, — who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises piece by piece the dreadful instrument of death, oils the ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger, — cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution. He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death,

* 'The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal,' a work by Victor Hugo.

enlarges with animation on the means which might efficaciously be substituted for it; and on the day of execution he may be seen pale as death, refusing food, and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror. This fact is not known, nor should I have believed it had I not seen it. It ought, likewise, to be witnessed by those who, with all the weight and authority of high talent, cast shame and obloquy upon this agent of the law, at the same time that they prostrate themselves with the deepest respect before the power which makes him act!

He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful — they are like the smile of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a cabaret, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Grève and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of stealing a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and, but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who himself opened the door, replied, that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was no remedy but to wait. By degrees the crowd began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying

under the knife. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he endured during this species of slow torture. This circumstance occurred but a few years after the revolution. The blood which had flowed during the two years of the Reign of Terror, had not satiated the rage for executions displayed by the multitude.

Less from a motive of curiosity than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this museum filled me with horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention, — it is the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. This weapon was manufactured on purpose; and several blades were made before one was found fit for the object intended.

At that period, whenever any remarkable execution took place, the young lords of the court were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which, in those days, stood upon the stage at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution, these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel in the air, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and, instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim, which it penetrated, and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with a tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass! — I held the

fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not here be out of place.

About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men belonging to that high class of the nobility which had then a monopoly for breaking windows, insulting street passengers, and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency — were strolling down the faubourg St Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling champaign.

On their arrival in the Rue St Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

One of them knocked at the door; it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

The young lord hastened to explain the motive of this unseasonable visit.

The gentleman, with frigid politeness, declined their company. 'This is a family party,' said he, 'and no stranger can be admitted.'

'You are wrong,' said the young nobleman; 'we belong to the court, and we are doing you great honour in condescending to join your party.'

'Once more, gentlemen, I must refuse your offer. Neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw as you are now importunate to be admitted.'

'Excellent, upon my honour!' said the most eager and the wildest of the party; 'and who the devil are you?'

'I am the Executioner of Paris.'

'Ha! ha! ha! What, is it you who cut off heads,

break limbs upon the wheel, make nerves crack upon the wooden horse, and torture poor devils so agreeably ?'

'Softly, gentlemen. Such, indeed, are the duties of my office ; but I leave these matters to my deputies. It is only when a man of quality — a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen — is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands.'

The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who, twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of raillery.

When I left the executioner's house my bosom was dreadfully oppressed. The fresh air restored my mind to its former tone. Of all the different impressions which I had received, none remained but a profound contempt for our civilization — and the predominant wish of my heart was the revision of our penal code.

On quitting Sanson, after a long visit, during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society, — prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us, — I instinctively held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime, dared not press that of an honest man.

A HOUSE IN THE RUE DE L'ECOLE DE MEDECINE.

Men sometimes evince predilections the influence of which they seem little disposed to acknowledge, until truth and conscience overpower the feelings of interest so often mistaken for opinions, and give development to the unsophisticated sentiments of the heart, which burst forth through every obstacle, like the flower of the saxifrage piercing through the granite rock. In vain are they concealed — in vain is the mind hermetically close — in vain are they disavowed, to serve the purposes of an empty popularity; — they must ultimately appear as through a glass. . . . . For my own part, I dare avow mine. I love freedom with all my soul; I believe it to be the source of every good, and I have dedicated to it my obscure and humble life. At the same time I would indignantly spurn a tyrannical abuse of freedom, more odious than even tyranny itself. Despotism under the name of liberty, is the most monstrous kind of despotism. Despotism in its naked hideousness is far preferable; for then it can be openly attacked.

I therefore entertain an eternal hatred of those men who, by exciting popular excesses, have impeded the sacred cause of nations against tyranny. To declare open hostility to them — to risk death upon the scaffold in attempting to punish them, seems to me the sublimest kind of patriotism. Thus my heart yearns

with love and admiration of the name and memory of Charlotte Corday.

This feeling, subdued by the turmoil and agitation of our own times, was again roused into full action by the picture of M. Henry Scheffer in the last Exhibition. His 'Charlotte' is such as I had conceived her — the same ideal being that haunted my excited imagination; — so truly has the genius of the artist revealed to me that which I sought.

I have often regretted that I did not possess something which belonged to Charlotte — often lamented that I had never discovered the stairs on which she had trod, the room in which she had done the deed, and sacrificed herself to a conviction of duty. I was at length informed that Marat had met his death in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. One evening I stopped before the house which forms the angle of the street with the Rue du Paon. 'It must be here,' I thought; for I naturally imagined that so sublime an action could only have occurred in the most remarkable house of the street. Such is our nature. We are at first struck by external objects, and the eye is always acted upon before the mind. This house appeared to me remarkable from its old and singular style of architecture. My attention was caught by its dark entrance, narrow windows, and a hexagonal turret raised upon a vaulted basement, surmounted by a conical roof, and an iron conductor of lightning, which seemed to shoot up from a curiously wrought ornament of lead on the top of the cone. 'Oh! it must be here,' I thought.

It was night-fall. The porter of a neighbouring house, and his wife, were seated at their open door, chatting and enjoying the beautiful summer evening. I approached them. 'Is not some historical recollection,' I inquired, 'attached to the corner house of this street?'

'Sir,' replied the porter's wife, 'it is the oldest house in the street, and is tenanted by a grocer.'

'But do you know whether it was once inhabited by Marat?'

'I don't know, Sir' . . . .

'Stop, Sir,' said the husband; 'Marat . . . Marat was stabbed in a bath; therefore the house you want must be the establishment of baths in the Rue du Paon. It is close by, and is a noble establishment. Pray look at it, Sir.'

I thanked them, and, suppressing an involuntary smile, went my way. It was Sunday, and the grocer's shop was shut; I therefore deferred my inquiries.

Next day the answer of the honest grocer, whom I found behind his counter, destroyed the romance I had coupled with the building. I left the house in disappointment, but not without casting a look of regret at the old turret. Determined to follow up my inquiries, I entered the next house, No. 18. The door was large, and slightly curved at the top. It led into a small, close court, with a well in one corner. There was nothing remarkable here. But I had no sooner pronounced the name of Marat, than the porter said, 'It is here, Sir.' On hearing these words, all around me assumed a solemn and sombre appearance. My imagination, deceived on the previous day, now took its revenge. It magnified and darkened every object—it examined everything through the light of its own spirit. There is nothing like contrasts for a man who revels in the richness of an exuberant fancy.

It was, no doubt, at the door of this dark lodge, that Charlotte Corday said, 'Is citizen Marat at home?' And the porter of that period, seeing this beautiful and dignified girl, smiling in all the fascination of feminine loveliness, suspected nothing. How, indeed, could he associate the idea of murder with that of one of the fairest forms of heaven's creation; whose large dark eyes displayed a humid and intel-

lectual brilliancy; whose elegant and fully developed figure, exquisitely fair complexion, and pearly teeth, seen under the voluptuous fulness of her half-closed lips, would have melted a savage? How could he associate a concealed poignard with drapery which covered, without concealing, the most perfect harmony of contour?—How trace a sanguinary design in a countenance so angelic, so noble, so calm, and whose only expression seemed the timidity of chaste and virtuous affection? On that day, no doubt, her dress was distinguished by a sort of simple and sublime coquetry. It was expedient that she should captivate the good opinion of those who were to admit her into the presence of the blood-stained monster she intended to destroy. She knew that a deed like the one she was about to attempt, is not perpetrated twice, and that her life would fall a sacrifice. She knew, likewise, that the very undertaking was her own death warrant, and was on her part a generous suicide in favour of reason and justice;—that, therefore, she should be arrested the moment she had sacrificed her victim. She consequently determined to make no attempt at escape. She considered that on her apprehension, the eyes of the multitude would be fixed upon her. Her father was a nobleman; she herself nurtured in her bosom the warmest republicanism, but polished, pure, and dignified as herself. She could not forget all this; and a woman's dress, even in the most important actions of her life, represents, in some degree, her habitual ideas and opinions. Oh! how beautiful she looked! Her glossy hair was tied with a broad green ribbon, and flowed in undulating curls round her lovely neck. And then her white forehead, her look of modesty, and those lips!—Who could anticipate that her delicate hand was about to commit a deed of blood?

'Nothing has been moved in those rooms since that day;' said the porter, smiling, as he detected my look

fixed upon the threshhold of the door, before which I stood motionless.

'I am fond of visiting places connected with celebrated actions,' said I, 'and I should much like to look at this house.' At the word celebrated, pronounced with intentional emphasis, the porter put his hand to his cotton night-cap, and his wife rose from her chair. Vanity takes up his quarters as readily in a porter's lodge, as in the house of a peer, or a poet. And why should it not?

'Marat,' said the porter's wife, 'was assassinated in a closet on the first floor, opening upon the street.'

'Can I see it?'

'The occupants are not at home, and their servant will scarcely be able to answer your inquiries.' Thus saying, she led the way.

The staircase is of stone, of tolerable dimensions, and adorned with an iron balustrade. We entered. 'The paper-hangings have alone been renewed,' said she; 'but wait whilst I tell the servant that you are going to look at the rooms.' She left me in the antechamber, where I was happy to have a moment to collect my wandering thoughts. There are sensations which we love to enjoy like a rare and generous wine which we sip drop by drop.

Marat's dwelling was far from splendid. The antechamber was shabby. The window-frames were cumbrous and unfinished, the panes of glass small, and the whole presented a mean and dismal appearance. Marat was a poor man. There was disinterestedness in that soul excited to frenzy, and drunk with the importance to which his sanguinary atrocities had raised him. He had faith in the guillotine; it was the altar of his political religion. A fanatic apostle of the hideous monster which he called Freedom, he was much more the man of terror than Robespierre, whom he even impeded by his furious thirst of human blood. Marat was the living secret of 1793. He said aloud,

and with rage, that which Robespierre perhaps only thought—that the republic must kill all its enemies, lest it should be itself destroyed. This was horrible, but it formed part of their atrocious system. . . . . In ill health, his blood dried up with an inflammatory fever, his body covered with a hideous leprosy, Marat denounced in his paper, Biron, Custine, and the Girondins, who had sought refuge at Caen, where Wimpfen had begun a nerveless war in the department of Calvados.

Charlotte thought that the Girondist party, so eloquent in the development of their theories of federalism, but so weak in action, would have saved France from the ferocious hands of those Montagnards, whose voice terrified, and thus increased their strength a hundredfold. Erroneous or not, Charlotte Corday's view was the emanation of a great and noble mind.

It was in this room then that she solicited, in the most pressing manner, to be admitted to the presence of citizen Marat. A young woman refused to introduce her. It was here—on this mantel piece which I am touching—that she perhaps leant. Oh no!—she did not tremble; she required no support.

What a treasure of affection and devotedness would such a creature have been, had she ever loved! But each noble faculty of her mind was absorbed by her passion for freedom,—by the republic of her day dreams, pure, strong, and abounding in virtue and talent. She had nothing to spare for other feelings,—this one exhausted all the powers of her soul. For my own part, I confess I should feel regret, had she loved either Belzunce, who was executed at Caen upon a denunciation by Marat, or Barbaroux, the Antinous of the Girondist party; for, in such a case, I should see, in her noble patriotism, nothing but an act of revenge. She would then have been a mere ordinary woman, wrought to a pitch of desperate excitement. I should be miserable if I found any ter-

restrial passion betwixt her and my admiration,—I, who so venerate her memory! But these calumnies were invented by mean and grovelling minds. She was never even acquainted with Belzunce; and, living so retired as she did, at the house of a friend, she scarcely ever saw Barbaroux before she went to him for a letter of introduction, on the eve of her departure for Paris. And then she has herself taken care to make known her feelings in the following words: 'We are such good republicans at Paris, that people cannot imagine how a useless woman, whose existence, were it ever so long, would be of no value, can in cold blood sacrifice her life at the altar of patriotism.'

I drew from my pocket the memoranda which I had made. The porter's wife entered with the servant of the occupants of the rooms.

'Permit me,' said I to them, 'to proceed with order and dignity.' My black clothes, pale face, and solemn air surprised them. They remained motionless and I read my notes in an undertone.

'Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armans, born at St Saturnin, near Caen, aged twenty-five years all but a fortnight.

'Her whole life is comprised in a few lines, but these lines are sufficient to immortalize her. What matters that portion of her life which belongs to ordinary mortals? She had three days of sublimity — of simple and reflected sublimity; and these three days are worth a million of existences.

'She came to Paris at the commencement of July 1793, having written to her father that she was going to England, in search of that repose and safety which she could not find in France. A noble falsehood, dictated by filial piety!

'She was set down at the Hôtel de la Providence, in the Rue des Augustins.

'Immediately after her arrival, she called on M. Duperret, a deputy and a friend of the Girondins.

He was at dinner. She begged to be admitted, and requested a private conversation of a few minutes. They retired to another room, and she gave him news of the refugees of Calvados, delivered to him a letter from Barbaroux, then sounded his political intentions and courage, and urged him to join the Girondins. She felt, perhaps, that she was addressing a man of mediocre and irresolute mind; and she ultimately contented herself with requesting he would accompany her to the Minister of the Interior, with whom she had business to transact, having to claim certain important documents on behalf of her friend Madlle Fortin, a canoness who had retired to Switzerland. Duperret having promised to attend her on the following day, she rose to go; he offered her refreshments, which she declined, and left him with polite dignity.

'Next day M. Duperret waited on her at the Hôtel de la Providence, and they went together to the minister's office; but the republican minister was not visible.

'Her actions during several days after this, are unknown; but these were doubtless days of profound thought, and if they appear to us of no moment, they were to her full of emotions.

'One day, having seated herself upon a bench at the Tuileries, a playful child approached her. There is something in beauty which wins confidence at all ages. The little boy gambolled, she smiled upon him, he leant upon her, and putting his little hand into her half open pocket, pulled from it a pistol. "What is this toy?" said he — "It is a toy," she replied, "which may be useful in these times!" Concealing the weapon, she rose and went away, after looking to see if she had been observed.

'On Thursday, the 11th, she went to the Convention, to kill Marat in the midst of the Montagnards. But he was absent from ill health. She took her station in a gallery, and listened patiently to a long

report by Cambon, upon the state of France, — a report in which the Girondins were held up to execration and doomed to the axe of the guillotine, and which concluded with an account of the arrest of General Arthur Dillon, accused of having conspired against the republic. "Nothing is more absurd than the fable you have just heard," impetuously exclaimed Camille Desmoulins. . . . . But murmurs of disapprobation drowned his courageous voice. "Go and defend Dillon before the revolutionary tribunal," cried Legendre to him. The president suddenly adjourned the meeting. — How Charlotte's heart must have throbbed with indignation during these proceedings!

'On the morning of the 13th, she went to make some purchases at the Palais-National,* and bought a sharp-pointed table knife, with a black sheath. On her return home, she put into her pocket her baptismal extract, an address to the French people, and a pocket-book of red morocco leather. She well knew that if she left with a blood-stained hand the place to which she was going, it could only be to enter a dungeon, be condemned to death a few hours after, and then placed in that fatal cart which was daily drawn to the Place de Grève — the Place de la Revolution, elsewhere, and everywhere! She had provided against all contingencies. But Marat was ill and she was refused admittance. She wrote him a note, stating that she had just arrived from Caen, and came to render an important service to her country. In the evening at five o'clock, she returned. Still the housekeeper refused to admit her; but Marat, being in a bath, and hearing the voice of a young girl, ordered that she should be shown in.'

'Here is the closet,' said the servant; 'the bath was then just facing the window.'

* The name given to the Palais Royal during the revolution. — *Translator.*

I understood the whole action as if it had occurred in my presence. The three rooms are so small, that an instant sufficed to cross them. Marat had a handkerchief round his head; his right hand was out of the water, and he used as a writing table, a board placed across the bath. The closet was so small that Charlotte nearly touched him.

'The paper-hangings are not now the same,' said the servant. 'Those which, at that period, covered the walls were taken down a few months ago. They represented large twisted pillars upon a white ground.'

'She was there,' I exclaimed; 'Marat questioned her, inquired the names of the refugees of Calvados, and wrote them down as she mentioned them. 'It is well,' he said, 'they shall all go to the guillotine.' This was the last threat he uttered. She drew from its sheath the knife, concealed in her bosom, and plunged it into his heart.'

'Help!' he cried; 'help, my dear friend! I am murdered!'

'And Charlotte,' resumed the servant, 'put her hand to her hair, crossed the second room, and seated herself in the ante-chamber — there, near that window. I had this from an eye witness. A man, who had just been folding copies of "L'Ami du Peuple," knocked her down with a chair. She rose and put herself under the protection of the members of the section, who were struck with her beauty. Danton arrived, and applied to her the most disgusting epithets; Charlotte opposed to his abuse a modest though lofty dignity. She was dragged into the room which opened upon the street; for this animated scene could not, for want of space, have passed in the ante-room.'

This is the moment which M. Scheffer has so judiciously selected for his picture. But from this room, the bath in which Marat lay could not be seen. What matters this to the artist? Genius can open stone walls!

It was in this apartment that she was examined by the conventionalists, Chabot and Drouet. Their report is authentic evidence ; and both expressed their astonishment at the elevation of mind displayed in the answers of the young girl, whose voice seemed to reveal the thoughts of future ages.

The hackney-coach in which she arrived, was still at the door. She descended to the street escorted by the commissioners and gendarmes of the Convention. On her appearance, the populace uttered cries and imprecations that would have appalled the stoutest heart. She turned pale. Poor girl ! she dreaded being torn to pieces by the rabble. She had anticipated a less horrible death. But in the summer of life, beautiful as she was, and so worthy of admiration, to be insulted, trampled under foot, dragged half alive through the filth of the kennel, torn to pieces with hooks dripping with gore, and stabbed with pikes; to lift up her bruised head — once so lovely, now defaced and hideous — and implore as an act of mercy, the *coup de grace*, either delayed or given with an unskilful hand; her last struggles amid curses and blasphemy ; no hope of a tomb, nor even of a coffin ; her limbs severed and dispersed — as had occurred in the September of the preceding year ; — all this threatened her, and for an instant seemed about to be realized. But Drouet thundered out to the tumultuous and exasperated mob, 'IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.' In an instant the cries ceased, and the coach slowly proceeded.

I perceived that my enquiries were becoming tedious, and more than once elicited a smile from my two attendants. And, in truth, I had seen enough ; in a few moments I had collected a treasure of sensations and ideas. I had beheld the spot where a feeble young woman had displayed courage equal to that of the revolutionary giants of 1789, who had died on the field of battle, or on the scaffold which was also a field of honour.

This part of the town, so agitated whilst the club of the Cordeliers existed, is now calm. It was there that Danton, who resided in the Cour du Commerce, as he passed in his way to the Convention, called Marat in a voice of thunder from the bottom of the stairs I was now descending. Here met the elect of the Montagnards, Collet d'Herbois the actor, Billaud Varennes, Chaumette the atheist, Chabot the capuchin, Legendre the butcher, Saint-Just, and Robespierre, who at least bent his body before God, and said at the tribune, 'Death is the commencement of immortality.' This house, formerly the focus of such agitation, is now peaceable. Silence and order reign in every part of it; scarcely a sound is to be heard, scarcely a motion to be seen. In it now reside an honourable jurisconsult, a copper-plate printer, and some annuitants, all living quiet in the enjoyment of obscurity; who seldom change their residence, as the porter informed me, except to go to that bourne whence no one returns. Such practical philosophy is better than fine sentences. Yet from this house were the most dangerous attacks made upon the throne of Louis XVI. Three millions of men died a violent death, on account of the ideas discussed here; — and yet we still discuss! There are now other athlets in the arena, and others will succeed when we are gone. It must, however, be proclaimed, and that loudly, that the manners of the people are improved, and are still progressing towards perfection.

Under the outer doorway, I saw the letters OR D . . . . They were the remains of the following inscription: — LIBERTY, INDIVISIBILITY, OR DEATH. This led me to inquire why, on the same spot, there was neither marble nor bronze to commemorate the devoted patriotism of Charlotte Corday! not even a short and simple inscription! . . . . Oh! how indifferent is France to that which sheds upon it the greatest lustre!

Charlotte has no tomb, and it is not known to what earth her remains were consigned. . . . . The art of painting has preserved her features, but the same art has likewise preserved those of the popular tyrant whom she destroyed.

When the deputations of the sections appeared in deep mourning, at the bar of the sovereign Convention, an orator said, 'David, a new picture.' David rose and replied, 'I will paint it.'* He went out, and upon the back of Charlotte's letter, sketched Marat with his livid, vulgar, lank, and hideous features, stamped with all the odious passions which characterized his life. By an artifice, which at that period might have been excusable, he placed letters of pardon in the hand of a man who, whilst he lived, saw no other logical conclusion to his implacable arguments than in the axe of the guillotine, which he would have fain made to fall three hundred thousand times on the necks of three hundred thousand Frenchmen.

How affecting is your 'Charlotte,' M. Scheffer. I have often remained motionless before your picture, in contemplative admiration, without hearing the buzz of the crowd near me. She is pale, but calm, and seems to pay no attention to what is passing around her. Her task is performed; let the others perform theirs. She is thinking of the advantages she has been preparing for her country. Would I could add — she is thinking of her GOD. But I am not

* Marat and David were intimate friends. This great master painted a portrait of Marat, whilst Gérard, one of his favourite pupils, was painting that of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau. Some one entering the studio, asked David why he left the portrait of Lepelletier to a pupil. 'He was an aristocrat,' replied the artist, 'and his portrait will be well enough. Besides Gérard has talent; but Marat! why I am painting him with my heart and soul.' — (Quoted by M. Jal, in his judicious and entertaining work entitled 'Esquisses et Croquis.')

aware that she pronounced his holy name. The thought exists perhaps in the picture, but not in history. Contemporary accounts are silent, and in my mind this noble drama is therefore incomplete, and without a denouement. It is a relief for my heart, to think that a prayer, which softens the pangs of death — a sigh of hope, which they who depart bequeath to those who remain behind, might have escaped from her lips in her prison — in the cart which bore her to her doom — or on the fatal plank, as it was lowered under her lovely person, which an instant after was to be thrown headless into the executioner's basket.

VINCENNES.*

I SUDDENLY ceased. I had read a long time, and my wearied eyelids were becoming heavy. My half-closed book slid imperceptibly through my hand as I pursued my thoughts upon degradation, poverty, and death. I had passed from study to meditation, and from meditation to reverie.

It was a cold night in December. The snow, whirled into tornados by the wind, fell in large flakes upon the wide open courts, the ramparts, the bottom of the ditches — certainly not dug for the perpetration of crime — and the angular roof of the chapel which contains the tomb of the Duke d'Enghien. Upon the mouldings of the elegant Gothic gateway, built by Francis the First, it left, as it passed, a border of pure white. The wind shrilly whistled through the badly closed loop-holes, which admitted the light into my turret ; and the rooks, the only free inhabitants of my dreary prison, had ceased their croakings.

This melancholy donjon — those naked and dirty walls — that cold and dusty floor — the half-broken iron candlestick, which, with a cloud of black smoke,

* The reader will bear in mind that this paper is from the pen of the Count de Peyronnet, ex-minister of Charles X, since removed from Vincennes, and confined in the Castle of Ham.

emitted a dull and stinking light — the grating bolts, the sharp-pointed iron-bars — all this apparatus of wretchedness and captivity had disappeared from my senses. My thoughts had been diverted from things present; and the outward signs of my misfortune were effaced by the very contemplation of what I was enduring.

And yet this castle was once inhabited by kings. Philip-Augustus, St Louis, Charles the Wise, Louis the Father of his People, Francis the Father of Letters, the Good Henry, Louis the Just, and Louis the Great, all dwelt here; — and so did Isabel of Hainault, Blanch of Castile, Mary of Brabant, Blanch of Navarre, Ann of Austria, the lovely Agnes named the Lady of Beauty, La Fayette who became a recluse without having erred, and La Vallière who erred and afterwards became a recluse.

'The holy king often came hither, and, after hearing mass, in summer, would go and sit under the trees in the wood, clad in a camlet doublet, a surcoat without sleeves, and a black mantle. There, he would have carpets spread for his retinue to sit round him; and such of his subjects as wished to speak to him could approach and address him without any usher or officer preventing them. There, he diligently attended to the business of his people.'

Here it was, that, after the victory of Rosbec, which took place a hundred and fifty-two years ago, the iron chains were brought which the revolted poople had prepared for another kind of barricades at Paris.

It was here that, when Louis was beleaguered by the Burgundians, Charles the Bold and Louis XII met to sign the treaty of peace concluded at Conflans.

It was here that the Constable Saint-Pol took his oath of office,— an oath so badly kept, and whose violation was so pitilessly punished.

Here died Louis-le-Hutin, Charles-le-Bel, and Charles IX; here died Isabella of Bavaria, mother,

wife, and queen accursed, — and Mazarin, a fortunate and able man. Here also died a king of England, who chose to be king of France, in those wretched times to which the old chronicle alludes when it says — 'The Parisians were then more united than ever, and agreed to resist, with all their force and might, the king, Charles, because, being badly informed, they thought he wanted to destroy them for having turned him out of their city and slain a great number of his faithful servants.'

But the glory of the old fortress is gone. These dreary turrets are now only the monuments of great misfortunes. How many men have passed through them, who were yesterday all-powerful, — to-day proscribed and captive! Vendôme, Ornano, Gonzague, John de Wert, John Casimer, Puylaurens, Beaufort, Chavigny, Retz, Longueville, Conti, Fouquet, the last of the Stuarts, the Great Condé! — and also another Condé, for whom the day of deliverance never came! How changed is the destiny of this venerable pile! Richelieu, Mazarin, Napoleon, what have ye made of the residence of kings?

Two friends — for I have some friends left — had come to see me in the morning. It was for the first time; — their perseverance had at last overcome every obstacle. They passed the draw-bridge, and ascended the hundred and eighty steps of the long, steep, spiral staircase.

Louis de V——, and Jules de R——, the friends to whom I allude, are of very different characters. The former is cold, grave, and composed, — a man of reflection, and not an enemy to discussion. His strong and acute understanding loves that a little reasoning should explain and justify his impressions. He is a man of a now rare species, one better than he would be thought, and who seriously believes that he owes to reflection that which proceeds only from the dictates of his heart.

Jules de R—— is younger, more prone to excite-

ment, and more animated; amiable in a different manner from Louis de V——, and to the very excess of mannered difference; witty in a different kind of wit; graceful, brilliant, and natural; a writer, a poet, a man of the world, and everywhere a superior being.

Both are old, true, and tried friends. Both trembled, as neither would have trembled for himself; both wept, and they wept the more because they saw that I did not weep.

My children — those of my children whom Providence has yet left me — had also penetrated into this dismal abode. Poor mourners! They put a watchful restraint upon the expression of their feelings. But their filial piety betrayed itself, and their violent and unnatural efforts only the more displayed their cruel grief.

My heart, generally master of its emotions, was overpowered at seeing them. Such a mixture of joy and sorrow, of happiness and despair, overcame me. I sunk under this sweet, though cruel trial of tenderness and affliction.

I could read no longer, and yet I could not divest my thoughts of the things I had read of. Every idea was tinged with them. The book which had so strongly fixed my attention, treated not of the present time; it was an old and grave work — the ancient chronicle of ancient days and ancient customs.

The passage which had stopped me, ran thus: — 'Sir de la Rivière,' said some one to him, 'save your person; for the envious now hold the reins of power.' But he answered, 'Here and everywhere I am in God's holy keeping; I feel myself pure and clean of mind. God gave me what I possess, and he alone can take it away. The will of the Lord God be done! My services have been known unto the kings to whom they were devoted, and who have greatly rewarded me. For that which I did and performed at their bidding for the advantage of this kingdom of France,

I would well dare to await the judgment of the Parliament of Paris.'

This fate, so similar to my own — these sentiments so like those by which I was myself actuated, produced a lively and powerful emotion which kept my senses, as it were, suspended. My soul alone, though troubled, lived and acted within me. Thrown myself into the same abyss, I went on sounding and measuring its depth. I calculated doubts and probabilities; tried to divine which, among so many possible kinds of suffering, would be the one inflicted upon me; — in a word, I studied my fate, in order to fortify myself against it.

The longer this state of mental abstraction continued, the more complete did my forgetfulness of ordinary things and vulgar privations become. I no longer felt what I actually suffered, nor remembered where I was. The future, upon which I was meditating, though so near, was yet of such a nature that it had broken the link of its connexion with the present.

At length, in the midst of this strange reverie, an unexpected noise, accompanied with sudden motion, arrested my astonished imagination. At first I doubted — then doubted less — and at length doubted no more.

Several living beings stood before me; — men in strange habiliments, whose features were unknown to me. They belonged to another age — some perhaps to another country.

The first who stopped had a weak and varying expression of countenance. It was evident that he had suffered, but doubtful whether he had done so with firmness. He was advanced in years; and yet he wanted that calm and confiding dignity which gives so much authority to old age.

'Who art thou?' I asked. — 'An unhappy man.' 'What are thy misfortunes?' — 'The same as thine.' — 'Thou wert powerful?' — 'I was.' — 'And de-

prived of thy power ?' — ' I was ' — ' And a captive ?' — ' I was.' — ' Wilt thou not teach me how to support such a reverse ?' He made no reply. ' Thy name ?' said I. — ' Le Mercier.' — ' What ! the minister of Charles VI ?' I exclaimed. — ' Alas !' he replied, ' it was said in the town and city of Paris that we should lose our heads, and everywhere we had a most grievous renown as traitors to the crown of France. They who envied and hated us, condemned and adjudged us to die. But listening to the voice of reason, they who to death had doomed us, could not, in their conscience, think that we deserved to die. We were, however, every day assailed with these words : " Think of your souls, for your bodies are lost. Ye are adjudged to death !" Many persons, particularly of the kingdom of France, excused our faults, if excuse could do us benefit. But no ! None, however clearly he might see into the matter, dared to lift up his voice in our favour, save only that noble and valiant lady, Madame Jane Duchess of Berri, without whose kind offices in our behalf, there is no doubt we should have been put to death.'

' I know — I know,' I replied. ' It is of thee that the old chroniclers have written, That in the Castle of St Antoine,* which was thy prison, thou didst weep so much, and so incessantly, that thy sight was thereby weakened and impaired, and thou wert on the eve of becoming blind ; and it was lamentable to see thee and hear thy wailings.'

A painful groan burst from his lips ; and I said to him, ' Go thy ways, old man ; thou couldst teach me nothing. Thy example suits me not ; and with God's help I shall not follow it.'

At this instant there was a prodigious uproar on the outside of the fortress ; — it was prolonged and tumultuous. The external gates of the castle seemed

* The Bastille.

as if they were shattered and falling in splinters under the efforts of an infuriated populace. The drum beat, and the soldiers seized their arms. Precipitate and numerous footsteps were heard; the sentinels challenged and answered each other along the ramparts. From the body of the tumult arose the sharp cries of 'Death to them! Death to them!'

My ear had time to become accustomed to these sounds. I pitied the error of those who were excited to utter them. They knew not what they did. — I was disturbed but for a few moments, and then my reverie continued.

A second person came shadowing before me, cased in rich armour. In his right hand he bore an enormous sword, with a scabbard of purple velvet, ornamented with golden fleurs-de-lis. A deep scar near one of his eyes showed that he had met the king's enemies face to face; and that the sword of constable had not been conferred upon him for nothing.

'Art thou also here, Oliver?' I said, for it was truly Clisson; — I could not be mistaken. — 'I am,' he replied. 'I am come to see and comfort thee. Be of good cheer.' — 'With God's help, I will try, Oliver; — I will try.' 'Now look at the works of fortune in their proper light, and see how insecure and vacillating they are, when I, who was a valiant knight and a true, and who had wrought earnestly for the good of this noble kingdom of France, was so treated and vituperated, and degraded from my knighthood and honour.

'Yet it is fortunate enough for the state and government of the kingdom, that I took its affairs into my hands and kept mischief away.

'But I was well advised in leaving Paris, and my enemies could not execute their intentions. Had I remained, everything was ordered, and they would have disgracefully taken my life.'

'They spared thee, however, brave Clisson,' said

I. — 'No,' he replied; 'hast thou forgotten? They passed a too cruel sentence upon me, for I was banished the realm as a false traitor to the crown of France.' — 'Banished, Oliver! banished! Woe to me, if such a fate were mine. I know no country but France; — her alone have I served, and for her I have lived. Let them do with me as they list, provided they let me die in my native land. My existence is worthless, if I am to enjoy it at the expense of all that is dear to me — if I am to eke it out far away from my friends and country. The soil of France has received the bones of my father and my children — and shall I be so accursed that it will reject mine?

'Out of France I should find in me nothing of myself. A stranger to everything, all would remain a stranger to me. Old and worn out as I am, is it not too late for me to begin life anew, and seek a land which should own me as a son? God is my witness, that I would not, were it even in my power.

'A marvellous act of mercy indeed, that which would deprive me of all — even of the sky I have looked upon, and the air I have breathed since infancy — and leave me life, only to feel how much I have lost! Banished! it is worse than death; — the latter extinguishes all regret — but by exile, it is kept alive and embittered.'

'Be pacified and take courage,' said Clisson. 'Knowest thou in what manner God will dispose either of thee, or of those who have risen up against thee? He is their master as well as thine, and discovers not his purposes in a single day. And be assured, that misfortune becomes still greater to those who cannot endure it patiently. Bear this in mind. My Lord, the Duke of Burgundy, a wise man and of great foresight, notwithstanding he worked evil against me, was one day exhorted and urged to my prejudice more bitterly than usual, by several around him. But

he told them that the rod was perhaps already cut wherewith they would themselves soon be castigated and corrected : " for," said he, "there is no season which affordeth not profit, no fortune which turneth not, no sorrowful heart that doth not rejoice, nor any merry heart that hath not its saddened moods. "'

As he finished speaking, another figure passed slowly before me. His eyes, dimmed with sorrow, seemed to seek mine and yet fear to encounter them. Though there was nothing in his appearance which either pleased or attracted me, I was impatient to hear him — and yet a sort of instinctive feeling seemed to repress the expression of such desire. His hood, long gown, and girdle with pendant tassels of gold — joined to a certain austerity which was not that of age, a dignity without any mixture of pride or ostentation — showed me that in him I beheld one of those vigilant and learned men who founded the reputation of our Courts of Justice, long, very long before the period when I had the signal and perilous honour of being chosen to direct them.

I called to him ; he stopped with regret. ' What desirest thou, my son ?' said he ; ' consolation ? Thou must find it in thyself. If thy misfortunes be great, elevate thyself to their level. If danger await thee, familiarize thyself with it. Arm thyself with strength against the severity of ill fortune ; and if it come to thee in a milder shape, so it will be lighter for thee to bear.'

My curiosity was highly excited, and I asked his name. ' What matters it to thee ?' — ' Thy fate ?' — ' It would not serve thee to know it. But,' resumed he, hesitating, ' my fate differs less from thine, than thou wouldst suppose. I interceded with all-powerful royalty in favour of the people, and royalty mistook me for an enemy. Thy intervention was employed with the people, who have become powerful, in favour of royalty, now feeble and in danger ; and

the people, in their turn, have mistaken thee for an enemy. Let us pardon the errors of both — they are natural and inevitable. The people possess not the sovereignty on better terms than Princes. Neither can they know of truth more than their courtiers choose to tell them. Envious men thought it their interest to cry thee down ; and they imputed to thee a mind and character resembling their own. The people believed them ; — and could it be otherwise ? Thou wert neither seen nor heard. They who approached, and knew thee, were in small numbers, and their voice was drowned in the noise of the multitude.

'I will not tell thee that thou shalt not die, for what means have I of knowing ? Neither will I tell thee that there exists no law whereby thou canst be doomed to death ; for what matters law or justice to him who is without power to enforce them? Revolutions made by the people are essentially popular ; and the people comprehend not these nice and subtile distinctions. How canst thou expect that since God has given to man the power of destroying man, the people will think of inquiring whether he has not forbid them to exercise that power ? The multitude feel that they *can* do it, and that is enough for them.

'Alas ! my son,' he continued, 'death is the sad and constant auxiliary of life. It supports and protects the life of man, and the life of human society. It is a want, and a right. Let us humble ourselves and adore the will of the Almighty ! . . . . . That which thou must more particularly guard against is hope. By flattering the mind, it softens the stubborn energy of courage. Prepare thyself for the terrible moment, for come it must, some day or other. When it does come, what matters it whether it be a day sooner or a day later ? No human being has the power of making thee die twice, or of preventing thee from dying once.

Dare to look death in the face ; — it is not so hideous as cowards suppose. He who has lived well, has lived long enough. Death, which cannot be avoided, may yet be rendered less bitter. Let us make it honoured, and we destroy its pain and agony. But those men honour not death who receive it like cowards.'

'Is it then decided ? I exclaimed. 'No, my son ; —but if it were ? Thy life has not been so happy as to give thee much cause of regret, nor so ill employed that thou shouldst fear it will be forgotten. What more canst thou require than to die in peace ?'

'Old man,' I replied, 'thy language fills me with respect and admiration, but it is harsh and severe.'

'Thou wouldst have it so,' said he ; 'thou shouldst not have called me. Beware of illusions. That which is now most necessary to thee, is a just appreciation of the vanities and misery of human life ; and I have stated that which I thought best calculated to enable thee to do so. Give credence to my counsels ; they are good, for I have myself proved them.'

'Thou !' I exclaimed. 'Yes, my son ; and may Fate, who has betrayed thee, as she did me, spare thee, at least, the last trial which she forced me to undergo.' — 'In pity,' said I, with earnestness, 'tell me who thou art ; for I feel that the authority of thy name will fortify and give value to thy words.' — 'Desmarets,' he replied. I threw myself at his feet. 'Admirable man !' I exclaimed, 'and is it you ? — you, who, when called upon to beg mercy of the King, uttered these noble words from the very scaffold: 'I have served well and loyally King Philip his great-grandfather, and King John his grandfather, and King Charles his father ; and these three kings, his predecessors, found no fault in me ; — neither would this king, if he exercised his own authority ; and I firmly believe that he is in nowise culpable for my doom.

I have no reason to crave his mercy, nor that of any other man. To the mercy of God alone will I appeal.'

'Do as I did,' said he. 'I will, Desmarets.'

* * * * * * *

Whoever thou art that readest this recital, abstain, friend, from treating it with harshness or derision. I have related the thoughts and lives of the sad tenants of my prison-house.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

'My love,' said M. Barbeau to his wife, 'it is but right that you and the children should have a little amusement to-morrow. You scarcely ever go out; and when you have spent a couple of hours at the Tuileries, you fancy that you and the children have had amusement enough for a whole week.'

'But, my dear——'

'But, my love, first hear what I have to say. We must not think about ourselves alone. Leonora is now upwards of fifteen, an age at which a girl wishes to see something more than her mother's petticoats, though certainly your petticoats are very respectable——'

'My dear, you know we expect some visitors to-morrow, and Leonora——'

'Yes, I know it, and also that M. Bellefeuille will be one of them;—that young artist, you know, who has adopted the romantic style because he thinks it is a fine thing to wear large whiskers and a tuft of hair under his mouth; but be he romantic or classic, it is all one to me, provided he succeeds. If he really loves Leonora, why, I'll consider of it. I don't mean to say that I will refuse him for a son-in-law, nor that I will accept him. We have plenty of time to settle that. But about our intentions for to-morrow. We must go to some fête out of town; a village fête is so pleasant!—— You have never yet seen one; you'll

be delighted with it — you, who never go beyond the city walls. Surely the inhabitants of Paris ought to be acquainted with the neighbouring villages. Why, they may almost be considered part of Paris. The newspapers get there by twelve o'clock, and you pay a sous more for your letters by the petite poste — that is all the difference. Many persons of merit and talent live there — poets, painters, and even booksellers — that is to say, retired booksellers, who inhabit those places because living is less expensive than in town. Meat is a halfpenny a pound cheaper — and this is a great saving. On two hundred pounds of butcher's meat, which each consumes in the year, there is a saving of ten francs. It is true, that they spend twenty-five in coming to town by the stage, as they are obliged to do ; but for all that, it is a great saving to live in the country. We will take a jaunt to one of these places to-morrow.'

'You know I am a bad walker, and ——'.

'Oh! we will go in an omnibus or a citadine. Are there not coaches every where now ? We shall soon go round the world for sixpence. Look, the boy is jumping for joy. Poor Alexander, how you will be amused, won't you, boy?'

'Oh! yes, papa.'

'Well, it is all settled. We must start at twelve; for it won't do to set out at four o'clock, if we mean to dine there. I will inquire where the fête will be to-morrow, and you shall see it, my dear.'

M. Barbeau left his wife, not, as you might suppose, to inquire about the fête next day — for he had no sooner turned his back than it escaped his memory. At a short distance from his own house, he met a friend, laid hold of his arm, asked how he was, and followed this up by a thousand other questions, without giving him an opportunity of answering one. Having thus begun the conversation — if you can call it a conversation, when one party has all the talk to

himself M. Barbeau related story after story, and recollected fact after fact, which rendered fresh explanations necessary, and these explanations brought on new stories, so that he could himself no longer remember whence he had set out — as if, for instance, in a story about a theatre, he came at last to speak of Belgium or Lesage's* pies. It was like 'The Thousand and One Nights,' one tale leading to another; — and then, if his friend tried to get in a sentence or an observation, M. Barbeau would cut him short with 'Permit me — I have not yet finished.'

For all this, M. Barbeau is a very good kind of man; a round, fat, good-natured being, but who has the strongest antipathy to great talkers, because he is one himself. He is a retired bookseller, and has, therefore, been acquainted with many men of talent. He remembers a saying of one, a good story of another; and he loves to talk about these things. His conversation is entertaining to those who are content to be listeners. He made sundry good speculations in his business; — these alone he recollects, forgetting the bad ones. He is of a happy disposition; he never makes himself uneasy by anticipation, nor even in moments of difficulty, for he always finds a favourable side in the most untoward events. When his business went on badly, and he had a thousand reasons for being uneasy about the present and the future, what did he do? Why, he went from home, and spent the whole day in playing dominoes. But he has continued the friend of everybody; and this is high praise.

Madame Barbeau, his wife, is as calm as her husband is hasty and petulant; and as extremes meet, this is a sign that they agree well together. Their daughter, just turned fifteen, is very timid, and says but little. Their son has reached his tenth year, and

* Lesage, a pastrycook, famous for his veal and ham pies.—*Tr.*

is already as boisterous as his father. These compose the whole family.

Next day, being Sunday, the mother and children were dressed at eleven o'clock, and ready to set out upon the promised excursion. But at twelve they were still waiting for M. Barbeau, who had gone out early, stating that he should not be absent five minutes. The artist had come to call on the ladies; he asked leave to join the party, and said he should take the opportunity of making some sketches.

But time, which never stops, moved slowly on, and M. Barbeau did not return The young lady sighed as she looked at the clock, the artist sighed as he looked at the young lady, and the little boy sighed as he looked at his new trowsers. Madame Barbeau alone preserved the appearance of good temper; for, after twenty years of marriage, a wife has become accustomed to waiting for her husband.

At length, just as the clock struck two, M. Barbeau arrived, accompanied by a thin, pale, little man, who bowed gracefully to all the family, whilst the master of the house said, 'Here I am at last! Only conceive, I had quite forgotten our intended jaunt! — I met a friend, with whom I breakfasted. I had not seen him for twelve years, at least! He has met with many adventures during that time, which he related to me. You shall hear them on the road. After breakfast, we were taking a quiet walk in the Palais Royal, when I met Grigou here. He said, in the course of conversation, that as the weather was fine, he should like to take a jaunt into the country. Upon this, striking my forehead, "Lord have mercy upon me," said I, "they are all waiting for me at home to go to a village fête!" I asked Grigou to go with us; he consented, and here we are — the more the merrier. My love, send for a coach, and tell the maid to choose a large one.'

The coach drew up to the door. Although large,

the party found some difficulty in squeezing into it, because M. Barbeau alone nearly filled one of the seats. They managed it, however, the children being placed next to their mother and M. Grigou almost concealed behind M. Barbeau, to whom he said, 'I shall be smothered here;' but the latter replied, 'You are in a very good place, only don't move.'

'Where to, your honour?' said the coachman. At this very natural question, the whole party stared at each other, and Madame Barbeau said to her husband, 'Well, my dear, where are we to go?'

'The devil take me if I know. Coachman, in what village is there a fête to-day?'

'Why, master,' said coachee, 'I hardly know. There's Tivoli — the Chaumière —'

'That's not the thing. We want to go into the country, where there is some amusement going on.'

'Ah! that alters the case. Shall I drive you to the Batignolles, or to Father Latulle's?' — 'Oh! we know Father Latulle very well. We can get a good dinner there, but it is not far enough out of town.' — 'Then I think, Sir, that there is a fête at Belleville.' — 'Very well, drive us to Belleville.'

'But,' said M. Grigou, trying to free himself a little from the immense weight of M. Barbeau, 'Belleville is not very rural — it is like one of the faubourgs of Paris We might do better.' — 'Oh! there you are again,' said M. Barbeau, sharply, 'always of a different opinion from every one else. We shall amuse ourselves at Belleville and see the fête. Sit quiet, and don't fidget about as you do.'

The little man said no more; he only made an effort to get one of his hands free, so that he might be able to wipe his face. During the journey, M. Barbeau related the adventures of the friend whom he had met that morning.

He talked on incessantly; for he never suffered his family to interrupt him. The artist gazed on Leonora, though he seemed attentively listening to her father.

As for friend Grigou, he was not always content to be a mere listener ; he also loved his story ; — but in the coach he let Barbeau go on. 'I shall have my turn in the fields,' thought he.

They soon reached Belleville, and the coach stopped opposite to L'Ile-d'Amour.* The party having alighted and discharged the coach, they walked through the principal street of the village, seeking some indications of the fête. But everything was quiet ; not even a gingerbread stall to be seen. Mama walked gravely on, holding by her daughter's arm ; the son had chosen the kennel for his footpath, and was trying to splash himself by way of doing something ; the painter was seeking in vain for some view to sketch ; and Grigou was looking all around, in an ill-humour, and muttering, 'Do they call this the country !'

On a sudden M. Barbeau stopped. 'Here,' said he, 'have we been, for the last quarter of an hour, walking about like fools. Pray are any of you amused ?'

'Certainly I am not.' — 'Nor I.' — 'Nor I.'

'The coachman is an ass ; there is no fête here. But we are not obliged to remain. Let us go beyond the village, and get into the Bois de Romainville. The fête is perhaps there.'

'Romainville ! — I don't like that wood,' said M. Grigou. 'Once, in endeavouring to get some chestnuts ——' 'Come, come, Grigou,' interrupted M. Barbeau, 'you are never of the same mind as other people. — You must be complaisant in company. — You always want to have your own way ; it is quite ridiculous. — Now, I think, on the contrary, that —— We'll go to Romainville, that's positive.'

After passing through Belleville, they crossed the park of Saint-Fargeau, and the wood appeared in sight. At all events, they were now in the country.

* A little island in the Seine.

'Look, papa! there's a donkey,' cried young hopeful. — 'Would you like to ride upon one?' — 'Oh yes, papa.' — 'Then we will hire some donkeys, and have a ride. We must amuse ourselves in the country. Nora, my girl, you shall ride one too, and so shall you, my love.' — 'Are you mad?' — What, would you rather have a horse?' if so, I will get a pony for you.' — 'I will ride neither horse nor ass. I should be sure to fall off — I never was on horseback in my life!' —— 'Grigou, you shall have a horse.' — 'Not I; I have not been on horseback since ——' 'Stop, I have it —— no matter — I will hire horses and donkeys for the whole party.'

M. Barbeau soon procured two animals of either species, had them saddled and bridled, and made his son and daughter mount the donkeys. In vain did M. Grigou attempt resistance. His friend put him on horseback by main force, mounted the other charger himself, and the whole cavalcade set out, followed by Madame Barbeau, whose feet were already sore, and by the artist, who wanted to make a sketch. The two horsemen soon entered the wood and were out of sight of the donkeys. On coming to a hill, M. Barbeau determined to trot down it, and force M. Grigou to do the same; but the horse of the latter having stumbled, the poor little man was tilted over its head.

'I was sure this would happen,' cried Grigou, in a doleful voice, groaning, and rubbing the part which, being heaviest, had, according to the law of gravitation, reached the ground first.

'What is the matter?' said M. Barbeau, returning.

'Why, don't you see? I have had a fall.'

'It is because you are a bad rider.'

'You are the cause of it, however.'

'Come, come, you are not hurt; — there is no harm done. You must not mind trifles. We must

enjoy ourselves when we are in the country. Let us join the rest of the party.'

'With all my heart. — But you shall not catch me on horseback again. I will lead my horse.'

'Ah, you coward!'

As they returned towards the entrance of the wood, they perceived an ass with a side-saddle on, rolling in the sand, after having thrown its rider. A little further on lay a female on the ground, whose face was concealed by her petticoats.

'Oh, how charming!' exclaimed M. Barbeau. 'Look there, Grigou; what a pity Bellefeuille is not here. What a pretty picture that would make!'

Grigou stopped, and took out his spectacles, the better to examine the picture; but before he could put them on, Madame Barbeau ran from the opposite direction, and pulled down the petticoats of the fallen rider, in whose countenance M. Barbeau then recognized that of his daughter. He did not now think the picture would be quite so pretty; but alighting, ran to his wife, who seemed in great tribulation at the accident.

'What is the matter?'

'Leonora has had a fall. The horrible donkey wanted to lie down.'

'I know all that. Art hurt, girl?'

'Oh, no, papa.'

'Then let's think no more about it.'

'Let's think no more about it! that is easily said,' muttered the young lady's mama, — 'but Leonora has fallen in a very disagreeable manner and she — '

'I know all that. Did Bellefeuille see her?'

'No, thank heaven! he was far behind.'

'Oh! then all is well. There is no harm done, since Bellefeuille did not see her. — Hola! Bellefeuille —— here, my dear friend, do me the favour to lead back these quadrupeds; they have amused us

sufficiently. Meantime, we will go and roll ourselves on the grass, and wait for your return.'

The young artist, by no means relishing this employment, dared not however refuse. He, therefore, mounted one horse, and led on one side the remaining horse, and on the other the donkey. M. Barbeau told him that he bore a faint resemblance to Franconi.

'We will go to the traiteur's yonder,' said M. Barbeau, 'and inquire whether there is a fête in this neighbourhood.'

'I see nothing that indicates one,' observed Grigou; 'but I am hungry.'

'Oh! we have plenty of time; we shan't dine yet.'

'Plenty of time! that is a good one. You take it so coolly, because you had beef-steaks for breakfast.'

But the ex-bookseller cut the matter short. 'My dear,' said he to his wife, 'do you stay here with Leonora, whilst I go and inquire where the fête is held.'

Madame Barbeau, whose feet were tingling with fatigue, from being unaccustomed to such walks, was well pleased at being able to rest. She therefore took her station on the grass by the side of her daughter, and Grigou accompanied her husband.

The traiteur, to whom they applied, was as fond of talking as M. Barbeau. To answer a simple question, he turned, and twisted, and beat about the bush, and involved himself in a labyrinth of sentences from which he could find no outlet. To indicate a road, he would begin by describing the whole neighbourhood; and when you asked what he could give you for dinner, he would enumerate the dishes he could dress, those he had invented, the ingredients of a sauce, and all that, to end in the acknowledgment that he had nothing left but roast veal.

M. Barbeau writhed with impatience as he listened to this man. At length, suddenly interrupting him in

the midst of a dissertation upon a dessert dish of his own composition, he said, 'I have been asking you this half hour whether or not there is a fête to day at Romainville, and if we can dine here;—instead of replying to my questions, you talk to me about pickles and preserves! Do you think I came here to learn to be a cook?'

'Sir——what, Sir!——Have I insulted you, Sir?—If you think so, Sir, I am ready to give you every possible satisfaction as a gentleman.'

'Go to the devil!' said the enraged Barbeau;—'a pretty joke truly——a knight of the spit and gridiron challenging me to fight a duel. We shall certainly not dine at your house, my fine fellow, because, in the first place, your tongue runs too fast, and next, because you can't answer a simple question.'

M. Barbeau walked with great dignity out of the house, followed by Grigou, who muttered with a sigh of despondency, 'But we must certainly dine somewhere.'

On joining the ladies, the party seated themselves upon the grass. M. Bellefeuille had just returned with young Alexander, who walked with a hobbling gait, because he had torn his new trowsers, and wanted to conceal the fact from his mother. But at that instant the mother and daughter were admiring, from the spot on which they were seated, some fine walnuts that were on the trees near them, and M. Barbeau was in the middle of a long story, which he was relating to poor Grigou, whom it did not much amuse, because there was no end to it.

'I was telling you, then,' continued the ex-bookseller, 'that, being one day in the country with some friends, we had agreed to make one of the party drunk. He was red-hot from his province,—a fat, good tempered, thick-headed simpleton, named Duloiret.'

'Duloiret! why I know him intimately,' cried Grigou.

'Well, no matter; your knowing him has nothing to do with my story.'

'But it has, though; and as a proof of it, I can tell you the story myself. I had it from his own lips, and——'

'No! permit me; I *must* know the story better than you, and I flatter myself that I can tell it quite as well.'

And without waiting for Grigou's permission, M. Barbeau began the anecdote over again, and proceeded to relate a dozen others arising from it. In the midst, however, of one of his stories, he perceived that his wife and daughter were not listening to him. 'What are you staring at,' said he, 'whilst I am speaking?'

'We are looking at the walnuts yonder,' replied his wife. 'They are very fine.'

'Shall I climb the tree, papa?' said Alexander.

'No, child,' M. Barbeau replied. 'I perceive that your trowsers are sufficiently torn already. If you attempted to climb the tree, you'd be in a pretty mess. Grigou, go and knock down some of those walnuts for the ladies. You see that Bellefeuille is sketching. Come, you are very ungallant, Grigou ——'

'Why don't you knock them down yourself?' said Grigou.

'Because I am not so active as you.'

'But are people allowed to——'

'What nonsense. What, man, art really afraid to knock down a few walnuts?'

Grigou could not withstand this insinuation against his courage. Besides, he had a chance of escaping from M. Barbeau's long stories. He therefore approached the walnut tree. Meantime M. Barbeau, stretching his unwieldy limbs upon the grass near the artist, the following conversation took place.

'Were I a painter,' M. Barbeau began, 'I would sketch every living oddity I met with.'

'Sir, it is not so easy to——'

Permit me to explain my idea—I have had many happy ones in the course of my life. I have often given the subject of a book to an author; and such books always sold well.

'But a book, Sir, is not a——'

'I have not yet done, my friend;—pray don't interrupt me—you put me out. Let us, for instance, examine the persons who are passing before us. This is Paris in the country,—that is to say, there are here some citizens, some workmen—in short, there are individuals of all kinds here from Paris; and if I were a painter or an author, I should take advantage of the present moment. There,—look at that couple who are passing. They are inhabitants of the city; and from being in their Sunday's best, they cut a tolerably good figure. They converse too closely, and look at each other too often to be husband and wife. The young man seems to pout a little—the lady affects to be sorry that she has trusted herself with him in the wood. But they are going to the traiteur's; they will call for a private room, dine together, and all will be made up. They look to me like a dapper linen-draper and a dress-maker. Do you not observe that the lady's frill is very carefully got up, and that the gentleman's trowsers and waistcoat are of the newest patterns? But you need not ask what they are who follow them,—laughing, jumping, making such a noise and kicking up such a cloud of dust? They are grisettes, but of the second order, which is, however, the gayest. These females care not much for appearances. There are five of them, and not the shadow of a man with them, which will not prevent them from laughing, or even from kicking up a row. These young women would fancy that they were not amused unless they made as much noise as possible. They laugh at every body they meet. Now they stop, and are in consultation about entering

the traiteur's. Do you remark how they look at the house? I am sure they are going to count the money they have, to see whether it is sufficient to pay for a good dinner. They are opening their reticules — taking out their purses — casting up the amount of the joint stock. Now for the result —— Oh! oh! it won't do; — instead of going to the traiteur's, they are going to the small public-house opposite, because their funds enable them only to treat themselves to an omelette-au-lard, washed down with wine of the landlord's own growth. But they will make up for it in the evening by coaxing the first fool that makes love to them, to treat them with cakes and punch. During the rest of the week, as they are binding shoes or making button-holes, they call to mind the pleasures they enjoy on Sundays! People must have a good stock either of philosophy or good temper, when a single day of pleasure suffices them for a whole weak. It is true that there are people of large fortune, and men in office, who have no amusement even one day out of the seven. Everything then is balanced in this world. Ah! here are some of the inhabitants of the place. They are strong and robust, but devilish ugly. — The female peasantry near Paris are seldom pretty. Their head-dress is not so graceful as that worn by the women of Normandy and Franche-Comté. The flat caps sported by the two women yonder are hideous ; and these females wear, besides, short-waisted gowns, which prevent you even from perceiving whether they have good figures or not. The man, by whose arm they are holding, has a foraging cap on, to show that he belongs to the national guard; — for ever since these good people have been taught their exercise, they think that, even at the plough-tail, they ought to have a military appearance. And why should this be ? Surely it is not a greater crime to wear a smock frock than a soldier's uniform. But here comes a bedecked operative with his family. He is dragging a small

wicker carriage containing his two youngest brats, and the provisions for the family dinner upon the grass. His wife brings up the rear. She carries nothing; for she is large in the family way. She is as cross as Old Nick, grumbles the whole of the way, and only speaks to her husband to say: "Take care, now; your are dragging the carriage upon the stones, and you'll upset the children. How stupidly you draw it!"——and the poor man, who is dripping with perspiration as he thus performs the part of a poodle dog, is persuaded that he enjoys himself on a Sunday, and toils like a slave during the week to procure this delightful recreation. Oh! here comes a cavalcade. Look, Bellefeuille; it is really worth being sketched. Are not those horsemen in otter-skin caps and ragged trowsers, admirable? As they have no straps under their shoes, their trowsers are up to their knees, and they exhibit their naked legs, which, on horseback, produces an excellent effect. On seeing those riding ragamuffins, one is almost tempted to say to them, "Would it not be better to buy stockings than to hire horses?" But they might answer, "Meddle with what concerns you." And they would be in the right. I suppose it is for this very reason, that people say nothing to them.'

Whilst M. Barbeau was pointing out human oddities to the attention of the artist, — without, however, including himself, — friend Grigou was throwing stones at the walnuts. This exercise reminded him of his youthful days, and he was delighted whenever he succeeded in bringing one down. He had just thrown his twentieth stone, and was picking up his eighth walnut, — which does not say much in favour of his skill, — when a little man, with a tin badge upon his chest, a huge sword by his side, and upon his head a cocked hat the point of which stood just above his nose, sprung upon poor Grigou, seized him by the collar, and cried, 'Ah! have I caught you at

last!—— On Sunday too, — and before every body! Come along to prison, Parisian.'

Grigou attempted first to free himself from the little man's grasp, then to excuse himself; but the man in authority, who was always half drunk on week days, and wholly so on Sundays, would not listen to reason, but kept good hold of his prey. At the same instant several peasants came up and joined in abusing Grigou. The French peasantry are always delighted when they can inflict annoyance or vexation upon townspeople, and they enjoyed the distress of poor Grigou, nearly beside himself with terror at the thought of being sent to prison. These clodhoppers fancy that the inhabitants of Paris never visit them but to spoil and ravage their fields; and yet these labourers — these rustics, who are so often represented as endowed with every domestic virtue, are for the most part cunning, selfish, envious, and addicted to slander and backbiting. What would they do if the inhabitants of cities did not purchase their produce? No doubt the latter would be equally embarrassed, if the tillers of the soil did not cultivate it for their use. But what does that prove? Why, that we are all dependent upon each other, and ought, therefore, to be actuated towards one another by kindlier feelings.

Grigou's lamentations having reached the ears of the party upon the grass, M. Barbeau rose and waddled to his assistance. Near the walnut-tree he beheld his poor friend in durance vile. In surprise, he asked twenty questions in a breath, without giving time for an answer to one of them; but, on perceiving that the individual who held Grigou by the collar was a garde-champêtre,* he guessed the truth.

'What are you going to do?' said he, addressing the police officer. 'You surely don't mean to put a man in prison for a walnut.'

'Sir, the fact is——'

* Similar to a police constable in a city. — *Tr.*

'I see well enough what the fact is. Is it worth making such a stir about ?'

'Oh! Sir, when——'

'Is it a fine you want ? Well, we'll pay it. Here are five francs ; take them and go to the devil.'

The garde-champêtre spurned the offer, because there were too many witnesses about him; and the peasants, one and all, cried out, 'Take him before the Mayor of Romainville; these Parisian rascals come here to rob us.'

'You are glad, however, said M. Barbeau, 'when these same Parisians come and buy your milk and your potatoes.'

'Oh! that gammon won't do. If they did'nt buy 'em, why we should use them ourselves — that's all the difference.'

'You would, would you? and pray how would you buy shoes, and clothes, and wine; and how would you pay your taxes?'

The peasants had nothing to reply to this, but set up the shout 'Take him before the Mayor ! — Take him before the Mayor!' And the garde-champêtre, whose heart was beginning to relent at the sight of Grigou's rueful countenance and tearful eyes, shut out compassion from his bosom, fiercely cocked his hat, and dragged his prisoner along.

'Well, we'll all go before the Mayor,' said M. Barbeau.

'What is the matter?' asked Madame Barbeau then just arrived with the rest of the party.

'Oh! nothing,' her husband replied; 'only we are just going before the mayor for a couple of walnuts which Grigou knocked from the tree. It is only a joke, but not a pleasant one either. However, as we have nothing else to do, we may as well go. It will be a delightful walk for us, and we shall perhaps see the fête when we get to the village.'

The party were by no means pleased with this

arrangement; but as M. Barbeau was, with the accused and the witnesses, already several yards in advance, the ladies, the artist, and young Alexander, reluctantly followed. As they walked on, M. Barbeau told the countrymen story after story, to prove how wrong they were in apprehending a man for knocking down a walnut. At length, Grigou whispered to him, 'But you are the cause of all this, for you made me do it.'

'Hold your foolish tongue,' replied M. Barbeau, giving him a smart blow in the side with his elbow. 'Hold your foolish tongue —— you will make your case worse if you talk about that.'

When they reached Romainville, they found no more the appearance of a fête than at Belleville. They proceeded immediately to the house of the mayor, accompanied by all the children of the village, who had joined Grigou's escort, of which M. Barbeau seemed to be the chief. He walked proudly at the head, talking without intermission, and by his pomposity and dogmatical air, he had already intimidated the garde-champêtre, who began to doubt whether he had not made a mistake. Even the peasants showed less confidence; for these people generally think that a man who talks continually must in the end be right. In this state of things, an indifferent spectator would have imagined that it was M. Barbeau who had ordered Grigou's apprehension.

The mayor was not at home; he was gone to the Mairie.

'Well, let us go to the Mairie,' cried M. Barbeau. But, Madame Barbeau and the children being tired, they seated themselves on a stone bench with M. Bellefeuille, who wanted to sketch the entrance to a dairy.

On their arrival at the Mairie, they were informed that the village magistrate was not there; he was gone to father Antoine's pot-house, where there was a quarrel among some of the customers.

The garde-champêtre and the peasants looked at one another with an air of indecision. It was easy to perceive that they were tired of walking about with their prisoner, and that the affair might easily be settled with a few conciliatory words and a pot of wine. But Barbeau had no notion of such a thing. Without listening to Grigou, who pulled him by the coat, 'Come,' said he, 'we will go to father Antoine's. We must see the mayor. I shall be delighted to see him. This gentleman has been taken up, and must be tried.'

'But,' whispered Grigou, 'they seem now disposed to listen to reason.'

'No matter, we must go to father Antoine's. I don't choose to have had this walk for nothing. The matter shall not end thus.'

They proceeded to father Antoine's; the good man sold cakes, bacon, and wine. The mayor had just left the house, because the quarrel had been settled. Mother Antoine thought he had returned to the Mairie to decide the cause of Jean-Marie and Gaspard, who, having a well common to both, had quarrelled about whose turn it was to put a new rope to the bucket.

'Well, then, we must return to the Mairie,' said M. Barbeau. But the garde-champêtre, accustomed to rest himself, and drink something whenever he passed father Antoine's door, had already taken his seat at a table. The peasants followed his example, saying, 'Well, you may let the gentleman go; he won't knock down walnuts another time. We've trudged about enough for to-day. Better let him go, hadn't you, garde?'

The garde-champêtre replied, filling a tumbler with wine, 'Yes, yes! there's been enough said about it, this time; — the gentleman may go.'

Grigou was delighted, and was about to thank everybody, when M. Barbeau, placing himself between Grigou and the garde-champêtre, exclaimed,

'I don't agree to any such thing, gentlemen. A man is not to be dragged through the country like a felon, for nothing —— I choose to return to the Mairie, and you shall all come with me.'

At these words, Grigou became purple with rage, and exclaimed, in his turn, 'By my father's wig, M. Barbeau, this beats anything I ever heard. Now this unlucky business is settled, and these gentlemen have chosen to forgive my folly and let me go, you want to have me taken before the mayor.'

'Yes, Sir; because I like that things should be done regularly and in proper form; because I detest arbitrary acts, and because ——'

'Go to the devil with your arbitrary acts! You told me yourself to knock down some walnuts ——'

'What does that prove?'

'That you get people into difficulties and there leave them.'

'On the contrary, I am doing all that I can to extricate you.'

'You are an obstinate man.'

'And you, a cursed ass.'

The quarrel between the friends now became so violent that the peasants were obliged to interfere and separate them. At length both were appeased, and harmony again restored. Barbeau now took a seat next to the garde-champêtre, and treated the whole party with wine. Grigou added to the treat, cakes made with rancid butter. The glass circulated, and the party became the best friends in the world.

In the midst of their conviviality, M. Barbeau inquired where the fête was. 'The fête!' replied one of the peasants, 'Why Sir, there is no fête to-day at Romainville.'

'The deuce!' exclaimed M. Barbeau; 'we came here to see one, however.'

'The fête is at Bagnolet,' said another.

'At Bagnolet — Ah! that's lucky after all. We will go to Bagnolet. Is it far off?'

'No, Sir, only about half a mile. Go straight down the high road, till you come to the first turning on the left, and there it is.'

'Come along, Grigou. One glass more and away. The ladies are waiting for us on the stone bench. Good bye, my friends; here's a health to you all.'

On leaving the pot-house, the ex-bookseller said to his friend, 'You now perceive that all has ended well — I was as cool as a cucumber during the whole business.'

'It was not your fault however,' Grigou replied, 'if matters are not worse.'

'Nonsense — you did not understand my tactics. If I had seemed a poor crying devil like you, we should still have remained prisoners.'

They found the rest of the party on the stone bench. Bellefuille had sketched three cows and the population of a poultry yard.

'We are going to Bagnolet,' roared M. Barbeau, the moment he caught sight of his wife at a distance.

'To Bagnolet!' Madame Barbeau replied to her husband as he reached the stone bench — 'To Bagnolet! Why you are out of your senses, M. Barbeau, to think of such a thing. It is almost dark.'

'What has that to do with the matter? You are not frightened when we are with you, my love.'

'But we are all so tired.'

'It is down hill all the way, I tell you.'

'We are starved.'

'Well, we'll get some dinner at Bagnolet.'

No further objection being made, the party set out. It was dark when they reached Bagnolet. This beautiful village consists of only one narrow street, almost as long as the Faubourg St Martin. As they proceeded, they heard a dreadful noise which seemed continually to increase. They could not distinguish whether it were caused by strife or by laughter and rejoicing, but to the ladies it seemed of sad augury.

'Well,' exclaimed M. Barbeau, 'There is some appearance of a fête here at all events. Do you hear how the inhabitants are amusing themselves?'

'I know not how they are amusing themselves,' Madame Barbeau replied, 'but I am frightened at the noise they make.'

'So am I,' said Leonora, pressing closer to her mother.

'If there is fighting going on,' said Grigou, 'I had much rather not see the fête; I shall be off.'

'Come, come, what nonsense!' cried M. Barbeau. 'The people are only laughing and dancing. How can that alarm you? Come along, and I'll be answerable for the consequences.'

They at length reached the village-green, where the fête was held. At one of its extremities was a spot well sanded and surrounded with ropes, within which the young people of the place were dancing to the sound of two squeaking fiddles and a tambourine. Opposite were two moveable shops, one for the sale of gingerbread, and the other of sausages. The green was lit up with a few small lamps, and about a dozen candles in paper lanterns.

Our party arrived during the height of a dispute between some of the peasants, most of whom were intoxicated. The women had withdrawn to the other side of the green, whence they looked at the glorious feats performed by their husbands, their sons, and their brothers. At length, however, the strife ceased, the two sexes once more mingled in the mazy dance, and the peace seemed a durable one. But appearances are often deceitful.

'You see that there is amusement here,' said M. Barbeau. 'These people make a great noise, it is true, but peasants are accustomed to speak loud.

'Is this what you call a village fête?' inquired Grigou.

'Stop, we have not yet seen every thing; but let us find a traiteur, and get something to eat.'

They looked on all sides for this accommodating personage, but could see no more of a traiteur at Bagnolet than they had seen of a fête at Romainville. They discovered, however, a mean public-house, over the door of which was a sign, with these words:

RUSTIC GARDEN AND LANDSCAPE.

'Do you know what that means?' said M. Barbeau to the painter.

'Faith, not I.'

'Nor I either; but no matter, let's go in, and we will ask for a landscape in which there is something to eat.

They accordingly entered the hovel, but could not remain in the public room, because the smell of garlic was so strong there that it drew tears from their eyes. They therefore went into the rustic garden behind the premises. Here they discovered that the pretended landscape consisted of some paper-hangings pasted upon the wall of the garden, and displaying figures of parrots and canary birds perched upon branches of trees.

The party, almost starved, seated themselves round a table facing the landscape, and inquired what they could have for dinner. There was nothing left but pickled pork and eggs; all the other provisions had been devoured by the peasants who had come to the fête. Such a dinner, washed down with Bagnolet wine, seemed very rustic to our Parisians, who swallowed it as fast as they could, and returned to the place where the dance was going on with great animation.

M. Barbeau, who had stuffed the party with gingerbread by way of dessert, now insisted upon their dancing. In vain did his wife resist; he made her stand up, and chose to be her partner himself. Bellefeuille led out Leonora. The music began; the peasants had struck off without waiting for it, and the dance joyously proceeded in the sanded arena. On a

sudden, other peasants broke into the ring, and fell upon the dancers with the utmost fury, saying, 'We forbade you to dance with our women.'

A general battle ensued, for every peasant at the fête took a part in the quarrel, on one side or the other. The women ran off screaming, the children squalled, the dogs barked, and all was in dreadful confusion; — yet the fiddles continued, as if exciting the combatants to deeds of noble daring. In the midst of this tumult, Madame Barbeau lost her husband, and her daughter was separated from the artist. It was not without difficulty that the mother and daughter succeeded in getting out of the ring. The one called her husband, the other her little brother — but in vain; their voices were lost among those of the female peasants, who were endeavouring to separate the belligerents. After some time they found Grigou in a corner of the green, dreadfully bruised. Four peasants had been fighting over his body for five minutes, and two men had just lifted him from the ground. Though scarcely able to move, he managed to get beyond the range of the village fête. M. Bellefeuille soon appeared without his hat, but brought back Alexander to his mother. M. Barbeau was still missing; he, however, joined the others at last, minus a cravat, and with his shirt-collar torn. He was in perfect good humour, and seemed to enjoy the fun.

'Oh! the devils,' he exclaimed, 'how they battered each other.'

'Ah! my dear,' said his wife, 'where have you been?'

'I have been fighting.'

'And for whom?'

'Faith, I don't know. The fact is, every body was fighting, and I thought I might as well do as the others did; so, after I had knocked down two or three, the others made room for me to pass. Ah! what a pleasant excursion! Shall we return home, my love?'

'Yes, indeed, as fast as we can.'

'Well, come along then; but I can't answer for our finding a coach at the barrière.'

'Ah! friend Barbeau,' sighed Grigou, 'you shall never catch me at such a party of pleasure again.'

THE CEMETERY OF PERE LACHAISE.

TOWARDS the end of the summer I was afflicted with a fit of that profound melancholy which might be taken for an instinct of secret resentment against mankind. It was the bitter recollection of an undefined past, with a weariness of the present. In such a disposition of mind, we love to quit the city — to leave behind us the too positive forms of social life — to shun all that is false, artificial, and out of harmony with nature, — to fly, in short, from man. . . . . And if still in that dark mood, softened down to a milder tone of sadness, we climb a hill whose summit towers above some populous city — over Paris, for instance — then our reverie assumes the same philosophic tone that led Volney to meditate upon ruins ! We admire the power of time, industry, and civilization in that surprising mass of houses which conceal from our view vast plains, the banks of a river and numerous hills — houses which sixteen centuries have brought one by one, and day by day, nearer to each other. We can read history upon the pediments of the buildings and upon the public monuments. In that medley of domes and gothic towers, of churches and temples, of palaces and hospitals, we can interrogate morality and human suffering, religion and politics. All is food for our meditations ; — the contrast between the immobility of the buildings, and the activity of the human mass which fills them — that uniform noise produced by dif-

ferent voices, like the buzzing in an immense hive, whose inhabitants you can hear without seeing them — that vapoury curtain thrown over the centre of the city, and which is never wholly raised; yes! all — even the capricious smoke, which in one place rises in thick, black columns, and in another ascends in high waving curls, rendering by motion its outline apparent upon the blue sky as it melts into transparent vapour. . . . . In such a temper, was I wending my way towards Montmartre, where both strangers and Parisians may see the panorama of the capital unrolled at their feet, when I bethought me that I could contemplate the same picture under a more attractive aspect, and I forthwith bent my steps towards the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.

As I advanced in thoughtful silence, I forgot the distance, and seemed unconscious of its gradual decrease. I had still to pass a considerable portion of the boulevard. A young girl, a woman, and a lad offered me chaplets, of which they carried many for sale upon sticks: — some were white, some yellow, others green, others variegated, and all interwoven with everlastings. The sight of these flowers reminded me of the pleasing ceremonies of the ancients. What a prodigious number of such chaplets must have been sold in the avenues of the temples, where there were so many goddesses to be adored! Some chaplets, entirely black, brought back my thoughts to their destination in the present instance; and, looking, first at the young girl, then at the wall which surrounded the cemetery, a smile of irony played upon my lips. . . . I was not long in remarking the prodigious increase of these flower-girls, indicating another and more melancholy increase, which my thoughts had not then reached.

The neighbourhood of Père Lachaise, besides containing a large population of these flower-girls, is com-

posed almost wholly of tea-gardens and manufactories of funereal monuments.

There is no greater proof of the other increase to which I have alluded, than the number of statuaries who reside in this neighbourhood. A whole street leading to the Barrière d'Aulnay contains on each side shops of no other kind. Tombstones, iron railings, and crosses of all sizes, patterns, and prices, are there laid out with as much pretension as the mahogany furniture in our bazaars, or in the shops of the Faubourg St Antoine. Rows of funereal urns, great, small, and middle-sized, adorn the walls; while collections of monuments, executed in a small size, form miniature samples, like a jeweller's show-glass. Nothing is neglected to give an attractive form to these establishments; one bears the sign of 'The Tomb of La Fontaine,' another that of 'The Tomb of Héloise and Abeilard,' and a third that of 'The Tomb of General Foy.' The masters of these shops hope that the son, who, with down-cast eyes, follows the remains of his parent, may throw upon them a chance look which may be followed by a recollection. It requires the interference of the police to prevent these industrious tradesmen from attending funeral processions, and tendering their wares within the enclosure of the cemetery. At present, they can only stand at the doors of the Mairies, and watch for those who go to register deaths.* To these people, life is only a parasitical plant supported by death.

The number of deaths does not always coincide with the speculations of these stone-cutters. Whilst I was looking with a sort of curiosity at their workshops, I heard one complain of what he called the *dead* season. 'Fortunately,' he said, 'we have yet

* By the law of France, the birth, marriage, and decease of every person are entered in a public register at the Mairie of the district, and signed by two witnesses. — *Tr.*

the fall of the leaf to come ; the autumn is drawing near, and we shall have some of the great dons.'

This street, leading so directly to the burying-ground, would naturally produce an impression of sadness, preparatory to entering the abode of death, if the mind were not previously prepared by passing through several other streets entirely deserted. Besides this, the heart contracts at the sight of a vast prison, new and unfinished, which you are obliged to pass, with its grated windows, its heavy turrets, and its fearful Bastille appearance. A prison on the road to a cemetery ! What a cruel want of foresight ! Shall the moral object of such institutions remain for ever concealed ? Another prison is being built near the garden of the new Tivoli. What a contrast ! In which of these houses of captivity would you seek for the intention of the legislator ? Is it derision in one place, and inhumanity in the other ? No ; but it is carelessness and want of reflection in both.

The gates of the two cities, that is to say, of Paris living and Paris dead, are close to each other. The keepers of both can converse and shake hands together. The width of the boulevard is the only separation between the Barrière d'Aulnay and the entrance to the Cemetery.

In front of this entrance, which is of semi-circular form, and noble as the entrance to a king's palace, hackney-coaches, sulkies, and brilliant equipages, are waiting for their owners. People are continually arriving, and each comes there at last never to return, — no matter in what carriage ; for equality begins on the other side of the gate. No one enters the sanctuary but on foot, and the wealthy seem here to evince less of hauteur towards the poorer pedestrians. The fact is, that, in this place, the sentiment of the most fearful of realities makes an impression upon the mind and deadens its pride. Doubtless, on the fatal day there is still a difference in the outward covering of

the rich and the poor; beech and deal will succeed coarse cloth and rags — a double envelope of cedar and lead will replace the silky broad-cloth and the Indian shawl. But for what are these habiliments of the grave? For the earth-worm, that dwells in the splendid edifices of marble and bronze raised within this enclosure, and is the real inhabitant of these mortuary palaces.

I remarked that each visitor was struck, like myself, with a sudden awe, which makes people converse in a subdued voice. The speech becomes mysterious and reserved on entering this vast enclosure; it is like going into the room of a sick patient, whom we are afraid of disturbing. We yield to a sort of terror — an action of the mind upon itself; and it would almost seem as if we fancied that there were ears underground, attentively listening to us. Ah! among so many words which escape from human lips, how few would be uttered if we were certain of their being heard by an invisible witness! Man speaks too much of God, and believes too little in his presence; he everywhere names the Almighty, but nowhere remembers him.

I held several chaplets in my hand; but knew of only one tomb upon which I might place them. Eight years had elapsed since I assisted at the wedding of one of my friends. It was a funeral rite — the last consolation of pure and virgin love! There is a disease more dreadful than every other, because it wages pitiless war with youth instead of age, and makes its very first attacks upon the breath of life. The physician, on discovering its well-known symptoms, turns his head away in sadness, for he has no remedy against its ravages. The destructive germ of this malady was in the bosom of the bride. The young man, her betrothed, who loved her with an affection passionate as her own, was not selfish enough to refuse her this vain phantom of a marriage. It afforded

her consolation, and he was eager to gratify her. She allowed no part of the ceremony to be omitted, and, in spite of the immediate danger, encountered the death-chill of a damp and cold church. We conducted her to her husband's residence; I took her arm and helped her to ascend the staircase. She moved with great pain. Alas; how were my thoughts pre-occupied! I felt sure that this young and lovely creature would never more descend those stairs alive. On entering the nuptial chamber, a ray of happiness beamed upon her pale features, and a spark of hope seemed to flash from her eyes, — but in an instant they disappeared, and left no trace behind. Faint and exhausted with fatigue, she was placed upon the bed, which she never more quitted until her lifeless body was conveyed to its last resting-place. She had her chaplet hung up within view, and her wedding dress spread at her feet. For twenty days she looked at them with a sweet but heart-rending smile! — On the twenty-first she saw them no more. Having accompanied her to the altar, I also accompanied her remains to the grave. She was buried in the rising ground opposite to the old entrance. I remember that as I was leaving the cemetery, with tears in my eyes, I turned round, and seeing distinctly the spot which contained the mortal envelope of the virgin bride, I addressed a last adieu to her pure spirit speeding its flight to the realms of bliss.

From that period, I have been so fortunate as not to have accompanied to this place the remains of any one dear to me. Always in the high road of life, I have walked on without reflecting much upon the numbers cut down around me by the sickle of Death. If the recollection of Père Lachaise came accidentally into my thoughts, it only offered the idea of the enclosure as it was when I saw it, with its tombs already numerous but dispersed, and between them empty spaces. With this impression, I looked round,

on entering, for the tomb upon which I intended to place my chaplets. But great was my astonishment — I could almost say my fear — at the alteration. I can only compare it to the surprise of the emigrant, fifteen years ago, who had been absent from his country thirty years; when he looked for those spacious gardens, waste lands, and green pastures which existed when he left Paris, and which were now converted into masses of buildings, and magnificent streets, imprinted with all the splendour and bustling show of modern civilization. My astonishment was just as great at the sight of the forest of yew-trees in this cemetery, and of the number of funereal monuments side by side, and towering above each other on the rising ground. What a change had a very few years effected! What a number of trees and shrubs! What a quantity of bronze, and marble, and granite — and of all kinds of stone! How many enclosures, of all dimensions! How many shafts, pillars, pyramids, statues, magnificent tombs, and sepulchral images! How many crosses, carved tears, and attributes of the grave! How many men, women and children — all now inanimate, all having once lived! — How fruitful and powerful is death! How rapid and how frequent are its inflictions! What conquests does it not make, — what riches, what an empire! 'No,' I exclaimed, 'this is no longer a field of repose, it is the magnificent city of a population of corpses.'

But, what! do the living here usurp the place of the dead, and dispute with them their last asylum? Pious travellers, I see you kneeling before sepulchres, upon which are carved the symbols of the tomb, and your credulity would fain honour the mortal remains of the pretended occupants whose names are inscribed over the doors. But, rise and examine. Look at this mausoleum; —it is an empty one. Its owner and intended occupant is still in the bloom of life, and en-

joying all its luxuries. Here is another;—and further on you see many others. Know ye not that it is usual with the man of wealth at Paris to possess his town hôtel, his country house at St Cloud, a box at the Italian Opera, and a tomb in this cemetery? Here he pays the earnest-money for a habitation which he will occupy when the lease of the tenement he now holds is expired. He chooses beforehand the aspect he prefers, so as to expose the soil to the rays of the sun — which shall not give warmth to his ashes; he selects the declivity of a hill or the bottom of a dell, or the neighbourhood which pleases him,—solitude, society, or the splendour of fashion; — for the cemetery of Père Lachaise has also its aristocracy of tombs and its faubourgs. But do not envy the rich man I have described. When he built so splendid a repository for his mortal remains, he did not expect that a revolution in 1830 would bring him down to a level with those to whom riches are as things past. His hôtel has changed masters; other children than his now play in his park at St Cloud; his wife no longer occupies a front seat in his box at the Italian Opera — there is a new master over all:—his tomb is all that now remains — *that* cannot fail him.

It is no longer the custom at Paris to inscribe distinguished names upon the fronts of houses. The names of Larochefoucauld, Crillon, Talleyrand, and Gontaut-Biron, are yet to be seen so inscribed; but none are added to them. This custom has been removed by fashion to the burial-ground of Père Lachaise, and is adopted by all families in affluence. Everywhere you will see family sepulchres. People come hither beforehand, to display, some their obscurity, others their pride, and all their nothingness. Some of these monuments, however, originate in feelings of the tenderest affection; and are appointed as places of meeting after death. They who survive feel consolation in the idea of reposing side by side with

those they loved. Neither does philosophy object to this anticipation of death. To go voluntarily and mark the goal to which an inexorable necessity must ultimately lead you — to meditate upon your end, and measure your own grave — must have a powerful influence upon the morality of your life.

Alone, and at the close of a day of melancholy meditation, the man of feeling goes and marks out his place. Not so the thoughtless, gay Frenchman; — he gets up a party of *pleasure* for this purpose, and consults his friends or companions upon the choice of a spot — the size and plan of the building. This, when complete, is considered like any other new purchase; and the owner takes delight in doing the honours to the guests whom he invites to visit it. He talks about it at the banquet table, where, instead of the repulsive skull used in ancient Egypt, you have descriptions of marble, and of grass-plots, and of flowers. Frequent visits to the field of repose seem to soften the passage from life to death. They render the loss of a beloved friend less poignant, and his absence less absolute and less complete. The illusion of his being only in a lengthened sleep is heightened when we are often near the spot which holds his mortal remains.

Thus, the buildings in this new city — in this repository of ashes and bones — become daily more numerous. Soon will it be necessary to number the tombs, and give names to the streets and squares. There, perhaps, as in our living cities, genius and renown will one day be neglected in favour of opulence and luxury.

But why delay? It is scarcely five-and-twenty years ago that we said to Death, 'Let us take an exact account of thy progress: build thou thy city as we have built ours, and we will compare the two.' Well! the new city, built near the thirty thousand houses of old Lutetia, already boasts its thirty-one thousand monuments.

A complete police is already necessary in this new city, throughout which activity and industry reign. The great avenues constantly give passage to architects, carpenters, locksmiths, masons, and a host of other workmen. It is a city in a constant progress of construction. The ideal disappears before pulleys, wheels, and scaffoldings; for the tombs, humble and confined at first, are now assuming broad bases, are increasing in elevation, and will probably not stop at the height which they have already reached. A number of small pyramids were, no doubt, built, before so many years were spent, so many workmen and stones employed, in raising the gigantic monument of Cheops.

The points of the pyramids in the cemetery of Père Lachaise overtop the other buildings. An obelisk of Carrara marble, forty feet high, was very near attesting the opulent vanity of an upholsterer to the king. An inscription was to have made known that M. Boulard had himself undertaken a journey to Genoa, for the express purpose of choosing the finest marble. A foundation trench of forty feet deep had been dug, and a sum of 400,000 francs, in compliance with the will of the deceased, was about to be devoted to this monument, when his heirs thought that his mortal remains could not repose in a better place than the chapel of the hospital at St Mandé, built at the cost of a million of francs, which he had bequeathed for that purpose.

The spot destined for this gorgeous display of ostentation has not remained unoccupied. In that part of it which faces the great northern avenue, rises a pyramidal monument, belonging to a rich Portuguese family, named Dios Santos. Two lateral staircases of from fifteen to twenty steps lead to its base; and a third, placed in the centre, is the entrance to the sepulchral vault which it covers, and only half of which is above the surface of the ground. Compared with these expensive buildings, the simple tombs with bronze gates are already reduced to the same degree

of inferiority, as the rude sarcophagi when brought into comparison with those tombs. Now chapels are built; and most of the monuments placed on the side of the declivity, have not less than two stories, one upon a level with the lower road, and another above it, opening upon a road higher up the hill. Thus, a poor child, — mistaking, no doubt, from the size of these edifices, their object, — asked as he stopped before one of them, 'Who lives here?'

So great is the progress of ostentation in the building of sepulchres, that such edifices have already become a distinct branch of trade and of art; and there now exists a company for the construction of tombs.

By means of this enterprise, (as the company undertakes to keep the tombs in repair,) the monument to the memory of the deceased husband is no longer neglected, which, as it had been observed, was always the case before. A man may still feel united to the spirit of his first wife from a recollection of her merits, and yet belong to his second by a happy community of existence; but a woman cannot so divide her feelings. When a woman marries again — and few fail to do so if they can — she repudiates, with the cast-off ring of the first marriage, all remembrance of the first husband. It is like Dido's ring, to which the memory of Sichæus was attached. — But if we inquire which of the tombs bear the strongest marks of an attachment unshaken by separation, shall we not discover them on those raised by maternal affection? We can easily, in any one of these monuments, trace a mother's mourning; its imprint cannot be effaced. By its expression, the cold marble is made to draw from us tears of sensibility. He who has never read inscriptions dictated by maternal grief, cannot comprehend how much eloquence and sublimity may be conveyed in a few words which flow from the heart.

I observed the motions of a young female among the shrubs where grief and sorrow retire to unfer-

rupted solitude. She was a wife, and had lost her first-born. With what care did she replace the old and faded flowers with fresh ones! How lightly did she press her foot upon the spade, which she feared might enter too deeply into the earth! With what care did she use the contents of a small watering-pot which she had taken from behind a yew-tree! — and how lovely, yet how melancholy her smile, at the first shoots of verdure! It was a smile pourtraying the deep pathos of a mother's love! Three feet of earth seemed not to conceal from her the face of her son. She appeared to look upon him; and she hung over his tomb as if it were his cradle. Tender mother! thy babe is asleep; thou smilest upon him, and fearest to interrupt his slumbers. — A stranger to everything around her, and her mind absorbed by fond recollections, she heard not the bustle of the rich man's funeral.

Every one else ran to witness this pomp; and each, to save himself trouble, climbed over the graves in his way, sullied with his footsteps the white grave-stones, and made the slight black rails, which form but a feeble rampart to the sepulchres, bend under his weight. They who but an instant before had, with religious care, adorned the tomb of a relative or friend, trampled without pity upon the freshly-dug flower-borders, which filial piety had not yet had the courage to surround with rails; or threw down the garlands of white flowers which surmounted the monumental inscriptions or adorned the graves: — so true is it, that the cypress of the tomb is sacred for him only by whom it is planted. This heedless profanation is renewed each time that a bier is attended to the place of its final deposit by solemn and ostentatious pomp.

To acquire a thorough knowledge of the extremes contained in our metropolis, we need only spend a single day in this cemetery. As, towards the end of autumn, the leaves are every instant falling from all

the trees of the forest, so each day at Paris, do all classes furnish their contingent of death. This population of a million casts away continually those parts of itself which the frost of mortality has blighted. Nor does it cease to advance in a mass towards three places privileged to swallow it up; namely, to Mont-Parnasse, on the south side — towards the ancient Colline de Mars, on the north — and on the eastern side towards the hills of Menil-Montant. Time imparts not a single oscillation to his vast pendulum without pushing the population of Paris towards one of these places. And on each road, you hear from morning till night, sounds of rejoicing, the noise and animated harmony of popular music, and the songs and bustle of Faubourg weddings. Often do the hearse and the wedding-coach pass through the same barrière, often do they meet from opposite directions, and often are the assistants of a funeral obliged to mingle with the bridal cortège.

I was still meditating upon these strange contrasts, when I found myself in the middle of that brilliant division of the burial-ground, assigned to the most eminent individuals of the empire, and which might be termed the 'Quartier des Maréchaux.' On a sudden I heard the sound of a funereal drum; it was followed by a discharge of musketry, which vibrated through a succession of echoes; and I could almost fancy I suddenly perceived the illustrious dead which surrounded me, start from their cold graves to greet a brother in arms, and ask him the name of his last battle-field. I advanced as it were to follow them, and soon perceived a platoon of national guards that had just been paying the last military honours to the remains of a sergeant of their company. Never were these military funerals so frequent in the eastern cemetery as they are now; for there passes not a day on which some peaceable citizen is not interred with the same noise.

Two other hearses had entered the cemetery at the same time, and several others followed at short intervals.

Although the gates of the burial-ground are open at all hours of the day, it is in the morning that funerals are the most frequent. In the night, at a certain hour, when the stars have crossed their zenith, and are declining towards the western horizon, death stalks forth and places his black flag upon the habitations of his victims; then, as soon as Paris is roused from its night slumbers, and heavy carts have passed through its streets to cleanse it of its diurnal filth, the chariots of the dead proceed through the same streets carrying off the corpses ready for interment. Most of these are brought to the eastern cemetery.

Observe the drivers of these chariots seated upon their boxes. The countenances of these men betray not the slightest emotion. The same placid indifference — the same monotony of expression is visible, whether they come or go. They seem to hold the reins as if by instinct, and appear as insignificant as the animals they drive. There is a vast difference, however, in the places assigned to the numerous hearses which they drive. I saw one followed by an immense cortège, who were paying to its dead occupant this last hypocritical homage; it was adorned with tears of silver, — the only tears most generally seen at the rich man's funeral. It took its station on the right — the Chaussée-d'Antin of the funereal city. I saw another which had come alone — the friends of the individual, whose corpse it bore, having quitted him as soon as life had fled. I saw it proceed to its more solitary station on the left. In vain did I look behind the hearse for one solitary friend of the deceased; the gate-keeper prevented a dog from following its master's remains. He drove it brutally from the gate; and the poor animal showed its grief by its wailings. It stopped, turned back, ran round the walls

of the enclosure, then wandered into the adjoining fields, like a being without a friend or asylum, not knowing where to go or upon what new individual to fix its affections.

Meantime the body of its master was conveyed down a long staircase, to a wide excavation, and placed by the side of the corpse which had preceded him. There, without distinction of age or sex, the bodies are placed in rows scarcely a foot asunder. This common grave which it will take Death a long time to fill up, is always gaping for victims, and cannot be looked at without dread. Near its entrance knelt a young girl dressed in coarse black serge, with her head resting upon her bosom, and her hands clasped in fervent prayer. The poor child had doubled her labour to procure a separate asylum for her mother; but success was beyond her strength. Here she prayed with a sort of bewildered feeling, not knowing under which sod lay her beloved parent. After her departure — for I looked at her until her prayer was done — I saw a man approach with a firm step, but whose features quivered with emotion. He was a soldier. Long a prisoner of war in a foreign land, his young wife had been obliged to die under the roof of charity. The unhappy husband looked as if he was in search of her — as if he could see her; but he knew not on what spot to let his tears drop. The object of his affection lay undistinguished amid this confusion of corpses; — no sob had been heard when the grave-digger's shovel hid the last corner of her coffin — no voice had pronounced a blessing upon her remains,— for there is no attendant priest at the burials of the poor.

Having asked the soldier whether our last revolution was marked in this cemetery by any monuments, he led me near to the old entrance and pointed to the waving tricolour flag at some distance from us. I approached it with my hat in my hand. A simple

wicker work surrounded two parallel rectangles, with each a border of box-tree, and a cross. Between them was the flag. On one of the crosses was the following inscription :

À la mémoire de Pierre Robin,
âgé de 67 ans,
une des victimes du 28 Juillet, 1830.
De profundis.

[To the memory of Pierre Robin, aged 67, one of the victims of the 28th July, 1830.]

The other had these words :

Ici repose une victime inconnue du 28 Juillet, 1830.
De profundis.

[Here lies an unknown victim of the 28th July, 1830.]

How did these simple words affect me ! An unknown victim — and yet he sleeps in a fraternal enclosure ! Both tombs are honoured by the same care ! No doubt they died near each other, and separate from the other combatants ; — perhaps at the corner of some street. Perhaps they never saw one another before, and had shared with each other, that which was so readily lent on those cruel days — namely, powder and ball. Fighting in the same cause made them brothers. They, perhaps, fired a long time before they were perceived, and then the fatal shot from the royal troops struck both at the same time. Honour to the relatives of the one, who chose to pay the duties of a relative to the remains of the other ! It was a noble and patriotic thought not to separate them ! And who was this unknown victim ? A father, perhaps, for whose return his children were waiting in vain, or a son whose father was seeking without finding him. How many must there thus have been, whose families never saw them more !——

But peace to the ashes of friends and enemies in that last asylum where all repose in the same manner — where Ney and already a hundred and thirty of the judges who doomed him to death, would lie together in

the same sleep of death, had not the family of that warrior removed his remains beyond the reach of revolutions, and buried them in his own domains — where nations long the most hostile in Europe, have each their representatives — and where wanderers from all countries have found a hospitable tomb. Amid the group of our great commanders and our great orators, I could not read, without emotion, the inscription upon the tomb of a Greek patriot. It is written in the language of Homer, and with the same characters as were used two thousand two hundred years ago, to trace the sublimest of epitaphs: — 'Passer-by, go to Sparta, and say that we lie here for having obeyed its sacred laws.' Have you not, like me, seen the foreigner recognize the name of a fellow countryman? Have you not seen him pause in pensive melancholy at the idea of a traveller being unexpectedly surprised by death, and his bones deposited far from the grave which he had perhaps marked out on his native soil?

Ah! he who reposes in this to him foreign land, has no share of the tears and offerings which moisten the sod and adorn the graves on the day which succeeds All-Saints Day. This is the festival of the dead, and it is solemnly kept. On this day you will see in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, a population of all ages and sexes: — here, a numerous family — there, a lone orphan — at another place a brother and sister in the precocious melancholy of their youth, orphans likewise, and the frail support of each other in a world full of shoals and quicksands. It seems as if all the grief of the year were kept for that solemn day; — for there is not a corner of the burying ground which does not then send forth the echo of a sob — not a spot on which some kneeling individual does not press upon a mute being, who in like manner once paid homage to human ashes, then filling the place it now occupies. The pangs of melting regret hover over this vast space, and show how much goodness nature has im-

planted in man. This moving picture — this multitude pressing each other within the walls of the cemetery — might almost seem to realize what the Eternal said, as stated by Massillon: 'Ye dead, arise!' And one would almost fancy that the graves had cast out their occupants to light and life.

So dense a mass of human beings would not appear on each succeeding year if now and then the earth had not to receive the sacred remains of men whose families consist of a whole nation, and who are accompanied to their last home by an entire population. Such were Foy, Manuel, and Benjamin Constant.

Amid this splendour of death, all the young people crowd towards the tombs of these three celebrated men. Foy, Manuel, and Benjamin Constant were personifications of the eloquence of the soul, the eloquence of reason, and the eloquence of wit. Majestic upon his vast pedestal, the first of these orators seems waiting until all around him shall awake from the sleep of death, to yield once more to the powerful inspirations of his eloquence. A fact which the remotest posterity will read in the page of French history, is the unanimous feeling with which the whole French nation came forward to provide for his widow and his sons. The nation acknowledged the debt due to him by an offering of more than a million of francs; but it spread not upon the cenotaph of the republican soldier, the threadbare mantle of the hereditary peerage.

How happened it that the million offered by gratitude, was reduced to the obole of charity for Manuel? Even the obole would have failed if the poor *chansonnier** had not gone round and made a collection. Simple stones cover his remains and those of Benjamin Constant, until the day of their translation to the Pantheon.

Without the fame of their renown, the present pe-

* Beranger.—*Tr.*

riod would have placed no striking mark upon the tombs of these three celebrated men. In the cemetery of Père Lachaise the common observer might still fancy himself under the imperial government, so greatly does the splendour of the magnificent monuments, under which the dignitaries of the empire repose — all placed together upon the same eminence — eclipse every other kind of funereal splendour. It truly verifies the saying of Napoleon, 'I have made my Marshals too rich.'

To the left, and bordering upon the great avenue which, rising gradually as it ascends the hill, surrounds the eastern part of the cemetery, are to be seen, at some distance from every other, and built against the crumbling bank, the black marble tombs of Marshal Kellermann and his wife. Kellermann! thou whose name recalls Valmy, as Valmy recalls Jemappes,— thy heart lies buried here! Valmy and Jemappes, the twin victories of the soldier-people,— of the bare-footed republicans! Who would have thought that these victories would one day form the caryatides of a new throne.

As you continue to ascend, you admire the family sepulchre of the Prince of Eckmuhl; then that of the family of the Duke of Tarento; afterwards the tomb of the intrepid Duke Decrès, who encountered so singular and deplorable a fate. He was on board his ship, the William Tell, when she blew up; and he survived this accident to die afterwards in his bed from the explosion of a few pounds of gunpowder which a wretched burglar had placed under it. Further on is the spot upon which was the stone bearing this inscription:—

CI GIT LE MARECHAL NEY, DUC D'ELCHINGEN, PRINCE DE LA MOSCOWA: DECEDE!.... LE 7 DECEMBRE, 1815.

[Here lies Marshal Ney, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of Moscowa, who died the 7th of December, 1815.]

At almost equal distances from the oldest of the Marshals, the brave Serrurier, repose, under two majestic pyramids of white marble, Suchet and Masséna. Few monuments are so sumptuous as these two. The first is enriched with the most beautiful sculpture; its principal ornament is the title of Duke of Albufera, connected with battles fought in every part of Europe. On the other are engraved these expressive names: — RIVOLI, ZURICH, GENOA, ESSLING!

Near to Masséna's tomb is that of Marshal Lefebvre, who himself selected this spot before his death. 'Remember,' he said, 'that if I die at Paris, I choose to be buried here, close to Masséna. We lived together in camps and bloody fields, and our ashes must lie under the same sod.' This monument is magnificent. Two winged Victories hold a crown over the Marshal's head, which is a striking likeness; a serpent, the symbol of immortality, twines round his sword; — upon the pediment is the simple name of LEFEBVRE, and on the other side are trophies, with these words: —

SOLDAT,
MARECHAL,
DUC DE DANTZIG,
PAIR DE FRANCE,

FLEURUS, AVANT-GARDE,
PASSAGE DU RHIN,
ALTENKIRCHEN,
DANTZIG,
MONTMIRAIL.

This monument was raised by conjugal affection. It is a true mausoleum. The deceased warrior's wife thought that, after his death, she had no further occasion for her diamonds, and she employed them to build her husband's tomb. As the world often notices expressions foreign to its ordinary language, it would do well to record also this fact, not less foreign to its ordinary habits.

But the multitude pause before an imposing edifice in the form of a chapel. It incloses the ashes of Cambacérès. This name recalls two great periods of our history; and his claims to the gratitude of his

fellow-citizens are certainly not unacknowledged; but his proudest title to fame is, that the Code Napoléon ought to have been called the Code Cambacérès. Near this tomb, I looked for another, which is, however, far from it. I went back, and walked entirely through the two circular roads, one of which is above the other. At length, lower down, and on a spot which it occupies alone, I found myself before a splendid monument. It is not of marble, nor of granite, nor of porphyry, but of a greyish stone, peculiarly adapted for funereal buildings. I know not from what quarry it was taken; but the national feeling of M. de Chabrol de Volvic in favour of French minerals, is well known, and this edifice will form his family sepulchre. Above a spacious vault, with a small semicircular opening, and about ten feet above the soil, is a sarcophagus adorned with figures in basso-relievo, and covered with a canopy supported by pillars. This sarcophagus contains the ashes of the Arch-Treasurer Lebrun, the father-in-law of the ancient Prefect of Paris.* Cambacérès and Lebrun! The connexion of these two names created an illusion which made me look for a third. 'There,' I exclaimed, 'are the second and third Consuls of the French Republic; but where lie the mortal remains of the First Consul? ..... The whole universe knows where!

To what an extent has history mingled her pages with the records in this cemetery! In its soil have our revolutions for the last twenty-five years been quenched; and this soil has itself now become burning. Already have fifteen months elapsed since the departure from Cherbourg; and I still read, in a Latin inscription, engraved at the expense of the municipal body of Paris, the following sentence:—

'TO THE MEMORY OF THE CITIZEN, WHO DESERVED WELL OF HIS COUNTRY, BECAUSE HE WAS THE FIRST TO EXCITE AMONG HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS THE DESIRE OF RESTORING THE LEGITIMATE MONARCHY.'

* M. de Chabrol de Volvic.

It is nearly at the extremity of one of the avenues which cross the cemetery in its breadth, and very far from the spot to which the remains of Marshal Ney were consigned, that you must look for the tomb of M. Bellart, upon which the above inscription is placed.

Why enumerate on the monumental stone of Count Desèze, situated on the other side of the walk, the offices he held? For my own part, I would only leave his name, and the towers of the temple sculptured there. I would have nothing superfluous; no cold description, when a single word would express all. I like the two hands of bronze which are joined between two tombs, and of which one is a woman's, from the bracelet which surrounds the wrist. I also like those three pillars, connected by the base and summit, in the centre of the edifice where the spirit of the good patriot Alexander Lameth is waiting for his brothers.

Thus it is, that on the days when the cemetery is full of visitors, numerous groups approach the most remarkable tombs, and relate to each other the histories of the celebrated men who repose in them, and whom the divers roads to fame have brought all to the same spot.

I had gone over the most opulent division of the cemetery, which may be termed the division of the Marshals — but I contemplated no tomb in that division with greater delight than when I stopped in the midst of those groves of which the grave of Delille forms the centre. It was not chance alone that grouped in this spot the tombs of Delille, Grétry, Bernardin de St Pierre, Charles, Madame Dufresnoy, Madame Dugazon, Madlle Raucourt, Fourcroy, Haüy, Thouin, Bréguet, Parny, Joseph Chénier, Bellangé, Brongniart (the architect of the cemetery), Mercier, Ginguené, Gaveaux, Talma, Géricault, Madame Blanchard, Berwick, Méhul, Persuis, Nicolo, and a multitude of others. Choice and sympa-

thy, no doubt, presided over this assemblage of names, not one of which passes through the mind without touching a fibre of the heart or warming the imagination. There are other such names scattered in different parts of the cemetery; and we must not forget those of Monge, the Abbé Sicard, Madame Cottin, Béclard, Percy, Chaussier, Girodet, Picard, Désaugiers, and many which I am obliged to omit.

The members of a new sect may perhaps tell me not to forget the tomb of their founder. There it is — but I dare not approach it; I should fear that I was treading upon something above human nature!.... One tombstone in this cemetery bears witness to the St Simonian faith. A woman, named Marie Simon, died in this belief, happy if the following form of faith opened a future state to her view, and afforded her consolation in death: — 'God is all that exists..... All is in him, all is through him, and nothing is beyond him.' Her fellow-sectarians, on taking leave of her, uttered the word HOPE, which is engraven upon her tomb.

An exquisite and affecting charm is often imparted by the epitaphs upon tombs which bear no celebrated name. In proportion as funereal monuments become more sumptuous, do these testimonies of grief become less frequent. Magnificence seems a sufficient homage to the memory of the deceased, and an affecting epitaph would turn attention from the beauty of the structure. Neither did I expect to find any in that inclosure in the form of a lyre, where fashion and vanity raise most of the new monuments. Let us approach the division allotted to the poor — that containing the common grave and the *temporary cessions;* — the ground upon which the other tombs stand being ceded in perpetuity. It is from this part of the cemetery that we must begin, and follow the progress of funereal luxury. Here, I find a damp soil, coarser foliage, walks more encumbered, tombstones out of

repair, urns upon the ground, broken crosses, and moss and sand upon the inscriptions. Here and there, nevertheless, are to be seen some marks of cultivation and kindly remembrance. All this inclosure is neglected, for the bodies find in it only a six years' hospitality.* But, from the increased size of the cemetery, no necessity had yet existed to raise any of the buried bodies. *Raise* is the term used in the cemetery. But the day of that necessity is come. Although the houses of the living seem to shun the neighbourhood of this funereal city, the owners of the land contiguous well know how to take advantage of the necessity of adding to the area of the latter; and at this very time, the exhausted funds of the city are unable to meet the exorbitant demand of a gardener, who possesses three quarters of an acre of land required for this purpose.†

I wandered through this region, the lowest in the cemetery, with the interest generally excited in us by things which are to undergo destruction. The impression of the affecting words contained in this spot afterwards became confounded with impressions which I had received in other parts of the cemetery, and I have forgotten many of the tombs which bore the most affecting inscriptions. For me, however, there was only one mother uttering her complaints, for the same mind seems to animate the whole; for me, there was only one child carried off by death, as all children

* The temporary cessions are for six years. — *Tr.*

† It is said that this gardener asks 60,000 francs. It is true, that a great profit accrues from the land in the cemetery. The price of a cession in perpetuity is 125 francs per mètre (about three feet.) No grave for a person above seven years of age can contain less than two superficial mètres — that is to say, two mètres in length, and one in breadth; nor for a child under that age, less than one superficial mètre. The price of the temporary cessions is 50 francs for a grave. These may be renewed every six years.

have the same hold upon a mother's affections, and the death of each causes the same anguish.

Amid rose-bushes, lignum vitæ, and other shrubs and flowers, which adorn a small hillock, you will find the grave of a child — of Louise-Angelinc, and a tear will start in your eye. Ah ! put the branches again in their places as you pass through ; a simple board tells you to do so : —

De ces tristes rameaux l'ombrage solitaire
Cache aux yeux des mortels le trésor d'une mère.

[The solitary shade of these boughs conceals, from mortal eyes, a mother's treasure.]

Poor child ! if thou livedst long enough to lisp out the word which left so indelible an impression, thou wert the daughter of Madame Montic.

Attends !
Te penchant vers ta mère, avec un doux sourire,
Tu répétais ce mot qui charmait son amour ;
C'était le seul, helas ! que tu pusses lui dire ;
Ta mère te sourit, et redit à son tour —
Attends !

[Stay ! Leaning towards thy mother, with a sweet smile thou spokest this word, which charmed her love ; it was, alas ! the only one thou couldst utter ; thy mother smiled, and, in her turn, said — Stay!]

What already ? —— Cecilia Philibert, after a day of fourteen months, finds an eternal night !

Du paisible sommeil de la douce innocence,
Dans ce triste berceau tu dors, ô mon enfant !
Ecoute ; c'est ta mère : O ma seule espérance !
Réveille-toi ; jamais tu ne dors si long-temps.
(Décédée le 3 Decembre 1823.)

[In this sad cradle, O my child, thou sleepest the sleep of sweet innocence. Listen, it is thy mother's voice. O my only hope, awake ; thou art not accustomed to sleep so long. — Died on the 3rd of December 1823.]

And then Alexandrine Juillet, at four years of age, how cruel was thy first falsehood ! and how heart-rending is the last word of thy mother !

Près de mourir, elle nous disait : Ne pleure pas,
Papa ; ne pleure pas, maman ; je me sens mieux. . . .
Et elle mourut. . . . !
(Décédée le 13 Mars 1829.)

[On the point of death, she said to us: Do not weep, papa — do not weep, mama; — I feel that I am better: — and she died! .... 13th March 1829.]

Stay, Pauline Bertereau, and do not die until thou hast played with the first flowers of May.

Ange chéri, dont la vie éphémère
A passé comme un vent léger,
Prends pitié des pleurs de ta mère;
Et si Dieu voulut l'affliger,
Demande-lui de protéger
Ceux que tu laisses sur la terre.

(Décédée à l'âge de 6 ans, le 15 Mai 1824.)

[Beloved angel, whose short life has passed away like a light wind, pity thy mother's tears; and if God willed to afflict her, ask him to protect those whom thou has left upon earth. — Died, at the age of six years, on the 15th of May 1824.]

Joseph-Alphonse de Guille counted twelve summers, but did not reach the thirteenth.

Va compléter le celeste phalange,
Alphonse, Dieu t'appelle; il lui manquait un ange.

(Décédée le 3 Decembre 1826)

[Go, Alphonse, and complete the celestial phalanx; God calls thee; he has need of an angel. — Died the 3rd of December 1826.]

Lovely and cherished name of Georgina Mars, why didst thou not protect against the hand of death the nineteen years of her who bore thee! May the cold marble near that under which Georgina reposes, wait a long time before its occupant arrives!

Vertus, grâces, talents, tout dort sous cette pierre.
O vous qui visitez cette asile de pleurs,
Sur son tombeau jettez des fleurs;
Gardez vos larmes pour sa mère.

(Décédée le 29 Juin 1828.)

[Virtue, grace, talents — all repose under this stone. O ye who visit this asylum of griefs, throw flowers upon her tomb. Keep your tears for her mother! — Died the 29th of June 1828.]

And yet this mother also said, like her who has not recorded her name:

Dors, ma chère Camille,
Puisque du sort c'est l'immuable loi;
A ton réveil, ma fille,
Je serai près de toi.

[Sleep, dearest Camilla, since such is the unchangeable decree of fate. When thou awakest, my daughter, I shall be near thee.]

Two obelisks of veined white marble delicately sculptured, contain each only two words :

'Adieu Helène !' 'Adieu Clémence !'

In a hollow, formed by the inequalities of the ground, there is a black marble pedestal bearing a small urn of white marble. It is not found without difficulty, so well is it concealed by the thick foliage of acacia and elder by which it is surrounded. It is the monument of love. On it is this inscription : —

Le premier au rendezvous.

[The first at the place of appointment]

On a wife who died at the age of thirty-four :

Sur terre elle était exilée,
Dieu l'appela ;
Son ame au ciel s'est envolée,
Son corps est là.
(Madame Bourgain décédée le 12 Octobre 1827.)

[She was exiled upon earth ; God called her, and her soul flew to heaven, but her body lies here. — Madame Bourgain died the 12th of October 1827.]

A daughter wrote these affecting words :

Ici repose ma meillure amie ; c'était ma mère.
Louise Dugazon, 1831.

[Here lies my best friend ; she was my mother.]

And a son, the following : —

Passant, donne une larme à ma mère, en pensant à la tienne.

[Passer-by, drop a tear to my mother, as thou thinkest of thine own.]

Husband and children have probably expressed their united feelings in the two following verses, upon the tomb of Madame Montmenard : —

Dors en paix dans le ciel, objet de notre amour,
Attends-nous aujourd'hui, demain.... ce n'est qu'un jour.

[Sleep in peace in Heaven, dear object of our love. Expect us there to-day, to-morrow —— it is only a day.]

Friendship in its turn came and wrote upon the

tomb of Augustin Despréaux, who died aged sixty-four, this short and complete funeral oration.

Repose en paix dans ta sombre demeure,
Ton cœur jamais ne se reprocha rien ;
Repose en paix : sur toi l'amitié pleure ;
Repose en paix : tu n'as fait que le bien.

(Décédée le 19 Juin 1824.)

[Repose in peace in thy dark abode ; thy heart had nothing to reproach itself with. Repose in peace ; friendship weeps over thy grave. Repose in peace ; thou didst nothing but good. — Died the 19th of June 1824.]

Upon the tomb of Madame de Lamarck, a natural sister of the present King of Prussia, you will find these words :

Qui l'a connue, la pleure.

[Whoever knew her deplores her loss.]

Upon a modest wooden cross, at the common grave, is to be found the following striking history of a woman's life — that of Madame Veriot,

Elle vécut bien, elle aima bien, elle mourt bien.

[She lived well, loved well, and died well.]

And proceeding from the lowest to the highest span of human life, we come to the grave of a woman of eighty-one, who smiled as she recorded this most cruel of realities :

Un jour on dira de moi ce qu'on a dit des autres :
Marie-Anne Pallet est morte ; et l'on n'en parlera plus.

(Décédée en 1823.)

[One day that which has been said of so many others will be said of me : ' Mary Anne Pallet is dead ;' and then no more will be said about me.]

Among all the expressions of heartfelt grief placed over these graves, there are none in which widows have recorded their lasting sorrow for their husbands — so fearful do they seem, after being freed from the oath at the altar, of recording a second oath upon a tomb. Let us not, however, overlook that despairing widow, who, stretching her arms towards her child, says :

Mon amour pour mon fils a pu seul me retenir à la vie.

[My love for my son could alone reconcile me to life.]

Let us go and look at this her record upon the tomb of Labédoyère. We will, likewise, pay our respects to an exile of the same period, Regnault Saint-Jean-d'Angély, who, unable to live in a foreign land, obtained leave to revisit his native country. He arrived at Paris on the 10th of March, 1819, at six o'clock in the evening, and died six hours after. M. Lucien Arnault has related this melancholy event in the four following verses which appear upon the funereal monument of Regnault Saint-Jean-d'Angély.

Français, de son dernier soupir
Il a salué la patrie ;
Le même jour a vu finir
Ses maux, son exil, et sa vie.

[A Frenchman, his last sigh was for his country; and the same day saw the end of his misfortunes, his exile, and his life.]

But let me still cast another glance at the temporary cessions, — at that stone so simple, so lowly, without railings, without the cultivation of a friendly hand around it, and which, each day, may be expected to disappear under the efforts of the grave-digger, to make room for another. Upon it is written :

PAUVRE MARIE,
A 29 ANS !

Was she pretty ? Perhaps. — Was she good ? No doubt. — And who was she ? Neither a sister, nor a wife, nor a mother, — but most probably an orphan. Who consigned her remains to this earth ? A protector, a friend, a man of sensibility and generous heart. Ah ! all her history lies in the imagination, in the heart, in the sympathies of passers-by. How many have stopped before this cold and humble grave, mused deeply, and then repeated, 'Poor Mary, at twenty-nine years of age !'

When once the mind has been brought to a close view of the ravages of death, it seems to dwell with delight among the tombs. You cannot without diffi-

culty tear yourself from them. If you avoid a hundred, you find a hundred others which retain you. Involuntarily you lean towards an urn, an inscription, a cross, or a flower! All the dead, upon your road, are passengers of whom you have a question to ask, if it be only to inquire their name. It was thus that, from station to station, I was brought near to a modest monument before which I felt it a duty to stop. With emotion I read the following lines:

A Lallemant, mort le 13 Juin, 1820, l'Ecole de Droit, l'Ecole de Médecine, le Commerce, et l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

[To Lallemant, who died on the 13th of June,* 1820, this monument is raised by the School of Law, the School of Medicine, the Merchants, and the School of Fine Arts.]

It was in fact, on the 12th of June, 1820, that I raised from the ground this young man, wounded in the back by a musket-ball fired by a soldier of the royal guards, and, with the assistance of ten or a dozen other persons, conveyed him to his mother, who did not expect him so soon. —— This period and the name of my slaughtered friend are associated with recollections of personal captivity. My pen, however, fell far short of my indignation. I wrote this epitaph:

Toi, dont la cendre ici repose,
Dors en paix, Lallemant, dors dans le doux espoir
Qu'un jour, ceints de lauriers, les soutiens de ta cause
Sur ta tombe viendront s'asseoir!

[Thou whose ashes repose here,—Lallemant, sleep in the cheering hope that one day the supporters of thy cause will come crowned with laurels and sit upon thy tomb.]

And they have come — the three days of July have justified a verse which I then addressed to liberty:

Chains to-day — to-morrow, laurel wreaths!

I had been wandering, during several hours, in

* Young Lallemant was killed during the Manuel riots.

these Elysian fields. More than once, I had an opportunity of perceiving that if the multitude run to admire the sumptuous ostentation of the rich man's funeral, they are not less eager, when these sights are wanting, to meet the humble train which attends the poor man to his last abode. They display, in particular, the most anxious curiosity to see the coffin lowered into its narrow cell; nor do they quit the grave until the soil, already at its former level, seems to leave no particular trace of the deposit which it covers. —— It shows how eager we are to ascertain in what manner the earth seizes its prey! 'And I also,' methought, 'I also shall disappear from before the eyes of the living, as shall all the moving and thinking beings who surround me; — the priest who, on the brink of that gaping grave, is confidently addressing his supplications to the Divine Being who dwells in all his thoughts — that impatient grave-digger — those two *ciceroni* whose privilege is placarded at the entrance of the cemetery, to prevent the gardeners from usurping their profits — those keepers who, in the dead of night, amid silence and darkness, wander through the maze of this gloomy labyrinth — that gate-keeper who drove away the poor man's dog — and his daughter, tall as the youngest of those cypresses, who has been brought up among the tombs, and after sunset still gambols among the yew trees of the dead; — all, all shall disappear!'

At this moment I ascended the steps of a chapel lately built upon the highest spot in the cemetery. Leaning against the door, I discovered Paris in all the nakedness of its splendour, and the Pantheon was just opposite to me. 'And thou also,' I said, 'proud city! thou art at the bottom of this hill only to ascend it by degrees. —— Entire, with thy twin towers bearing the weight of so many ages, thy restored temple,

to which a country's gratitude calls four bodies which shall soon be removed there, shalt thou one day increase this already wide enclosure, when life shall have fled far from thy gates.' My ideas became more lofty; and with the giant strength of a powerfully excited imagination, I raised at once from the ground both the city and the hill. I beheld an immense and monstrous being; — millions of feet were in agitation under a death's head.

There is not in the world another chapel of death placed in so sublime a situation as the one upon the brow of this hill. When the doors are thrown open and the priest advances from the foot of the altar, at the very threshold his eyes command a view of the queen city, as far as she spreads on either side. This is one of the great social agglomerations; — it is the capital of the civilized world at the foot of Mount Calvary — at the foot of the cross of the suffering Saviour. To a mind obedient to the faith of his religion, does not this minister of the Gospel, preceded by the sign of redemption, seem a personification of Christianity, calling, for nearly twenty centuries past, all men to death, in the consoling hope of everlasting life? ——

I quitted the cemetery of Père Lachaise. An indefinable impression held my thoughts in subjection. My mind wandered in endless range among these awful mysteries of nature — Annihilation, which our intelligence rejects, the Creation, of which it is the basis, and Eternity imprinted everywhere. —— But, as I again approached the habitations of men, once more did my thoughts descend to the paltry passions of human nature. They rapidly brought before me all that is mingled and confounded together in the society of man; — the cries of joy and of despair — the howlings of fury — the malignant hissings of calumny and revenge — hymns of ambition — songs

of the triumph of crime — the acclamations of enslaved sycophants — and the ever-varying laughter of madness and folly. —— Miserable human beings, forget not that on this earth you are only on the road to one common abyss.

Omnes eòdem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna: seriùs ociùs
Sors exitura. — *Horace.*

THE CABRIOLET-DRIVER.

I KNOW not whether, among the readers of this paper, any may have observed the difference which exists between the cabriolet-driver and the hackney coachman at Paris. The latter, grave, motionless, and cold, endures the inclemencies of the weather with the indifference of a stoic. Isolated upon his box, he sits in the midst of society without being in contact with it. The only amusement in which he ever indulges is the bestowing of a cut with his whip upon a passing comrade. He displays no affection for the two miserable hacks which he drives, nor any sympathy for the unfortunate beings who are often, like so much lumber, dragged along in the crazy vehicle under his control. He never exchanges a smile with one of his fares unless he happen to hear the classic words, 'Any where, and as slow as you please.' In short, the hackney coachman of Paris is a selfish and surly being, who wears his hair straight, and often takes God's name in vain.

Not so the cab-driver. You must be in an ill humour indeed to repulse his advances, after seeing him carefully push the straw under your feet, and deprive himself of his great coat to preserve you from the rain or cold. You must be afflicted with a very obstinate fit of silence to refrain from answering the various questions he puts to you, or to take no notice of his exclamations and the historical quotations with which

he besets you. The truth is, the cab-driver has lived in the world, and is acquainted with society. He has driven in his vehicle the candidate academician, paying his thirty-nine visits; and, by the close contact, some of the academician's colour has remained attached to him; — this has given him a tint of literature. Then again, he has driven, with great expedition, to the chamber of deputies one of its legislators, who, during the drive, has rubbed politics into him. Next, two medical students have got into his cab, and talked about operations; — this has made him almost a doctor. In sum, the cabriolet-driver has a smattering of every thing, and is humorous, witty, fond of talking, wears a casquette, and has always a relative or a friend who gets him orders for the play. I regret to be obliged to add, that the place he occupies is generally the centre of the pit.

The hackney coachman is a man of the primitive ages, his communication with mankind being limited to that which is strictly necessary for the performance of his duties. He is a sulky brute, but an honest man.

The cab-driver is also a man of ancient society, but civilization has reached him, and he has yielded to it. His morality is much about the same as that of Bartholo.

Innkeepers often take for their sign the figure of a hackney coachman, with his oil-skin hat, his blue great coat with sundry capes, a whip in one hand, and a purse in the other, and underneath, this motto: 'THE FAITHFUL COACHMAN.' I never recollect seeing the figure of a cabriolet-driver in the same moral situation.

No matter, I have a particular predilection in favour of cab-drivers; which may perhaps arise from my seldom having a purse to leave behind me in their vehicles.

When I am not thinking of a drama which I may

be writing, when I am not on the road to attend a tedious rehearsal, or when I have not just left a play which has produced somnolency, I chat with them, and have often derived as much entertainment in a ten minutes' drive, as I have afterwards encountered ennui during the four hours of the soirée to which I was driven.

I have a drawer entirely devoted to the recollections of my cabriolet drives, one of which has left upon me a lasting impression.

Almost twelve months* have, however, sped by, since Cantillon, who drives No. 221, related to me the story which you are about to read.

Cantillon is from forty to forty-five years old, with a dark complexion, and strongly-marked features. At the period I am now speaking of, namely, on the 1st of January, 1831, he wore a felt hat, with the remains of lace upon it, a dark great coat, the fragments of a livery, and old top boots. Since then it is probable that those remnants of servitude have disappeared. The reader will soon understand whence arises — or, as I have not seen him since the above period, whence arose — the notable difference between his costume and that of his colleagues.

On the 1st of January, 1831, I had fixed upon the number of visits which I conceived it necessary that I should pay in honour of the first day of the new year. I had made a list, street by street, of those friends to whom it is gratifying to offer the compliments of the season in person; — those of sympathetic minds, in short, whom you are sometimes six months without seeing, but at whose houses you never leave a card.

My servant had called a cab. He had chosen Cantillon; and this preference was given to the remains of lace and livery, and to the cock of his hat, which I have already mentioned; for in Cantillon, my servant

* The original paper was published in 1831.

had detected an ex-brother of the brush and napkin. His cab was, moreover, of a chocolate colour, instead of being bedaubed with green or yellow ; and, strange to add, silver-gilt springs allowed the hood to be let half down. A smile of satisfaction convinced Joseph that I was well pleased with his choice, and I gave him leave to go out for the whole day. Having seated myself upon an excellent cushion, Cantillon drew over my knees a cream-colour cloak, clicked with his tongue, and the horse started without the aid of the whip, which, during our several drives, remained hooked to the side of the carriage, where it seemed an habitual ornament rather than a means of coercion.

'Where to, Sir ?'

'To M. Charles Nodier's, at the Arsenal.'

Cantillon replied by a sign, which meant, 'Not only do I know that place, but I also know that name.' And, being then writing 'Antony,' and the motion of the cabriolet being easy, I began to meditate upon the end of my third act, which had given me no little trouble.

I know not a more exquisite moment for a poet than that which shows him his work brought to a successful conclusion. To arrive at such a consummation, he has endured so many days of tedious labour, so many hours of discouragement, so many checks and moments of despairing doubt, that when, in this struggle between man and the mind, he is master of the idea which he has pressed on all points, attacked on every side, and ultimately made to bend under his perseverance, as the fallen enemy begs for mercy under the knee of his conqueror, he has won a moment of happiness which, in his feeble organization, he presumptuously compares with that of the Almighty, who said to the Earth, Be, and it was. He thinks, in his silly pride, that he also can say, 'I have made something out of nothing — I, too, have created a world out of chaos.'

True, the poet's world is peopled with only a dozen inhabitants,—true that it occupies, in the space assigned to our planetary system, only the thirty-four feet square of the stage of a theatre, and often receives its birth and its death in the course of the same evening;—no matter; my comparison still holds good; and of the two, I prefer the equality which elevates itself, to the equality which seeks its own degradation.

I was speculating thus in my mind; and was looking through a gauze curtain at my own world taking its place among the literary planets. I heard its inhabitants speaking according to my wish, walking in the ways I had indicated, and I was satisfied with them. I heard from a neighbouring world a salvo of applause by no means doubtful, which proved that they who beheld my world considered it a good one,—and I was satisfied with myself.

This did not prevent me from perceiving, during this doze of vanity,—the opium of poets,—that my neighbour the driver was discontented at my silence. Uneasy at my abstracted look, and hurt at my apparent disdainful reverie, he endeavoured to excite my attention in different ways. Once he said to me, 'Your cloak will fall, Sir;'—I pulled it over my knees without making any reply. At another time, he blew his fingers, and I silently put my hands into my pockets. He then whistled the 'Parisienne,' and I beat time with my fingers. I had told him when I set out, that we should remain together at least five or six hours, and he was really distressed at the idea that during all that time I should maintain a silence so opposed to his love of conversation. At last, his uneasiness became so apparent that I took pity upon him. I opened my lips to address him; his countenance expanded; but, unfortunately for him, the idea which I was in search of to conclude my third act, struck me at the same instant; and when half turned towards him, with my lips separated as if about

to speak, I suddenly resumed my former posture, muttering to myself the word, 'good!'

Cantillon thought I was out of my senses. At first he sighed; a short time after, he pulled up, saying, 'Here we are.' We were at Nodier's door.

I should like to speak of Nodier, for myself, in the first place, who know and love him, and in the next place for those who love him without knowing him. But this another time. I must now speak of my cabriolet-driver.

At the expiration of half an hour, I resumed my seat in the cab. Before I entered, Cantillon carefully raised the splashing-board for me. I took my seat beside him, and after a preliminary *brrrrrr* and a few wriggles of my body, found myself in the same easy place as had before led me into meditation. Then with half-closed eyes I said, 'To M. Taylor's, Rue de Bondy.'

Cantillon seized the opportunity of my having addressed him, to say rapidly,

'Is not M. Charles Nodier a gentleman who writes books?'

'Precisely. But what the devil do you know about his books?'

'Why I read one of his novels when I lived with M. Eugène'—(and he sighed). 'It was the story of a young girl whose lover was guillotined.'

'Thérèse Aubert?'

'That's it, Sir. Oh! if I knew that gentleman, I would give him a famous subject for a novel.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, Sir, you need not say Ah! about it. If I could handle the pen as well as I handle the whip, I would give it to nobody, but write a novel on it myself.'

'Well, suppose you tell me the story.'

He looked at me and winked. 'You!' said he, 'why, Sir, that would'nt be the same thing.'

'Why?'

'Why, because you don't write books, Sir.'

'No, but I write plays, and perhaps your story might serve for a drama.' He looked at me again.

'Did you write "Les Deux Forçats," Sir?'

'No, my friend.'

'Or "L'Auberge des Adrets" ?'

'No!'

'For what theatre do you write plays, then?'

'Hitherto I have written only for the Odéon.'

He made a sort of mouth, something like a pout, which showed me that I had sunk considerably in his good opinion. Then, having reflected a little, he seemed suddenly to make up his mind.

'Well, it's all the same,' said he. 'When I lived with M. Eugène, I used to go to the Théâtre Français, where I saw M. Talma, in "Sylla." He was exactly like the Emperor. It's a fine play, I must confess. And then in a sort of after-piece, there was an intriguing rascal who wore the dress of a valet, and made faces. The fellow was funny——but, for all that, I prefer "L'Auberge des Adrets."'

There was no replying to this; and, moreover, at this period I was too deeply involved in literary controversy to be desirous of adding to the number of my opponents.

'You write tragedies, then?' he asked, looking at me askance.

'No, my friend.'

'What do you write then, Sir?'

'Dramas.'

'Ah! you are one of the romanticists. I drove an academician the other day who cut them up in fine style. He writes tragedies, and he recited to me some lines in his last. I don't know his name, but he is tall and thin, wears the croix d'honneur, and has a red tip to his nose. You know him, Sir, no doubt. I made a sign with my head which indicated an affirmative.

'But your story,' I said.

'Ah! Sir, my story is a very melancholy one. It is a tale of blood and death!'

The profound emotion with which he said this, greatly excited my curiosity.

'Go on, my friend.'

'Go on! that is easy to say, but if the tears come I shall be unable to go on——'

I looked at him in my turn.

'Sir,' said he, 'I have not always been a cabriolet-driver, as you may perceive by my livery'—(and he pointed with an air of satisfaction to his coat, upon which there still remained a few fragments of the red facings that once adorned it.) 'Ten years ago I entered the service of M. Eugène. Did you know M. Eugène, Sir?'

'Eugène, who?'

'Aye, Eugène who! That's more than I can tell. I never heard him called anything but M. Eugène. He was a tall young man, like you, and about your age. Pray how old may you be, Sir?'

'Twenty-seven.'

'Aye, that is it. Not quite so dark as you; and then you have negro hair, and his hair was quite flat, Sir. He was good looking for all that; but as melancholy as my night-cap. He had ten thousand francs a year, but that did him no good, and for a long time I thought he had a stomach complaint.

'Well, I entered his service. He was so mild, that he always spoke in one equal tone. "Cantillon, my hat — Cantillon, get the cabriolet ready — Cantillon, if M. Alfred de Linar calls, say I am not at home!" You must know, Sir, that he did not like this M. de Linar, who was a dissolute fellow, a complete roué. He lived in the same hôtel as we did, and was always boring us with his company — we were quite sick of him. He called that same day, and I said my master was out; but as misfortune would have it, at that very instant my master coughed. M.

Alfred heard it, and said as he retired, "Tell your master that he is an impertinent fellow." But I kept this to myself, and it went for nothing. — But, Sir, to what number did you tell me to drive in the Rue de Bondy?'

'No. 64.'

'Whoa! here it is.'

Taylor was not at home.

'Well, go on.'

'Go on — Oh! the story; but where am I to drive you now, Sir?'

'Rue St Lazare, No. 58.'

'Ah! Mademoiselle Mars lives there. She's another of the first-raters. — Well, Sir, as I was saying, we went the same evening to a soirée in the Rue de la Paix. At midnight my master came out in a devil of a temper, for he had met M. Alfred, and some angry words had passed between them. He was muttering to himself, "He is a puppy whom I must chastise." I had forgotten to tell you that my master was a crack shot, and fenced like St George. We were crossing the bridge with the statues upon it — there were no statues then — and we passed a woman sobbing so bitterly, that we heard her in spite of our wheels. My master said "Pull up," and I did so; and before I had time to turn my head, he was standing upon the ground.

'The night was as dark as pitch. The female went forward and my master followed. On a sudden she stopped, mounted the parapet, and I heard a splash in the river. My master did not hesitate, but plunged headlong after her. I must tell you, Sir, that he could swim like a duck.

'As for me, I thought to myself, if I remain in the cabriolet, I shan't be of much use; on the other hand, as I can't swim, if I get into the water, there will be two to lug out instead of one. So says I to the horse — the same I am now driving, but which

was then four years younger, and had a couple of pecks of oats more in his belly — "Whoa, Coco, stand still, boy." One would have thought the poor beast understood me, for he stood still immediately. In a moment I was at the water side. There was a little boat close to the shore. I jumped into it; but it was moored by a rope, and I pulled and pulled, but could not move it. Meantime, my master was diving like a cormorant. I grew desperate, and with one last effort the rope gave way, and I tumbled backwards. Luckily, I fell across the bench, and, as it was no time for counting the stars, was up in a second. The boat was now adrift. I looked for the oars, and found I had knocked one overboard in my fall; — I pulled away with the other, but the boat turned round and round like a top. "Why," says I, "this is of no more use than a blister upon a cork leg."

'I shall never forget that moment, Sir; 'twas dreadful. The water was so black, that the river seemed to run ink. Now and then a little wave broke, scattering its spray, and in the midst was seen either the white dress of the female, or my master's head when he came up to breathe. Once only both appeared at the same time, and I heard M. Eugène say, "Ah! I see her." In two strokes he was at the place where the white dress had been visible an instant before — he then disappeared. I was about ten yards from them, floating on with the stream, grasping my oar as if I would crush it to atoms, and exclaiming, "God of Heaven! why can't I swim?"

'A moment had scarcely gone by, when my master again appeared holding the female by the hair. She was senseless; and it was high time, not only for her, but for my master to get assistance. He had the rattles in his throat, and only just strength enough left to keep himself from sinking with his burthen. Turning his head to see which bank was the nearest, he perceived me. "Cantillon," cried he, "help!"

Holding by the gunwale I thrust out the oar to him, but he could not reach it by three feet. "Help!" said he again; "Cantillon, help!" A wave went over his head. I remained horror-stricken. Again he appeared, which took the weight of a mountain from off my breast. I once more held out the oar; he had come a little nearer, "Courage, Sir, courage," said I, but he could not answer. "Let her go," I exclaimed, "and save yourself."—"No!" he replied in a faint voice, "I——" The water bubbled in his mouth. Merciful God! what were my feelings at that moment! Not a hair of my head was without its drop of perspiration. I was half out of the boat, straining to make the oar reach further. Everything seemed to turn round — the dark forms on the bridge, the Hôtel des Gardes, and the Tuileries, danced around me; and yet my eyes were riveted upon that head which was sinking by degrees — upon those eyes level with the water, which still looked upon me and seemed twice their natural size. At length, I saw nothing but his hair; that also disappeared, and his arm alone was raised above the water, with the fingers convulsed. I made another effort, and his hand caught the oar! Ah!' — Here Cantillon wiped his brow; and I, — for my feelings were intensely excited, began to breathe more freely.

'It is a true saying,' the cab-driver continued, 'that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red-hot iron. He grasped the oar so tightly that his nails were imprinted upon the wood. I placed it upon the gunwale, and thus forming a lever, I was enabled to raise my poor master above the water; but I trembled so dreadfully, that I feared I should loose my hold. I laid my body upon the oar, which by degrees I drew in. M. Eugène's head hung back as if he had fainted. At length I got him so near that I could seize his wrist. My heart bounded, for I was then sure of success. I held his wrist as tight as if it

had been screwed in a vice; and for a week after, the blue marks of my fingers were visible there.

'He had not let go the female. I dragged him into the boat, and she followed, as if she were part of him. They lay at the bottom, both equally helpless. I called to my master, but I might as well have talked to my oar. I tried to strike the palms of his hands, but they were convulsively closed, and defied my power to open them.

'I resumed my oar, and endeavoured to pull towards the shore. I am but a bad boatman with two oars; but with one, it was like my breath against a tempest. When I attempted to advance on one side, the boat would turn on the other, and the current bid fair to carry us to Havre-de-Grace. Under these circumstances I thought it was of no use to be shamefaced, so I bawled out lustily for assistance.

'The coves who were in the little boat employed in fishing out the drowned and bringing them to life again, heard my cries, launched their devil's bark into the water, and in a twinkling were by my side. Having fastened my boat to theirs, in less than five minutes my master and the young girl were lying upon a floor, and covered with salt, like pickled herrings.

'They asked if I were drowned too; I said I was not; but, all the same, if they would give me a glass of brandy, it would do my heart good. My legs bent like skeins of thread.

'My master was the first to open his eyes. He threw himself into my arms. I sobbed — I laughed. — I wept! What a fool a man makes of himself!

'M. Eugène turned round and perceived the young girl, upon whom they were trying their remedies. "A thousand francs for you, my friends," he said, "if you succeed in restoring her to life. As for you, Cantillon, my friend, the saviour of my life," (I was weeping all the time,) "bring up the cabriolet to the door."

'"Ah" said I, "very true, and Coco."——You may suppose I ran as if the devil had lent me speed, and got to the place where I had left both horse and cab ——there were no more horse and cab there than upon the palm of my hand. Next day the Police found them. An amateur had driven himself home.

'I ran back and said to my master, "We're done as brown as a toast. The cab's gone, and the horse too."—"never mind," said he, "call a coach."—"And the young damsel?" I asked.—"She has just moved the tip of her toe."—"Oh! that's famous," says I. So I called a coach, which drew up just as she came to herself, but she had not yet spoken. Off we started in the jarvey. "Coachman, Rue du Bac, No. 31; and drive as fast as you can."—But, Sir, here is the house of Mademoiselle Mars.'

'Is your story concluded?'

'Lord love you, Sir, no; not a quarter done yet. What I have told is nothing compared with what is to come. You'll see.'

And in truth there was a certain interest in what he had already related that excited my curiosity, I had only to express to our great actress my wish that I should find her as sublime in 1831 as in 1830. In the course of ten minutes, I was again seated in the cabriolet.

'Well, go on with your story.'

'So——where did I leave off? Oh! "Rue du Bac, as fast as you can drive, coachman." On the bridge our young girl again fainted. My master made me get out and bring home a doctor. When I reached home, I found that Madlle Marie——Did I tell you that her name was Marie?'

'No!'

'Well, that was her christian name. I found that Madlle Marie had been laid upon a bed, and had a nurse with her. I cannot tell you how pretty she looked with her pale face, her closed eyes, her hands

crossed upon her bosom. She looked like ——, the more so because she was pregnant.

'Ah!' said I, 'that's the reason why she wanted to drown herself.'

'Yes, Sir; that is just what my master said to the doctor, when the latter stated this fact, which we had not before perceived. The doctor put a smelling-bottle to her nose. I shan't forget this smelling-bottle in a hurry. The doctor had laid it upon the chest of drawers, and I, like a monstrous clever fellow, seeing that it had brought her to, concluded it must contain a delightful perfume, which would do me good as well. So I determined to take a sniff, and for this purpose hovered round the chest of drawers until I saw nobody looking. In a twinkling I pulled out the double stopper, and whipped the mouth of the bottle into one of my nostrils. Oh! what a prize I had got; it could'nt have been worse if I had sniffed up a hundred wasp stings. "Ah! cursed bottle," I said, "no more tricks upon travellers; I'm up to you now!" The tears trickled down my cheeks from the effect of this devil's own smelling-bottle. But M. Eugène said to me, "Never mind, Cantillon, we've saved the girl's life; the doctor says she's out of danger!" But thinks I to myself, "what care I for the doctor? — when I'm ill, it'll not be him I send for, that's certain."

'Meanwhile Madlle Marie had recovered her senses. She looked round the room, and said, "This is strange. Where am I? This apartment is unknown to me." I answered, "That's very possible; and for this same reason, that you never saw it before." But my master said, "Hush —— Cantillon:" then, as he understood best how to speak to the woman, he approached her, and said, "Pray, Madame, be composed. You shall receive from me the respect and attentions of a brother; and as soon as your state permits your being removed to your own home, I shall be most happy to conduct you thither."

"I am ill, then," said she, with an air of surprise; then, collecting her scattered recollections: — "Oh! yes, yes! I remember — I tried to —— Good God! what will become of me? — You, Sir, have, no doubt, saved my life. Oh! if you knew the fatal service you have rendered me. What a prospect of misery has your humanity to an unknown female again opened to me!"

"I heard all this as I rubbed my nose, which still smarted dreadfully; but I lost not a word of what passed, and I tell you all just as it occurred. My master comforted her to the best of his abilities: but, in answer to the kind things he said, she merely uttered, "Ah! if you but knew all!" It is likely that he was at least tired of hearing always the same thing; so he bent his head, and whispered in her ear, "I know all!"—"You!" she exclaimed. "Yes; you love, and have been betrayed."—"True," she replied, "basely betrayed, cruelly abandoned."—"Well," said M. Eugène, "place your confidence in me; you will find me worthy of it. Tell me the tale of your griefs. I ask it not from vain curiosity, but from an ardent wish to be of use to you. I trust you will no longer consider me a stranger." "Oh! no," she replied; "for a man who exposes his life as you have done, must have a noble and generous heart. You, I am sure, never deserted a weak, confiding woman, leaving her no alternative between death and a life of shame and disgrace. Yes! I will tell you all!"

"But first," she continued, "allow me to write to my father, for whom I left a farewell letter in which I stated my determination, and who believes that I have accomplished it. You will, I hope, permit him to come here. Oh! if in the excess of his grief, he should have committed some rash act! —— Allow me to write immediately. I feel that I can weep but in his presence, and to weep would do me so much good."

'"Write then, without loss of time," said my master, bringing her pen, ink, and paper. "Ah! who would delay an instant the solemn meeting of a father and daughter impressed with the idea of an eternal separation! Write, I entreat you; lose not a second. Oh! how your unhappy father must suffer!"

'She immediately scribbled a note in a beautiful female hand, with letters like the legs of a fly. When she had done, she inquired the street, and number of our house.

'"Rue de Bac, No. 31," I replied.

'"Rue de Bac, No. 31!" she repeated, with a start of surprise,—and crack!—there was the ink-stand upset upon the sheets. After an instant, she added, with a smile of melancholy resignation, "It is, perhaps, Providence that has conducted me hither."—"Providence or not," thought I, "it will take a precious quantity of salts of lemon to get the ink out of the sheets."

'My master seemed astonished. "Your surprise is natural enough," she said; "but when you know all, the effect produced upon me by discovering I was in this house, will no longer surprise you." She then gave him the letter to her father.

'"Cantillon," said he, "take this letter to its address." I threw a glance at it—Rue des Fossés St Victor. "It's a long way off, Sir," I ventured to observe; "Never mind," he answered, "take a cab, and try to be back in half an hour."

'I was in the street in no time; a cab was passing, I jumped into it. "Five francs," said I to the driver, "to take me to the Rue des St Victor, and bring me back here again.—I should like well enough at present to have such fares myself now and then."

'We drew up before a small house. I knocked and knocked, and the portress came out grumbling. "Aye, growl on, you old witch," thought I; but I only said, "M. Dumont." "Oh God!" she cried,

" do you bring any news of his daughter ?" " I do, and famous news too." " Well, then, on the fifth floor, at the top of the staircase." I ascended the stairs by fours at a time. The door was ajar, and I perceived an old officer, who was weeping bitterly, kissing now and then a letter, and who seemed in the act of loading a brace of pistols. " That," thinks I to myself, " must be the father, or my name's not Cantillon."

' I pushed open the door. " I come from Madlle Marie," said I. He turned his head, became as pale as a ghost, and exclaimed, " Good God ! my daughter !"

' " Yes, Sir, your daughter. Are you not Captain Dumont; and did you not serve in the army under the famous one?" He made a sign in the affirmative.

' " Well, here's a letter from Madlle Marie."

' His hand trembled as he took it, and I do not exaggerate, Sir, when I say that every hair on his head stood on end, and as much water fell from his brow as from his eyes.

' " She's alive !" he exclaimed, " and your master saved her from a watery grave. Lead me to her this instant, my kind friend, and take this."

' So saying, he rummaged the drawer of a small writing desk, took from it four five-franc pieces, which seemed running one after another, and put them into my hand. I took them, lest he should feel hurt. But, looking round the apartment, thinks I to myself, " Your pockets are not lined with gold, brave Captain, and you are in greater want of the money than I." So I turned round, and slily placed the twenty francs behind a bust of the famous one.

' " Are you ready?" said he.

' " I am at your orders, Captain!"

' He then ran down stairs so fast that he seemed to be sliding along the bannisters. I called out, " Captain, I can't see my way down your dark staircase ;"

but I might as well have talked to the wind — he was already at the bottom.

'When we were seated in the cab, I said to him, "Pardon my indiscretion, Captain, but may I ask what you were going to do with the pistols you were loading?" He replied, with a frown —

'"One of them was for a wretch whom God may pardon, but I never can."

'"Good!" thinks I, "that must be the father of the child."

'"The other was for myself."

'"Ah! Captain, is it not much better that things should have turned out as they have done?"

'"It is not all over yet;" he replied. "But tell me how your excellent master saved my poor Marie."

'I told him all that had passed; he sobbed like a child. The sight of this old soldier weeping would have melted a rock: the driver was blinded by his tears. "Really, Captain," said he, "this is very foolish; and if this poor beast had not more sense than we have, it would take us straight to the Morgue."*

'"To the Morgue!" exclaimed the Captain, shuddering. "When I consider that the only hope I had left was that of finding the body of my poor Marie at the Morgue, where I fancied I saw my darling child stretched out upon the black and dripping marble — Oh! how do I bless the name of your master! it is placed in my heart beside one other dear name."

'"That of the famous one, no doubt, whose bust you have at home?"

'"Oh Marie! —— Tell me, my friend, if she is now in danger? — Can the doctor answer for her recovery?"

'"Oh, Sir, don't speak to me about the cursed

* The place where dead bodies, particularly those found in the river, are deposited to be claimed.—*Tr.*

doctor; his remedies are the inventions of the foul fiend."

'"How is that? Has he then no hopes of my poor girl's recovery?"

'"Plenty, Sir, plenty. She is quite well. But I was alluding only to my own nose." The Captain stared at me like a stuck pig.

'Meantime we were going at a prodigious rate. At length the driver cried, "Here we are."

'"Help me, my friend," said the Captain; "my legs give way under me. Where are we to go?"

'"Up there, on the second floor, where you see a light, and a shadow behind the window-curtain."

'"Come, come, my good friend, let us get up as fast as we can."

'Poor man! His face was as white as your shirt. I put his arm within mine, and I actually heard his heart beat. "Ah! if I should find her dead!" he exclaimed, with a wild look.

'At that moment the door of M. Eugène's apartments was opened; and, two stories above us, we heard the cry of "My father! — my dearest father!"

'"It is she! it's her dear voice," said the Captain, who, trembling as he was an instant before, now ran up stairs like a young man, entered the room without looking at the person who had opened the door, threw himself upon the bed, clasped his daughter in his arms, and sobbed out, "Marie! my beloved Marie! my own child!"

'When I reached the room, it was quite a picture to see them in one another's arms — the father rubbing his daughter's face with his lion features and old mustachios — the nurse in tears, M. Eugène in tears, and I sobbing, ready to break my heart; — it was a terrible shower of tears.

'My master told the nurse and me that they must be left together, and we all three quitted the room. He then said to me in a whisper, "Cantillon, watch

M. Alfred Linar's return from the ball, and request him to come and speak to me immediately." I forthwith mounted guard upon the stairs, and said to myself, "Ah! young one, you'll catch it."

'A quarter of an hour had just elapsed, when I heard clump, clump, up stairs. It was M. Alfred, who was singing as he leisurely ascended the staircase. I accosted him politely. "Sir," said I, "my master wishes to speak two words to you."

'"Cannot your master wait till to-morrow?" he replied with a bantering air.'

'"It seems not, Sir, as he desires to see you immediately."

'"Well, where is he?"

'"Here," said M. Eugène, coming down to meet him. "Be so good, Sir, as to enter this room," pointing to that of Madlle Marie. This was beyond my comprehension — I was dumfounded.

'I opened the door. The Captain was just entering an adjoining closet, and made me a sign to wait until he was concealed. The instant he had disappeared, I said, opening the door wide, "Walk in, gentlemen." My master pushed M. Alfred into the room, and shut himself and me out. I heard a trembling voice say, "Alfred!" and another, as if in surprise, reply, "Marie! are you here?"—"M. Alfred then is the father of the child," said I to my master. "Yes," he replied. "Stay here with me and listen."

'At first we only heard Madlle Marie's voice; she seemed to be using entreaty. This lasted some time. At length we heard M. Alfred say, "No, Marie, it is impossible. You are mad. I have it not in my power to marry you. I belong to a family who would not suffer it. But I am rich, and if money will make matters up ——"

'At these words there was a devil of a row. In too great haste to open the door of the closet, the Captain had burst it open with his foot. Madlle Ma-

rie uttered a cry, and her father an oath loud enough to crack a stone wall. My master said, "Let us now go in."

'It was time; for the Captain was kneeling upon M. Alfred, and twisting his neck just as the cook twists the neck of a quail. My master separated them.

'M. Alfred rose from the ground, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his teeth convulsively closed. He cast not a look at Marie who was still senseless, but approached my master whose arms were crossed upon his bosom. "Eugène," said he, "I did not know that your apartments were the haunt of cut-throats. I shall never enter them again without a pistol in each hand."

'"It is thus I hope to see you," my master replied; "If you came in any other way, I should take the liberty of turning you out."

'"Captain," said M. Alfred, turning to the veteran, "you will not, I hope, forget that I have likewise a debt to settle with you."

'"Not only shall I not forget it, but you must pay it this instant," returned the Captain.

'"Be it so, then."

'"The day is beginning to dawn," continued Captain Dumont. "Go and get your weapons."

'"I have swords and pistols," said my master.

'"Then let them be put into a coach,' replied the Captain.

'"I will meet you in an hour, in the Bois de Boulogne, near the Porte Maillot," said M. Alfred.

'"Agreed," replied at the same time my master and the veteran soldier. "We will go for our seconds." M. Alfred then went away.

'The Captain hung over his still senseless daughter. M. Eugène wanted to call for assistance. "No, no! dear friend," said the afflicted father; "it is better she should remain ignorant of what is going to take place.

Marie! dearest child! may God Almighty bless thee! If I fall, my young friend, you will avenge me, will you not, and be a protector to my child?"

'"I swear it, by my hopes of Heaven!" replied M. Eugène, throwing himself into the Captain's arms.

'"Cantillon, call a coach."

'"Yes, Sir. Shall I accompany you?"

'"You may."

'The Captain again kissed his daughter, and then calling the nurse, "Assist in recovering her now," said he, "and should she ask for me, say I am gone out, but shall soon return. Come, my young friend, let us go."

'They then entered M. Eugène's apartment, and when I returned with the coach, they were already waiting at the street-door, the Captain with pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugène with swords under his cloak.

'"Coachman, to the Bois de Boulogne."

'"If I fall, my friend," said Captain Dumont to my master, "you will deliver this ring to my poor Marie. It was her mother's wedding ring: an excellent woman, now in Heaven! Let my cross and sword be buried with me. I have no friend but you, no relative but my daughter. Do you and she follow my coffin to the grave. Let there be no one else."

'"Why these forebodings, Captain? They are rather gloomy for an old soldier."

'The Captain smiled in sadness. "All has gone wrong with me since 1815; and as you have promised to protect my daughter, it is better that her protector should be young and rich, than old and poor, as I am." He ceased speaking. M. Eugène feared to distress him by saying another word, and we arrived in silence at the place appointed.

'A cabriolet had followed us at a little distance. M. Alfred and his two seconds came out of it. One

of the latter approached us. "What are the Captain's weapons?" — "Pistols."

'"Remain in the coach, and take care of the swords," said my master to me, and all five went into the wood.

'Ten minutes had scarcely passed when I heard two shots. I started, as if the sound were unexpected. There was an end to one of the two adversaries, for ten other minutes expired without another report.

'I had thrown myself upon the seat of the coach, dreading to look out, when the door was suddenly opened. "Cantillon, the swords," said my master.

'I presented them to him. He held out his hand to take them, when I perceived the Captain's ring upon his finger.

'"And — and — Madlle Marie's father?" stammered I.

'"Dead."

'"And these swords, Sir?"

'"Are for me."

'"For God's sake, let me accompany you."

'"Come, then, if you wish it."

'I jumped out of the coach. My heart was as small as a grain of mustard-seed, and all my limbs trembled. My master again entered the wood, and I followed him. We had advanced about ten yards, when I perceived M. Alfred standing between his two seconds, laughing. "Take care," said my master, pushing me on one side. I jumped back, for I was near treading upon the Captain's body. M. Eugène cast one look at the corpse, and, advancing, threw the swords upon the ground, saying, "See, gentlemen, if both are of the same length."

'"You will not, then, adjourn this meeting till to-morrow?" said one of the seconds.

'"Impossible."

'"Be quiet, my friends, pray," said M. Alfred;

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'"Impossible."

'"Be quiet, my friends, pray," said M. Alfred;

" the first combat has not fatigued me, but I should like a glass of water."

' " Cantillon, fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred," said my master. I had just as much inclination to hang myself as to obey; but, M. Eugène having waved his hand impatiently, I went to the restaurateur's at the entrance of the wood. In a moment I returned, and presented the water to M. Alfred, saying to myself, " May this water be poison to thee!" He took it; his hand did not tremble, but when he returned the glass, I perceived that he had chipped off a bit of one of the edges with his teeth.

' As I turned round, and threw the glass over my head, I perceived that during my absence my master had got ready. He had nothing on but his trowsers and shirt, with the sleeves of the latter tucked up to his shoulders. I approached him. " Have you any orders to give me, Sir?" " No," replied he, " I have neither father nor mother. If I die——" and he wrote a few words with a pencil — " you will give this paper to Marie."

' Again casting a look upon the Captain's body, he advanced, and said,

' " Come, gentlemen, let us proceed."

' " But you have no second," observed M. Alfred.

' " One of yours will do."

' " Ernest, go on the side of M. Eugène."

' One of the seconds came on my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the two adversaries four paces from each other, put a sword in the hand of each, and, withdrawing, said, " Go on, gentlemen." At the same instant each advanced a step, so that their swords were engaged up to the hilt, and no use could be made of them.

' " Go back a little," said my master.

' " I never retreat," replied his antagonist.

' " 'Tis well;" and M. Eugène, taking a step backward, resumed his guard.

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'I had ten dreadful minutes to pass. The swords twisted about each other like serpents at play. M. Alfred alone acted on the offensive. My master followed, with his eyes, the sword of his adversary, and parried with as much coolness as if he were fencing in a *salle d'armes*. I was in a foaming rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there, I should have strangled him.

'The combat continued. M. Alfred laughed bitterly; my master was calm and collected. "Ah!" exclaimed M. Alfred. His sword had touched my master's arm, and blood was drawn. "It is nothing," said the latter; "go on." The perspiration streamed down my face. The seconds approached. M. Eugène waved his hand for them to keep off. His antagonist took advantage of the circumstance, and lunged; my master's *parade de seconde* was an instant too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh.

'I fell upon the grass, for I could no longer stand. However, M. Eugène was as cool as before; only his open lips showed that his teeth were closed. Huge drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of his adversary, who began to show signs of weakness. My master advanced a step, M. Alfred retreated.

'"I thought you never retreated," said M. Eugène.

'M. Alfred made a feint; and M. Eugène parried with such force that the weapon of the former waved as if in the act of saluting. His bosom was thus for an instant exposed; and, quick as lightning was my master's sword buried in it up to the hilt. M. Alfred spread out his arms, dropped his weapon, and was kept on his legs only by the blade which transfixed him. He fell the moment my master drew it out.

'"Have I behaved like a man of honour, gentlemen?" said the latter to the seconds. They replied in the affirmative, and went to M. Alfred's assistance. My master came to me.

'"Return," said he, "to Paris, and procure a notary. Let me find him at home on my return."

'"If it is for M. Alfred to make his will," I answered, "it is of no use; because ———"

'"It is not for that," he replied.

'But what was it for?' said I, in my turn, interrupting the cabriolet-driver. "Why, to marry the girl, and become the father of her child! !"

'And did he do it?'

'Yes, Sir, and handsomely too.

'After his marriage, he said to me, "Cantillon, my wife and I are going to travel. I should like to keep you in my service; but, to see you must give her pain, and you may easily guess why. Here are a thousand francs, and I make you a present of my horse and cabriolet. If ever you want my assistance, do not hesitate to apply to me."

'With this stock in trade, I turned cabriolet-driver.'

'Such is my story, Sir. — Where must I now set you down?'

'At my own door; I will pay the remainder of my visits another day.'

The moment I got home I wrote down Cantillon's story.

END OF VOLUME ONE.

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